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ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'
Novel of the Movies
In this Issue
The Master Work of this Great Writer

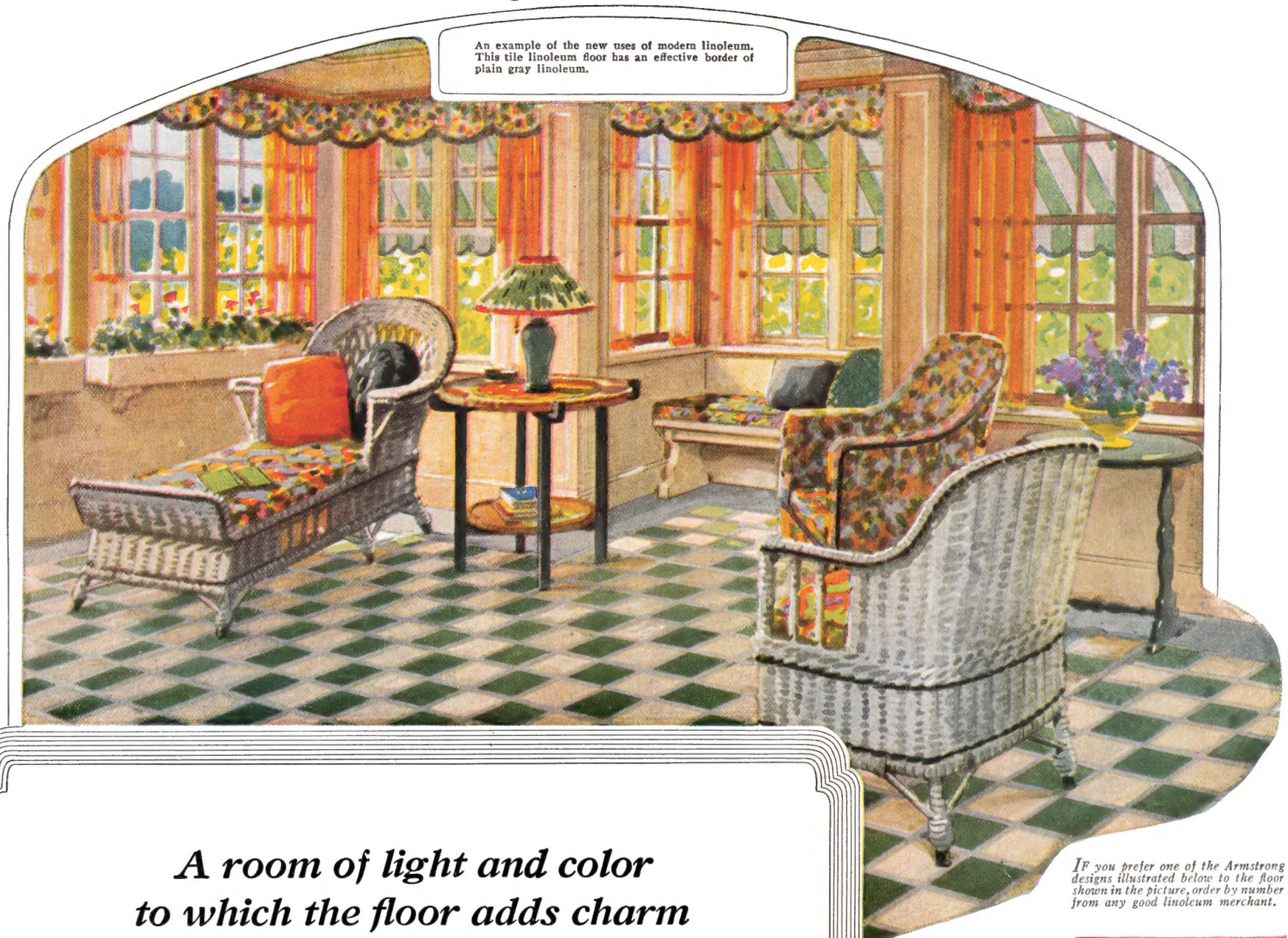
ALL STAR NUMBER

MRS. LYDIG HOYT, PROCLAIMED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN AMERICA AS DRAWN BY NEYSA McMEIN.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER, BEN AMES WILLIAMS, VINGIE E. ROE
HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, LEROY SCOTT

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



An example of the new uses of modern linoleum. This tile linoleum floor has an effective border of plain gray linoleum.

A room of light and color to which the floor adds charm

INSET tile linoleum gives brightness and beauty to this sun porch.

The color in the floor has a definite relationship to the color of the porch furniture and decorations. This relation of floor-color to room-color is something ordinary floors lack.

But a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum has other advantages besides its decorative color value. It is easy to clean and, when properly installed, permanent, waterproof and durable.

Every housekeeper can appreciate the comfort of a floor that does not stain, splinter, or take up dust. A linoleum floor never needs expensive refinishing. An occasional waxing and polishing is all the care it demands, and this attention it rewards handsomely by looking bright and new.

Good furniture and department stores can show you Armstrong's Linoleum in beautiful two-tone Jaspés, parquetry inlaids, carpet inlaids, marble tile inlaids, the several plain colors, and pleasing printed designs, also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid. They will give you a new conception of the uses and beauties of linoleum and its adaptability as a floor for any room in your house.

All Armstrong's Linoleum is marked with a Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back. Look for it.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

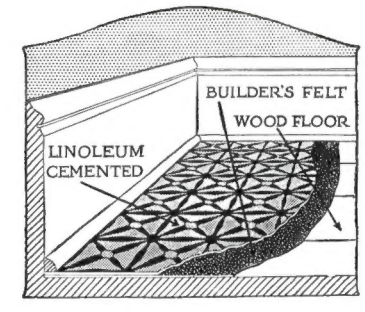
ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION
804 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the **CIRCLE "A"** *trademark on the burlap back*

IF you prefer one of the Armstrong designs illustrated below to the floor shown in the picture, order by number from any good linoleum merchant.

Parquetry Wood Tile No. P-80

Marble Tile No. M-64



How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.

ETHEL M. DELL

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in

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

In Six Instalments
Beginning in the June Issue.
It is Entitled

"Tetherstones"

THE action of this tremendous drama is projected before an overwhelmingly stark and tragic background of grim altars whereon ancient Druids made their awful human sacrifices, huge stones still potent to exert terrible and weird influences on the living; here a beautiful girl facing life alone meets a mysterious hero and the fascinating pair become involved in a terrific drama of love as they sojourn there in the very midst of these ancient tokens of dread violence and dark death.

McCall's Magazine for June
Will Be Eagerly Awaited
By Countless American Readers
Because
The Publication of Ethel M. Dell's
Annual Novel
Is
The Most Important Event
In
The Magazine Readers' Year

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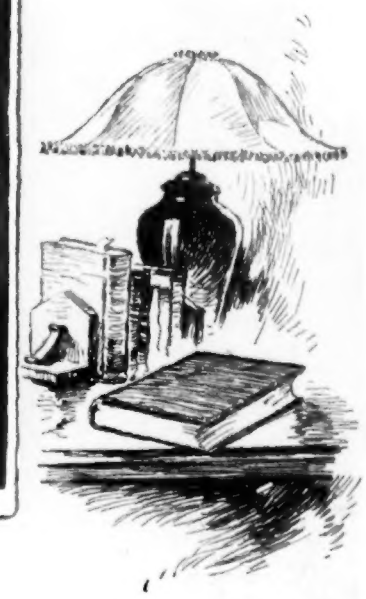
Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

"Whether your job is running a home

She slipped her right foot out of her shoe and sat in her stocking

"To my mind, the women who subscribe to McCall's Magazine are deserving of the level best it is in my power to give them, and in these articles I am making very sure that they get it."

—An excerpt from a letter by Gene Stratton-Porter, most beloved author in America, whose epoch-making editorials now appearing monthly in McCall's easily constitute the most arresting magazine feature of the year.



—or writing a book, you will never be happy unless you make a business of it"

Getting the Joy Out of Life

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

Gene Stratton-Porter

FOR the past four years I have been living in one of the most famous playgrounds that the world knows and every day, looking from the windows of my residence or going abroad, I see people by the thousand making frantic efforts to amuse themselves, to experience a new sensation, to find, if only for an hour, something in which they can truly become interested. It is my business to study every human being with whom I come in contact, whether he is a gardener pruning and manuring the roses, or a world-famous author telling me his reactions concerning his own work, or a millionaire prideful of his art in amassing fortunes. I watch these people with a great deal of interest; I see them at the great hotels and society functions, charity benefits, here, there and everywhere, even on the mountains, in the canyons, at the seashore, and on the desert. I have been studying them for four consecutive years and I have pretty well decided in my own mind that the people with whom I come in contact in field work, in literary work, in artistic work, and in the making of moving-pictures; in other words, that the people who work, who have a definite job that they plan in the morning and execute during the day in order that they may have a few hours for pleasure in the afternoon or evening, are the really satisfied, happy people.

I see people with unlimited means doing things in which they take great pride because it gives them an opportunity to make a display of the expensive cars they own, the jewels and the fine clothes they may wear, but they are not people whom a growing person can take much interest in meeting; because it is very seldom that these people have made a deep study of literature, politics, religion or social problems. They are not equipped to give one a new viewpoint or to be of any help in approaching constructive work of any kind, while a heavy per cent. of them are so grossly overfed as to be almost repulsive; they are men and women carrying pounds and pounds of pure fat accumulated through high living and lack of exercise. This class of people is in evidence everywhere because there is nowhere that they cannot buy their way with their money if they are determined; but to me the interesting people are the people who have a job, the ones who must think, who must step lively in order to perform a given task in a specified length of time. They are the people whose brains are sharpened by contact with the world; they are the people whose backs have been scourged by the whips of ambition; they are the people whose brains have been fired by the zest of creative impulse; they are the people whose eyes see visions where other men see only landscapes; they are the people who come to you with their troubles and give you the joy of doing what you can to help them out; they are the people to whom you may go with your troubles and on whom you may surely depend for loyal assistance.

TO my mind Carlisle was right when he said: "There is no joy equal to the joy of seeing your own thought upon the printed page." He expressed himself in that way because he was a writer. Had he been a painter, his joy would have lain in expressing himself with paint. Had he been a sculptor, he would have thought the greatest joy was the joy that glorifies David Edstrom's face when he puts a soul into a block of marble. Had he been a musician, he would have found his joy in listening to the music of the spheres, to the rhythms of the earth, and materializing them for other people. Definitely it is settled in my mind that the happy people and the people who have a right to all the joy that there is to be had, are the creative workers of the world; and I do not believe that this applies solely to workers along artistic lines. I believe that the daily laborer who stokes a furnace or plows a field or builds a house, gets more joy out of life than the man who lives an aimless life devoted solely to pampering his appetites and indulging his body in luxuries.

One class of people I watch with peculiar interest. They are the people who work hard six days in a week in order that, on the seventh, they may have what they call a vacation. And it appeals to me that a great many of these people work twice as hard on the day supposed to be a vacation as they do on the regular working day. If they have a car, a lunch must be packed, they fall in line and drive to the seashore, the canyons, the mountains, or the desert and there they find so many other people bent upon precisely the same object they are, that at times, they must visit three or four different places before they can find space to park a car, a few square feet of room upon which they may spread their lunch. This is not an exaggeration but a thing that may be witnessed any Sabbath day in the vicinity of Los Angeles. Those who have not cars crowd the street cars until they are packed like sardines in a box. Always they go to the beach, or to the amusement halls lining the water, and there, in a glare of sunlight, in a blare of cheap jazz music, in a perspiring, milling crowd, they spend what is supposed to be their day of rest, their vacation. My work has brought me in contact with this thing for four consecutive years and I watch it in wonder. How people can feel that they have been rested, refreshed in body or spirit, I cannot understand. The only possible solution for me is that people need change and that the change rests them; but they have not the appearance of people experiencing a rest or a joyful time. Far and away a high average of them are quarreling, cross, discontented people, and most of them are suffering. Frequently, through inappropriate clothing, their bodies are burned to blisters, their heads are aching with the glare of strong reflections from the sea. All over California one meets on the mountains the girl wearing knickerbockers, leather puttees and French heels. She is to be seen on the sands of the seashore, any place that human beings foregather.

This is another thing that I watch and wonder at, and the result is fast becoming visible. In my younger days all shoes were made with very sensible heels; then gradually the high heel began to creep in, but it was reserved strictly for house wear, an afternoon reception with a beautiful gown, most of all for dancing. In the mad rush of today which has turned everything topsy-turvy, decreeing the wearing of furs and felt hats in July and August, and of straw hats and chiffons in January and February, the French heel has made its devastating way until many women never wear anything else. They hobble around in their homes in morning gowns, at their work, on the street, all day long, with their heels raised and the weight of their bodies thrown upon the muscles of their toes. More women have put a tired

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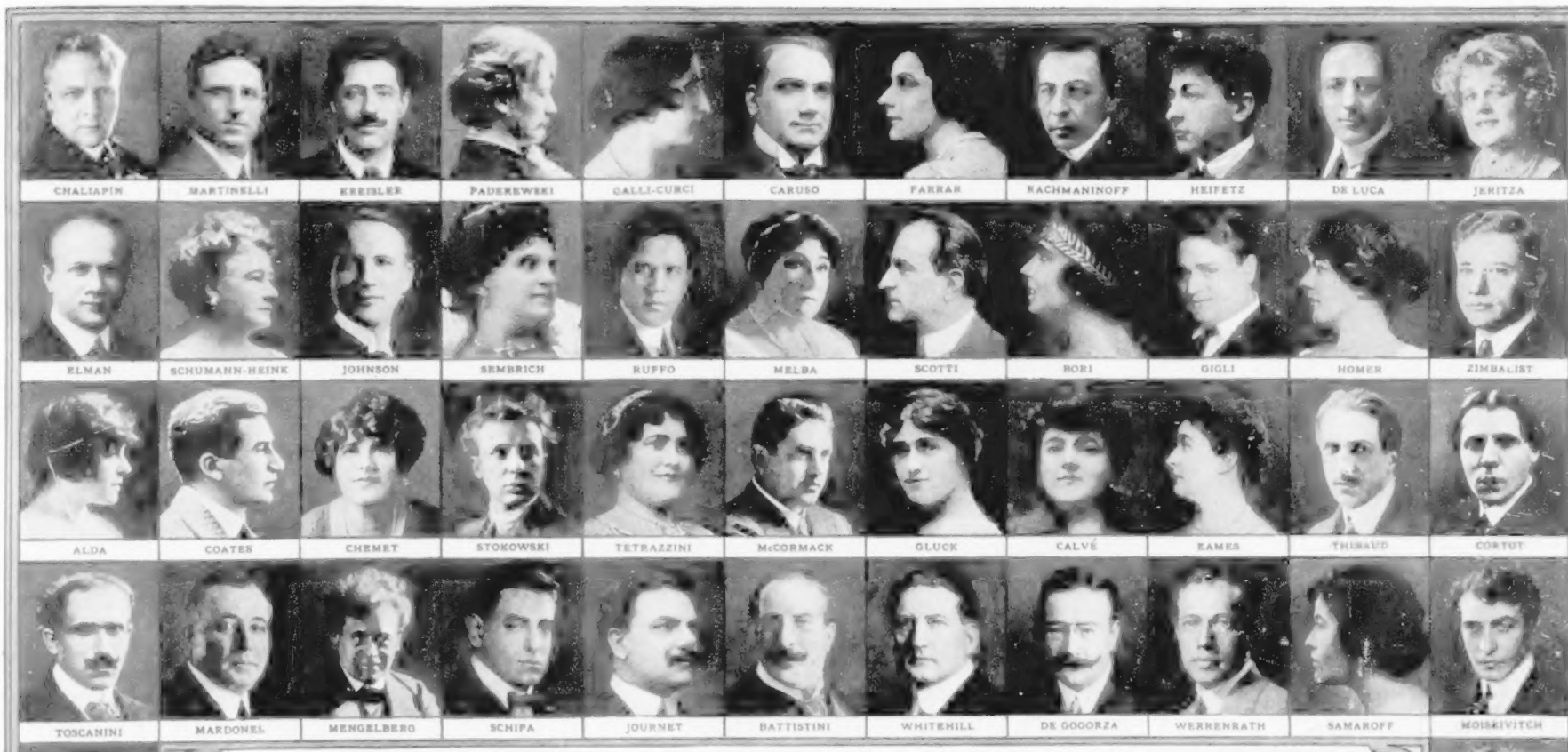

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All these great artists and many others famous the world over have chosen the Victrola and Victor Records as the one medium to perpetuate their art. Play their Victor Records on the Victrola No. 300—illustrated above—and you will know the reasons for their choice. Ask the nearest dealer in Victor products to send a Victrola and a selection of Victor Records to your home

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

How a healthy skin may be made sick

Treat a healthy person like an invalid and he soon *becomes* an invalid. Every doctor knows this.

A normally healthy skin, treated as if it were sick, can be easily *made* sick.

Most women have normal complexions.

Yet some of them indulge in "treatments" and "methods" which any reputable physician would denounce as useless for a normal skin and positively *dangerous* for an *un*healthy skin!

Every woman naturally wants her complexion to be clear and soft.

To remain clear and soft, her complexion must be able to resist dust and weather and other damaging influences of daily life.

The highest medical authorities say that too much manipulation, too frequent and zealous "shocking" of the skin cells make the skin TENDER—it is then no longer able to resist damaging influences; it breaks down under the strain and serious skin troubles often result.

Simple, daily cleansing with Ivory Soap and warm water, followed by a dash of cold water, will keep your skin clear, soft and normal, render it proof against dust and weather, and cleanse it thoroughly, yet safely and gently.

Ivory Soap cleanses safely and gently because it is pure, mild and white. It contains no dye, no medicaments, no strong perfume. It is made of the very finest ingredients. As a soap for the toilet, bath and shampoo, it has never been excelled or successfully imitated.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

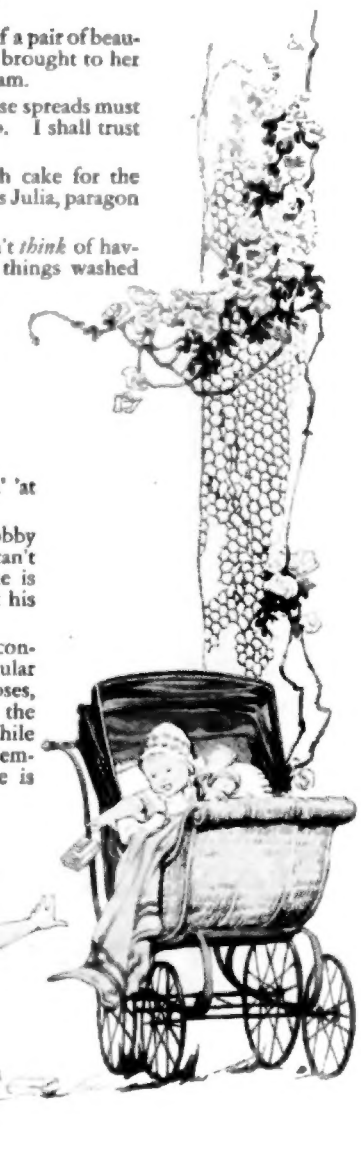
IVORY

Mrs. Jollyco is very proud of a pair of beautiful appliqued bedspreads brought to her from Europe by Mrs. Latham.

"Julia," she is saying, "those spreads must be washed with Ivory Soap. I shall trust you to make sure of that."

"I was just getting a fresh cake for the laundress, Mrs. Jollyco," says Julia, paragon of maids.

Julia knows. She wouldn't *think* of having such delicately colored things washed with any soap but Ivory. And the same is true of all the fine embroidered and lace pieces in the house. She knows Ivory is *safe*.



"Aw gee! Can't you quit throwin' 'at Ivory Soap around? Doggone it!"

We sympathize deeply with Bobby Jollyco, because (back where you can't see her) Pinky Parker, whose name is sweet to Bobby's ears, looks on at his humiliation.

But of course, Teewee *naturally* considers all Ivory Soap as his own particular property, to do with as he chooses, whether in or out of the tub; that's the way he's been brought up. So while he may be a source of occasional embarrassment to Brother Bobby, he is highly satisfactory to his mother.

"What!" exclaims President Jollyco.

"Yes, sir," says Miss Jump. "It's no wonder the girls can't keep their hands clean. I thought you'd like to know."

"Know! Of course I'd like to know! Call Mr. Jimpson * * * Jimpson, hang it, sir, why do you discriminate against the girls in this office? Why don't you provide Ivory Soap in their rest-room? * * * Well, please throw that stuff away and get some Ivory. If I can have it, so can *they* * * * How's that, Miss Jump?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Jollyco. Our girls *all* like Ivory."

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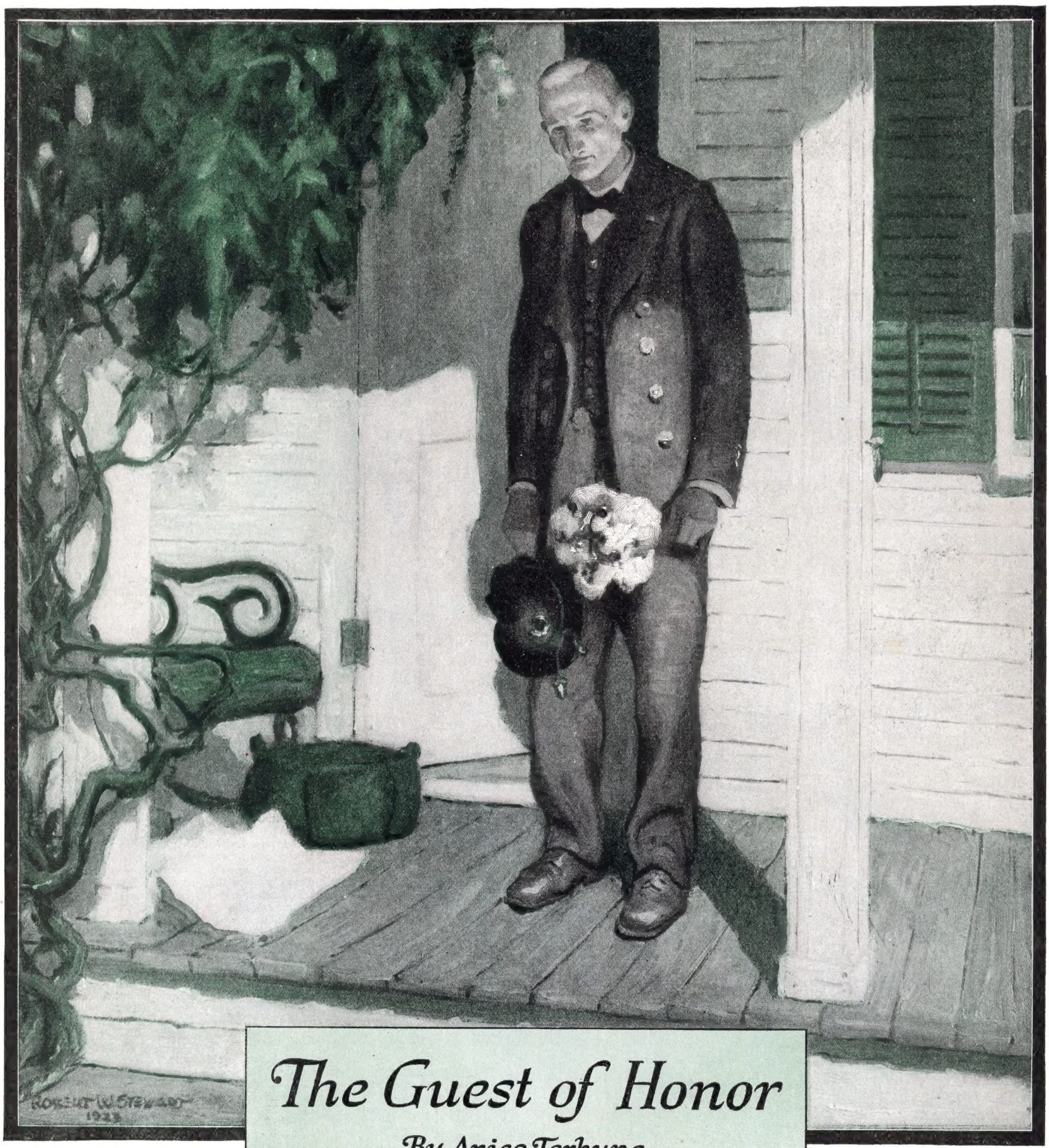
Passes Fast the Memorial Day Glory of our Old Veterans: Let This Lovely Idyl Be Their Epitaph



The Guest of Honor

By Anice Terhune

Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart

At attention he stood, till th last thin strain of music ha melted into nothin in the distanc

JAMES ELY sat just inside his open doorway, sewing. Though he was eighty-three, he sewed without the aid of glasses.

"I c'n see better'n I could twenty years ago," he remarked triumphantly to his admiring audience. The audience was made up of two little girls—neighbors' children, who lived across the street.

"How *can* you see better, when you're that much older?" queried the bigger of the two, with all the skepticism of a person of nine years—a person who had recently discovered that there was no Santa Claus at all.

"I've got my second sight, I guess, for I had to put on spectacles, then, to see, and now I have to take 'em *off* to see! Ain't that funny?"

This sally "went big" with the indulgent audience, and even its author was not above laughing merrily at his own wit, as he shifted the garment he was working on, and gathered it more compactly into his bony lap.

"That's your old Grand Army coat, isn't it, Mr. Ely?" asked little Lois. "What's the use of sewing buttons on it? You can't wear it now, can you? There isn't any war now, is there?"

"Wear it? Course I can!" cried the old man. "Thi coat comes out o' the closet every Decoration Day, ar marches in the parade. Tomorrer's Decoration Day, ain' it?"

And the veteran's mild blue eyes snapped with th embers of a fire nearly, but not quite, burnt out. "Thi year, I'm the only real veteran left," he went on. "Las year, it was just Al Smith an' me. We marched side b side. An' it was some march! Al was so petered out tha he had to set down on the curb twice to git his breath

[*Turn to page 51*]

Folly's Gold

By Leroy Scott

One of the Famous Mary Regan stories which are now appearing in McCall's Magazine

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"We're locked out!" she exclaimed in alarm. "There's a spring lock on this window, and there's no knob on the outside!"

CLIFFORD had at first been rather bored by the self-pitying story of the frenzied Mrs. Fownes; bored despite the facts that she was young, rich, a famous beauty and a dashing figure in the younger social set of Long Island, with a jealous husband of proud family—for the story she told him, in its chief elements, was as old as woman's folly: a wife's letters of mad affection to a man not her husband, the theft of the letters, the demand of a large sum, under threat of exposure, for their return to their writer. Mechanically Clifford had taken in all the details of this latest version of the ancient tale, his mind all the while commenting upon the eternal foolishness of weak mortals who set down their illicit infatuations on paper, until the frantic and now repentant Mrs. Fownes had said:

"I went first with my trouble to Mr. Bradley, he being a neighbor. But he hasn't been able to help me yet—and I simply must have help! And so I've come to you, for friends have told me what a wonderful detective you are. Though of course I'll not tell Mr. Bradley about you, for that might make him lose interest."

At Bradley's name, all of Clifford's faculties had become electrically alive. That name had changed this old and commonplace case to a case of first importance. No longer was it primarily the case of this pretty, feather-brained philanderer. To Clifford it had become primarily the case of Bradley.

Clifford knew something of Bradley's recent doings, and suspected much more; but in consequence of the year, just ended, that he had spent in the capitals of Europe running down that Stanthorp affair, he was naturally still ignorant upon many matters. Therefore this August afternoon, as he rode out to Green Manors, the smart and exclusive Long Island summer colony where Bradley had bought a handsome house, and where Mrs. Fownes also lived, Clifford started in to quiz Jerry Nordstrom, whose week-end guest he was. Jerry left his first question unanswered.

"That means you're getting ready for another go at Bradley, I suppose." Jerry looked at the lean face of his friend—lined, though still in his early thirties—whom he and others had considered quixotic for giving up the chance of a brilliant legal career to start life in the Police Department as an ordinary patrolman. "Tell me, old son, what was really behind all the fighting between you and Bradley? Was it because Bradley was instinctively against you for being a college man?"

"It was because Bradley was the smoothest of all police crooks, and wanted me to string along with him in the same game. When I refused, and started in to show him up—that's the entire reason. Both while we were in the department, and since we each went into private work." Clifford knew he was not telling the whole truth; there was Mary Regan. He quickly got back to the question Jerry had left unanswered.

"Just how does Green Manors take to a former Chief of Detectives, Jerry, who barely escaped going to jail?"

"You've got to give Bradley a large bouquet, Bob; he's certainly handled things with a wise head. Everybody in the place is curious about him. Some are even wondering if we shouldn't take him in as one of ourselves."

"For a man like Bradley to break into a place like Green Manors and set himself up as a country gentleman—that was some stunt! How did he manage it?"

"He bought his house through a dummy, so there was no chance for us to block his coming here. At first we expected the usual thing, that he'd try to butt into the different clubs. That's exactly what Bradley didn't do. He ignored Green Manors as though we didn't exist. Then he was on the scene and helped the Randolphs out of a nasty mess their moron of a son got into with a show girl. The Randolphs tried to pay Bradley; he was insulted at the offer of payment for a neighborly act. Then they thought they'd pay him by inviting him to one of their second-rate dinners; he refused with stiff formality. Since then there have been many other invitations; Bradley's refused them all. And now everyone looks up to him."

"He couldn't have pursued a more clever policy. But his police record—his trial? How has he explained that away?"

"He hasn't tried. He merely let fall the remark that there never had been a good police official who has not had enemies, and been subject to attack."

"But at his last trial he escaped on a technicality."

This still rankled with Clifford, for he had worked up the evidence that had brought the powerful ex-chief of detectives into court.

"Yes, but that was a year or two ago; and most people soon forget, and many never even know. Whatever the facts may have been, Green Manors regards Bradley as a big, interesting figure who is the uncomplaining victim of unjust persecution."

"So you people fall for that!" exclaimed Clifford, with a bitter thought upon how very difficult, how nearly impossible, it is to convict a crooked police official who has keen wits and influential connections. "But where does Green Manors think his money for such an establishment comes from?"

"He has saved, and speculated successfully on tips given by Wall Street friends. So he's said. His chief business interest just now is stock speculation. Of course he still has his detective agency, but people here consider this to be only a side issue."

"You say Bradley never goes out socially. Doesn't he have any social life at Green Manors?"

"Plenty. But all at his own place. He always has a week-end party, and sometimes one during the week."

"What sort are his guests?"

"Pretty high-class, considering. Big actors and actresses, and men and women who belong pretty high up in society. Of course he asks no one from Green Manors, except a few unmarried men. And his parties are mighty proper, too; none of the jazz stuff such as is pulled off at some of the shindigs at the biggest places out here."

This fitted in with some other facts Clifford had gathered and with conclusions he was reaching.

"By the by, speaking of parties," said Jerry apologetically, "I hope you'll excuse me, Bob, but before I knew you were coming, I'd accepted an invitation to a dance at Bradley's for tomorrow night. I'll merely make my appearance for my promise's sake, and then duck right back."

"Don't bother, Jerry; I'll be all right." In fact Clifford was glad of the chance that solitude would give him to make certain investigations concerning Bradley, and incidentally Mrs. Fownes. Bradley, the one-time crude, unpolished, domineering, but quick-witted chief of detectives, now a more-or-less polished gentleman respected in, and piquing curiosity in, such a community as Green Manors—there was a transformation! Just what was behind it?

CLIFFORD lapsed into silence, thinking of his old-time enemy who had so often escaped him. And thinking of Bradley caused his thoughts to swing inevitably to Mary Regan. She was a bitter memory, Mary Regan; cause of many of those lines of suffering in his face. His mind once more went over the climax of his experiences with her, with their still mystifying conclusion. By an effort of will he forced his mind away from her. He must try to forget, must keep on trying.

The train slowed down at the ivy-covered brick station at Green Manors. In the great arc of freshly raked bluestone waited scores of automobiles, come for commuting husbands and week-end guests. As Clifford stepped down upon the platform, the first person his eyes settled upon was Bradley, welcoming some half-dozen smartly dressed men and women and showing them to two big touring cars. Clifford watched him at this business of being host. He had to admit that he was doing it well. As Jerry's car swung to the platform, Bradley saw Clifford. Without a moment's hesitation, he walked toward them. The same square shoulders, the same deep chest, the same square, forceful face, with shining black hair scarcely lined with the gray of his forty years—the body lighter in weight than in other days; altogether a more subdued and restrained Bradley than the Bradley of their earlier conflicts, but, unless Clifford's guess was all wrong, a Bradley even more potent.

"How are you, Mr. Nordstrom?" Then he turned to Clifford. His dark eyes were direct, but expressed nothing. "Hullo, Clifford. It's been a long time since we met. Out here at Green Manors for some time?"

"Just staying over the week-end with Mr. Nordstrom."

"What I thought when I saw you. There's going to be a little party over at my place tomorrow night. I wish you'd come along with Mr. Nordstrom." Clifford hesitated a moment. To see what he could of Bradley's place, his environment, to learn of his standing in Green Manors, this was Clifford's purpose in coming here. But to see the

Silently he took Bradley's flat automatic and searched him for other weapons. "Shoot at my first suspicious move," said Bradley

inside of his house, to meet his friends—this was more than he had expected. "Thanks, Bradley. I'll be glad to come."

Bradley went back to his guests. Clifford had to admit to himself, that Bradley always had had nerve.

THE next night at Bradley's Clifford tried to catch every detail and its possible meaning, for a tremendous possibility had been growing in Clifford's mind. The dance exactly fitted Jerry Nordstrom's description of Bradley's parties. Clifford knew by reputation most of the guests; each had had some private trouble in his or her life; but not one of them would have been out of place in the smartest home in Green Manors. The place, and its atmosphere, was a perfect background—for certain purposes.

Toward ten o'clock Clifford had a mild surprise; this was occasioned by the arrival of young Mrs. Fownes and her husband. Mrs. Fownes was in the highest of spirits. Clifford had danced half a dance with her when she declared herself dizzy and in need of a breath of fresh air. In the solitude of a corner of the great porch, she whispered in an almost entire loss of control: "Mr. Clifford, the threats are getting worse and worse. Fifty thousand they want! I can't possibly raise more than twenty—without asking my husband, and he'd demand to know why I wanted so much money all in one sum. You—you think you may get the letters back for me?"

"There's a chance—yes. I'll say this much—I think I know who is behind this whole matter!"

"Oh, thank God!" she breathed. "You think you'll really be able to make them give the letters up?"

"I can't answer that. Thinking a thing and proving it, are very different matters. If it's the same to you let's not discuss the affair here. Shall we go in?" Presently Mrs. Fownes was dancing with Jerry Nordstrom. Clifford was thoughtfully studying Bradley's guests—thinking over the puzzle of how people of such undoubted quality came to be here—when an arm slipped through his.

"I haven't got on to this dancing yet, Clifford," said Bradley quietly. "What do you say to a smoke in my study and a quiet chat about old times?" Alive with curiosity, Clifford followed his host through the library, and into a room which, though much smaller, was at least fifteen by twenty feet. In it was a desk with two telephones on it, a row of pearl-topped push buttons, a typewriter on a small table beside the desk. For the rest the room was comfortably furnished; at its farther end, Clifford noted, was a French window, slightly ajar, which undoubtedly opened upon a balcony.

"This is my home workshop," Bradley explained casually, offering his cigar-case. They lighted their cigars and sat down. Silence fell between the two, and they regarded each other steadily, Clifford trying to think why Bradley had asked him to this remote room, and alert for any hostile move.

IF the woman you loved—the woman whom you had married only to lose her mysteriously, immediately after the ceremony—were to be discovered, suddenly, working, apparently, hand-in-hand with a clever and unscrupulous crook, what would you think?

Such is the strange situation in which Clifford, the hero of this fascinating mystery story, finds himself, in this, the first of the famous Mary Regan stories to be published in McCall's.

Bradley was the first to speak. His voice was bland. "Clifford, what do you say to a game of stud poker?"

"I don't just get you, Bradley."

"We're sitting in a game against each other," the bland voice went on. "I was just suggesting that we show each other all our cards, except our hole-card or hole-cards. I'll play first. Here are some of my cards, face up. The instant I saw you at the station yesterday, I knew you were out here to look me over and learn all you could about me. I thought I'd make it easy for you. That's why I invited you to come to my party and get all your dope at first-hand." Clifford made no response. Hard as he had fought Bradley, he had always had a streak of admiration for the sheer boldness of the man.

YOU fell down the last time you tried to get me, but you still haven't given up your idea that you can land me, and you've started out on that job. Right, Clifford?" Clifford nodded.

"Nothing like being frank. I guess I've shown you everything I hold—except my card in the hole. It's your play, Clifford." There was challenge in Bradley's voice, and Clifford accepted it.

"You know, of course," said Clifford with the grim directness of certainty, "that I know that you are today the biggest and cleverest crook in the country."

"Thanks at least for the compliment of putting me at the head of the class."

"Here's what I've found out about you, Bradley, and I'll admit that you've been clever. When you had to get out of the Police Department you were sore at all the world. In your bitterness you had your great idea. You had always been a crook; you were now going to become the greatest of all crooks—that was your idea. You'd been almost twenty years in the police department; you knew exactly how the police work, every device by which they catch criminals, and you therefore knew how to avoid their traps; also you had friends in the department who would give you warning, help you out. On the other hand, you had handled most of the big criminals of the country; you knew their methods, you knew them personally; you could pick the cleverest of them, the big specialists, to help out in any job you wished to pull off. As I said, a wonderful equipment!"

BRADLEY'S face did not change. "Thanks again for the high praise—such as it is. Anything else, Clifford?"

"Yes. To do the big things you dreamed of doing you needed the right kind of 'front.' Your detective agency wasn't quite sufficient. You decided to become a country gentleman. You had plenty of money saved over from the rich pickings when you were chief of detectives. So you started in to make a good job of it. You worked regularly with a physical culturist, also with a dancing teacher—even though you say you don't dance. I'll admit you worked hard; outwardly you have almost made yourself over. When you bought this place, you got people to run it for you who knew their business, and you were clever enough to make Green Manors believe you didn't care for their society. You've built up a wonderful front! You doubtless make some legitimate money from your detective agency, and you may make a little from your speculations. But the money you make, the tricks you pull off, behind this front—that's what counts!"

"What do I do behind this alleged front? For example, what sort of things?"

"That's for me to find out—if I do not already know." Clifford did not see fit to say that be believed that the stolen letters of Mrs. Fownes, the attempt to frighten her into paying fifty thousand for their return, was one of the many things Bradley was doing behind this front of a country gentleman.

There was mockery in Bradley's voice when he next spoke. "A most interesting theory, Clifford. We'll see how much of it you can prove to be fact." Then Bradley asked abruptly: "Have you seen Mary Regan lately?"

Clifford could not repress a start. "No." Bradley did not pursue the subject he had interpolated.

"A most interesting theory, Clifford. You may run across some surprises, and perhaps soon, who knows? Shall we rejoin the others?" As they passed through the doorway, Clifford suddenly halted, utterly dazed. Before him,

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He had met Julian Dane almost daily at the mission talking to Audrey and evidently interesting her tremendously

The Black Web

By Olive Lethbridge

Illustrated by George Giguère

AUDREY HEATH had gone out to West Africa, expecting much—"too much!" she thought at times, with gentle self-irony. For she had expected mystery, and had found a miasmic, acrid, heat-scabbed reality. She had expected an atmosphere of dramatic and motley high-tension, and had found a low, mephitic monotony, peopled over-generously with unclassified flying and crawling horrors. She had expected the nobility of the untutored savage, and had found a man naïve enough in his everyday actions, yet spoiled by the pull and drive, not to mention the gin, of civilization as to his *re*actions. Yet in spite of it all she sensed that somewhere behind the tight barrier of her disillusion, somewhere behind the matted barrier of jungle and bush that crept about the struggling mission station with evil, sardonic tentacles, there stretched the Africa of her motley imaginings.

Today she was homesick; a little. It was due to the color scheme of the sunset, dun and cinnamon and ashes-of-roses, picked out with sudden, dancing high-lights of blinding white and ruddy purple. It was all so distressingly like the dying days of her native North Pacific coast. For a moment she thought that she could smell the sweet scent of the birches and the spruce trees and of the slow, soft rain. Then of course she thought of other foolish details: of girls in perfectly cut skirts and perfectly cut brogues; of a smart hat shop which copied the latest Paris models at sixteen dollars and eighty-five cents; of the boys at Washington State College who had been her classmates and of the rousing farewell party which they had given her half a year earlier when she had left Seattle to come out here, to this little African bush mission, to visit her English maiden aunt; of Sunday morning waffles, followed by a solid two hours with the fashion and society supplements of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*.

And then she turned away her soul's eyes from the color of the sunset which was home, and she saw once more putrid, squatting Africa; and heard, from the small mission hall behind her, the sound of a piano woefully out of tune, tinkling a nostalgic, rather futile Baptist hymn to which a thin soprano led the air. Presently the melody was picked up by a riotous chorus of native voices that made up in volume of noise what it may have lost in harmony and sacredness of intonation:

"Glo-ree, glo-ree, all-le-lu-u-*jah!*
Glo-ree, glo-ree, all-le-lu-u-*jah!*
Glo-ree, glo-ree . . ."

She stood up straight and tall and exquisite and blond, her hair, worn loosely after a home shampoo, falling about her slim shoulders like a golden cascade. A footstep sounded on the path that led down to the jungle trail. She hardly noticed it. There was no likelihood of visitors on the Ugher River, unless indeed it were Mr. Georges, the kindly old clergyman whose eyes had grown dim with many African suns and whose once straight back was bowed with the white man's burden which he had borne unflinchingly in this outpost of the empire for forty years. Few men could have stood the strain of even a quarter of the time in that deadly climate, and it was said of the old man now that his mind was giving way under the strain. For he was often found wandering like a sleep-walker in the jungle at night, singing to himself in a high, pathetic voice. But the man in the well-fitting white drill clothes, crimson cummerbund around his narrow waist, and immense, green-lined cork helmet, who came up the path to the veranda, was not the old clergyman; the girl looked up and an expression of annoyance flitted across her features. She controlled it, and greeted the man civilly. "Good afternoon, Mr. Dane."

"Good afternoon, Miss Heath." He stepped onto the veranda. He was tall, lean, intensely dark, handsome in a rather savage way, with a square angular jaw and thin, sardonic lips, a high nose and keen black eyes. He was the type of man who, at sight, aroused instant curiosity regarding himself; curiosity—and fear. Julian Dane had lived in Africa a lifetime, and the small local European community looked upon him with disfavor. There was about him a whispering of strange, shivery tales, nothing precise, nothing conclusive, but, somehow, there it was, like a sinister, nervous undercurrent. There was also a whispering that a remote strain of savage Central African inheritance was muddying his Anglo-Saxon blood, and it was said that he knew more of native ways and customs "than any white man *ought* to know!" as Sir Charles Lane-Fox, the British colonial governor, put it—and there was, finally, the significant fact that amongst the fetish-worshiping Fang negroes of the interior he was known as *"Whose-Deeds-Are-Of-The-Night."*

FOR years he had lived like a recluse in a secluded, jungle-screened bungalow on the other side of the river. But since the arrival of Miss Merrilles' pretty young American niece he had become a somewhat frequent visitor to the mission—"frequent but not welcome," Miss Merrilles put it with tart British succinctness.

He stared at Audrey Heath's golden hair out of his sleepy, heavy-lidded eyes. It made her uncomfortable. She twisted her hair back into its usual coil.

"I am sorry you did that!" he smiled, lighting a cigarette. She blushed slightly. She was furious at him for making her blush, more furious at herself. Then she decided that she would not let him succeed in embarrassing her.

"Oh," she returned with her chilliest drawl, "are you really?"

"Positively. Wonderful hair. Like—oh—spun gold, if you will forgive my waxing lyrical." He paused; continued: "Know what passed through my mind when I saw it glinting in the light just now?"

"I've no idea," she replied stiffly.

"I thought what an extraordinary effect your hair would have upon the natives in the interior." She was interested

Do miracles still happen? When, in the heart of Africa, a girl's life hung in the balance, as the natives danced their dance of death and there seemed no hope of human aid, what seemed a very miracle occurred, forming the climax of this, one of the strongest short stories of the year.

In the center of the clearing stood a huge idol, a bestial thing with leopard claws for teeth. To the left was Audrey Heath, her hair loose about her shoulders, struggling desperately

in spite of herself. There was always, subconsciously, in a back cell of her brain, her dream of Africa's romance and mystery.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"It would be an experience to them. They have never seen hair like yours. It would—thrill would be the wrong word. But—well—it would mean a miracle to them. They might even make a juju out of your hair."

"A juju?"

"Don't you know what juju means? An idol—a fetish god—big medicine, eh what? Never mind. By the way, where is your aunt?" The restarting of the piano in complete discord with the chorus of native voices answered the question, and he smiled with a flash of even, white teeth.

"I need hardly have asked," he said. "And—you *are* an American, aren't you?"

"What about it, Mr. Dane?"

"Oh, I would have imagined that your keen, transatlantic mind might introduce an innovation here"—he swept a hand at the hall—"and persuade your excellent aunt to make those black boys work instead of sing."

Audrey Heath was nettled at his supercilious, ironic tone. "You forget," she retorted, "that it took Aunt Marian fifteen years of labor in this desolate bit of wilderness to achieve even what she has done."

"Achieve?" He raised his eyebrows. "Do you call that sort of thing in there achieving? Like a great many other superfluous women in this world of ours, she has found a—oh—let's say praiseworthy occupation for herself. As to advancing the natives—well, I happen to know Africa, Miss Heath. You cannot change it—really. Africa"—he narrowed his eyes—"is a strange land, you know, a strange, strange beast of a land!"

THERE was something in the man's accents which stirred her oddly. Africa, the land of her romantic dreams, the land of her coiled, motley imaginings! She looked up, intensely interested, excited. Words bubbled to her lips. "Is there an Africa?" she demanded. "A real Africa—a land of mystery, of enchantment—beyond the jungle over there—and the river?"

"Beyond the mission station's futile shadow?" He smiled. "Yes, Miss Heath, there is—and I know it!" He watched her closely from beneath lowered eyelids. "Africa!" There was a soft, sensuous lilt to his accents. "And the horror, the beauty, the wonder, the cruelty, the mystery, the mad color and scent which is Africa!" He pointed at the thick, matted jungle. "Can't you feel it beckon and wink and smile at you?" She stared into the jungle.

"Oh"—her words came staccato—"I would like to see it, to probe its mysteries—" He laughed suddenly, disconcertingly.

"I wouldn't try if I were you, Miss Heath!"

"Why not?"

"Because Africa is like a woman! Jealous!"

"Of what?"

"Of her mysteries! Her secrets! You can learn them, but you will become part of Africa in the learning. Africa"—there was no doubt of the man's seriousness, and she looked at him in utter, slightly shivery fascination—"is like a lioness half asleep! She purrs quite gently when mad idealists like the Reverend Georges choose to dream away their lives in her gardens, or when dear, innocuous ladies like your aunt teach her children to sing out of tune. No harm done either way. But seek to probe farther, and you will feel her claws, her poisonous breath!" He slurred; stopped; went on: "Miss Heath, you would be wise to return to America by the next steamer out of Freetown."

"The next steamer?" she echoed in astonishment. "And why, Mr. Dane?"

"Because Africa is getting below your skin."

"Let it!" she laughed freely, recklessly. "I want to learn her secrets, to understand her mysteries."

"Ah—!" He stared at her, as if trying to read her soul. "Very well." He tossed away his cigarette. Quite suddenly, before she realized what he was going to do, he caught her in his arms and pressed her to him. "I myself shall be your teacher!" She twisted herself free with a wrench, striking him a blow across the mouth as she did so.

"How—how dare you—how dare you—?" Very quickly she controlled herself as she heard the door to the mission open behind her. No use letting her aunt know of it.

She was an American, emancipated, free—she could take care of herself.

SHE turned. "Hello, auntie!"

"God bless you, dear child. How do you do."—stiffly,—"Mr. Dane?" Miss Merrilles, small, thin, bird-like in features and quick gestures, her face flushed, a wisp of graying hair straggling across her moist forehead, was followed by old Mr. Georges who smiled in a vague, rather pathetic manner, listening in an abstracted silence to Miss Merrilles' voluble flow of words.

"Audrey darling! You should have heard Mr. Georges. He gave my people such a charming sermon—twenty minutes of it—longer—serves them right, too! They've been so frightfully naughty of late! Why, would you believe it, there was hardly a man at meeting this morning! And the excuses they gave me when I went to their kraals and asked them! Why, every single one of them had to attend funerals! And I didn't see any funerals! Gracious—I do hope they did not lie to me!"

"I am afraid they did," said Julian Dane. "I've an inkling. You see there is talk in the jungle of a Porrah about to be celebrated. That's why they give Christianity the go-by for the time being."

"Good heavens!" Miss Merrilles dropped into a chair and fanned herself vigorously with a palm leaf. "One of those dreadful heathenish orgies—?"

"Yes!"

"I can't believe it, Mr. Dane. Why, they would never dare—after the way I have sung to them, and Mr. Georges' sermons and—"

"What is a Porrah?" broke in Audrey Heath.

"It is one of the most powerful secret societies in the whole of the West African hinterland," explained Julian Dane. "So mysterious are its rites and orgies, that no European has ever succeeded in finding out its secrets. You could beat a native to death with a flail of hippo-hide, you could cut him into bits, and he would not tell you!"

"Why," exclaimed the girl, her eyes shining, "how perfectly, gorgeously exciting! I'd give my boots to see one!"

"Give your—boots? Darling, what language!" from Miss Merrilles.

"You'd give a jolly sight more than your boots!" came a high, clear, typically British voice, and a man came up the veranda steps, young, tanned, tall and gray-eyed, with brown hair that curled slightly at the temples. "You'd give your life!" He bowed to Miss Merrilles. "I am Mr. Honywood," he introduced himself. "I just arrived in these parts, and I thought I would lose no time in calling upon my neighbors."

MISS MERRILLES jumped up excitedly. "Oh, are you the new Police Agent they were talking of sending up from Sierra Leone?"

"Guilty, Miss Merrilles."

"This is my niece, Miss Heath." The two young people looked at each other, smiled, shook hands, looked again, smiled once more, and then the one blushed a little, while the other coughed.

"So glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Heath."

"You say it as if you meant it."

"I do—with all my heart!" laughed Honywood. Audrey Heath joined in his laughter.

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ERIS

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of The Flaming Jewel, Cardigan, etc.

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

Decoration by R. Van Buren

THERE were no kind fairies present at the birth of this modern Cinderella: so the wise old physician who officiated in their stead sardonically named her for the Greek goddess of discord, who, infuriated because she was not invited to the wedding feast, tossed among the guests a golden apple on which was inscribed the challenging words, "To the Fairest." With such a theme Robert W. Chambers has written in "Eris" his latest and greatest novel.

Part Four

I MUST tell you," said Eris, "that there's a business matter I shall have to attend to in a few minutes. Rosalind insists that the announcement be made this evening. It's a great secret, but I'll tell you: I'm going to have my own company!" She gave him her hands, laughing, excited by his astonishment and the ardor of his impetuous congratulations.

"Isn't it too splendid! I can scarcely believe it, Mr. Annan. But in our last picture it came to a point where Betsy thought we were, perhaps, interfering with each other—I mean that—that—"

"I understand."

Eris flushed. "Betsy was so sweet and generous about it. But I, somehow, realized that I'd have to go. It was right that I should. And I had a talk with Frank Donnell. . . . I don't know who told Mr. Smull about it, but he telegraphed that he was coming out. He came with Mr. Shill. . . . That was how it happened. Mr. Smull offered me my company. I was thunderstruck."

"It's splendid!—" He kept continually forcing out of his mind the fact of Smull's part in the matter. "Who is your director?"

"Mr. Creevy. Emil Shunk is our camera man. Mr. Creevy brings his staff with him." Annan had his opinion of Mr. Creevy, but kept it. They were laughing without reserve, her slim hands still clasped in his; and both turned without embarrassment when Rosalind came leisurely behind them.

"Albert has been chewing his mustache for half an hour," she drawled. "Are you actually spooning, Eris?"

"How silly! Does Mr Smull want me?"

"We're all set. Come, Eris; let that young man's educated hands alone—" Eris, unconscious until then that Annan still retained her hands, withdrew them without embarrassment. Rosalind passed a beautifully plump arm around her waist, letting her amused glance linger on Annan.

"The immaculate lover," she drawled, "always busy." And to Eris: "You'll like him better, though, after it's all over, after the teething, my dear. We all bite on Barry."

Annan spent the entire day with Eris; came home at midnight; seated himself at his desk where his work lay in inviting disorder. But there was no more chance of his working than there was of his sleeping. It was the first time it ever had happened. He could not remember an instance when the subtle challenge of a disordered manuscript had been declined by him. But something had happened to this young man. There was a letter from his aunt on his desk. He tore it open; glanced through it without the usual grin; laid it aside. Neither work nor sleep attracted him.

Time after time his mind mechanically began that day again, drifted through the sequence of events, minute by minute, leading him at length to where he now was seated—but only to recommence again from the beginning. It was nearly two o'clock before he fell asleep. The first thing he did after he awoke was to unhook the telephone receiver:

"Is it you, Eris? Could I see you today?" he asked.

"I'll try to get away after dinner," she said. "Would you telephone about nine-thirty?"

"It's a long time—all right, then!"

"Will you come to tea?"

"Yes, if I can't come earlier." She laughed—a distant, gay little laugh—a new sound from her lips, born quite unexpectedly the day before to surprise them both.

"You make our friendship so easy," she said. "I'm happy and *grateful* that you are coming to tea—"

His unconsidered and somewhat impetuous reply seemed to confuse Eris. There was a silence, then: "That's the truth," he repeated. "It *is* a privilege to be with you." Her voice came, a little wistful, yet humorously incredulous:

"You say such kind things, Mr. Annan. . . . Thank you."

MRS GRANDCOURT was in town and had requested Annan to lunch with her. At one o'clock he sauntered up to the limestone portal.

"Hello, Jennings," he said genially to a large, severe man who opened the door. "The three most annoying things in the world are death, hay-fever and nephews. The last are worst because more frequent. Kindly prepare my aunt."

"What's wrong with him?" asked Coltfoot. "I don't know, sir. 'E 'asn't left the 'ouse in the last fortnight"

She was already in the drawing-room. She offered him the celebrated hand once compared to Queen Victoria's. He saluted the accustomed pearl—the black one: "Madame my aunt, your most obedient!"

Her butler, Seaman, announced luncheon. Annan offered his arm to the dumpy old woman. Only her thin, high-bridged, arrogant nose redeemed her features of a retired charwoman. Watery eyes inspected him across the table. White lace collar and cuffs turned over the black gown did what was sartorially possible for Mrs. Magnelius Grandcourt. Otherwise, the famous string of cherry-sized pearls dangled to what should have been her waist.

They went into the library after luncheon. A secretary brought the necessary papers. Annan's was a cheerful nature. There was no greed in it. In all questions, that might properly have become disputes concerning joint income and investment, he yielded good-humouredly to her. There was a more vulgar streak than thrift in Mrs. Magnelius Grandcourt. However, family matters settled to her satisfaction, she seemed inclined to a more friendly attitude.

"That was very impudent of you to send me that New York Directory," she said, "but I suppose you intended it to be a pleasantry."

"Why, no," he said innocently, "I thought it would gratify you to discover so many people you didn't care to know—"

"Barry! I see nothing humorous in it. Do you think the breaking down of society is humorous?"

"Is it breaking down?"

"Do I need to answer you? What has become of the old barriers that kept out undesirables? *Once* there was a society in New York. Is there today? No, Barry—only a fragment here and there.

"Only a few houses left where we rally. This house, thank God, is one of them. And while *I* live and retain

"Oh, Barry, I swore at you like a hired-man!" "You dear," he said, "—you dear!"

my faculties, I shall continue to dictate my visiting-list, here and in Newport, and shall properly censor it, despite the unbecoming mocking of my own flesh and blood. It is amazing to me how utterly common my brother's son can be. I can *not* understand it, Barry. And you are not alone in this demoralization. Young people everywhere are infected. Only a week or two ago I met Elizabeth Blythe in California. She was painted a perfectly ghastly color in broad daylight. Elizabeth Blythe—the daughter of Courtlandt Blythe, a painted, motion-picture *actress!*"

"She told me that you snubbed her," he said. "But you don't seem to be consistent, Aunt Cornelia. I hear that you've been kind to another actress—Eris Odell."

"Do *you* know her?" inquired his aunt calmly.

"I've met her."

Mrs. Grandcourt remained silent for a while, her pale eyes fixed on her nephew. "That girl's grandmother was my beloved comrade in boarding-school," she said slowly. "We shared the same room. Her name was Jeanne d'Espremont. Her grandmother was that celebrated Countess of the time of Louis XV. They were Louisiana Creoles. Her blood was as good as any in France. Probably that means nothing to a modern young man. It meant something to me. I shouldn't have wished to love a nobody as I loved Jeanne d'Espremont." Mrs. Grandcourt bent her head and looked down at her celebrated Victorian hands. Pearls bulged on the tiny, fat fingers.

"Jeanne ran away," she said. "She married the son of a planter. His family was unimpeachable, but he looked like a fox. When he drank himself to death she went on the stage. She had a baby. I saw it. It looked like a fox. Jeanne died when the girl was sixteen. I'd have taken her—"

Presently Annan asked why she hadn't done so.

"Because," said his aunt, "she married a boy who peddled vegetables, the day after the funeral. His name was Odell."

"Oh. Was he the father of Eris?"

"He was. What an astonishing reversion the girl is to the lovely, aristocratic type of her grandmother! I encountered her by accident. She was with Elizabeth Blythe, but she was not painted. I assure you, Barry, it was a severe shock to me. She is the absolute image of her grandmother. I could scarcely speak—scarcely find my voice—to ask her. . . . But I *knew*. The girl was Jeanne d'Espremont, *alive*."

AFTER a moment: "Did you find her interesting?" he asked.

"She has all the charm and intelligence of her grandmother. . . . And all her lovely appeal. And her fatal obstinacy."

"Obstinacy?"

"Yes. . . . I told her about her grandmother. I asked her to give up her profession and come to me."—Mrs. Grandcourt's features grew red.—"I offered to stand her sponsor, educate her properly, give her the position in the younger set to which her blood entitled her. . . . I offered to endow her, Barry. . . . I think now you understand how I loved her grandmother."

The idea of his aunt parting willingly with a penny so amazed and entranced the young man that he merely gazed at her, incapable of comment. His aunt rose—signal that the audience was ended. Annan got up. "Do you mean," he said, "that she declined to give up her profession for such a prospect?"

"Not only that," replied his aunt, getting redder, "but she refused to accept a dollar—and she hasn't a penny except her salary. That is like her grandmother, never permitting a favor that she could not return. . . . Jeanne was poor, compared to me, Barry—my little comrade, Jeanne d'Espremont. . . . I loved her—dearly—" Annan coolly put both arms around his aunt and kissed her—a thing that had not occurred since he was in college.

"I'll drop in for tea before you beat it to Newport," he said. "Then you tell me more about Jeanne d'Espremont."

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What Has Happened So Far:

HE had played with love, indulged in flirtations that held him amused for a time—then passed on, with his heart unscathed. But when Barry Annan, dilettante man of letters, befriended Eris Odell, whose overwhelming ambition for a career in the movies had brought her to New York, without money or friends or influence, he met, in the unsophisticated country girl, his emotional Waterloo.

Eris had been married to the worthless scamp, "Stewart Graydon"—and deserted immediately after the ceremony. She thought that she had done with sentiment forever. Barry Annan was, to her, an oracle of all wisdom. When, on her return from a remarkably successful engagement in Hollywood, he requested permission to call at her apartment, she named the first time convenient for them both and invited him to breakfast.

Lucia sat down on a boulder by an apple-tree. Her eyes were sulky, her lips pouted

Thrifty Stock

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

Are you a toiler in the sordid city, and do you pine for the open country? Or are you bound to harsh farmlands while you long for the gay lights of the town? If so, this great story of "Thrifty Stock" has a message for you.

THE girl, stormful and rebellious, had come out of the old farmhouse above Fraternity, and without much caring in which direction she turned, walked across the stubble of the freshly cut meadow toward the edge of the woods at the crest of the hill. This meadow was really a high plateau; it was fringed with bushes which grew along the crumbling stone wall which bordered it, and with birch and wild cherry-trees here and there along its edge. Between these trees she could look abroad across a wooded valley, down whose middle meandered the dead water of the George's River, backed up by the mill dam at the village. There had been a light shower at dawn, scarce sufficient to settle the dust; and the air, thus clarified, lent lovely colors to the countryside.

Deep green of hemlock and spruce and pine, straggly tracery of hackmatack, lighter green of the birch tops; the blue of distant hillsides; the blue of the sky; the yellow glory of sunlight drenching everything. But to all these matters Lucia Moore was oblivious. She knew only that her father was stubborn and unreasonable, her mother supine, the world at an ill turn. Drops of water on the stubble wet her ankles; dust and water combined to muddy her impracticable shoes; an occasional bramble tore at her silken stockings. She came to the stone wall at the brink of the hill and chose a large boulder half-shaded by an apple-tree that was all run to suckers, and sat down on it, her feet propped upon a stone below, elbows on her knees, her chin cupped in her hands. The girl's eyes were sulky, and her lips pouted. There was a hint of color not their own upon those lips of hers; and her eyebrows were plucked to a thin line, its smooth arch distorted by the frown she wore. Her gingham dress was short, and her present posture revealed her thin, unformed legs, which confirmed the almost emaciated slimness of her figure. She stared unseeingly across the lovely land.

Down the slope below her and to the right, Johnny Dree was dusting his orchard. His well-trained team knew their work; they drew the sledge on which he had secured the dusting-machine up and down between the wide-spaced rows; and Johnny himself controlled and directed the blast of dust which smothered the trees, depositing itself on every leaf and twig. Now and then he called a command to the horses. He was doing two men's work, and doing it with very little effort. His voice, pitched musically, carried far across the still hillside on this quiet morning, and the whir of the duster carried further. Lucia Moore heard his voice, heard the duster's purring, punctuated by the bark of the exhaust; she looked in his direction and saw the violently spouting dust, and wondered who he was and what he was doing. She had an uncontrolled curiosity, and after a few moments her awakened interest brought her down the hill. She entered the orchard at the side where the Wolf Rivers were planted, a hundred trees of them, the fruit already filling and coloring. Johnny's father had planted this orchard with discretion; a hundred Wolf Rivers, a hundred Starks, a hundred Ben Davises. Hardy apples, easily tended, easily handled, easily marketed. Wolf Rivers, for fancy trade, for the great city hotels to bake and serve, crisply browned, with rich cream; Starks and Ben Davises for keeping through the winter. Johnny was in the middle of the Starks when he saw Lucia coming toward him among the trees. After the fashion of the countryside, he looked at her with frank curiosity. He had seen her, at some distance, once or twice before, since Walter Moore bought the run-down farm on the hilltop above his orchard; had summarized his impressions of rouge, plucked brows, short dresses in a single phrase, "a city girl." Her approach now did not embarrass him; there is a self-respect in such men, not easily disturbed. She had paused between two trees at a point he was approaching, and when he came near where she stood, he stopped the horses and waited for her to speak her errand.

LUCIA looked at him curiously. She was just twenty years old, but he was only two or three years older, and she was used to boys. His overalls were patched and faded from much washing; his blue shirt seemed fresh and clean; she thought him nice-looking, and when she was sure of this, smiled most dazzlingly. Johnny tugged off his cap at that smile, and Lucia said precisely:

"How do you do?"

"Howdo, Miss Moore," Johnny replied.

Her eyes widened in a pretty affectation. "Oh, how did you know my name?"

His lips were inscrutable, but his eyes were amused. "I guess everybody around here knows you."

She pouted a little. "That doesn't sound nice."

"It don't do any harm," he said equably; and she was a little disappointed, for she had expected flattery.

She pointed to the machine, whose engine still racketed. "What's that?"

"A duster," he told her. "Kills the bugs on the trees."

She made a grimace. "I should think it would. But what a nasty way to do. Smother them with that dust."

He did smile this time. "The dust's poison," he explained. "It sticks to the leaves, and they eat it with the leaves, and it kills them."

"Why?" she asked.

He understood that she was interested not in the process but the reason for it. "So they won't hurt the trees; so the trees will bear better," he told her.

"Papa doesn't do that to our trees," she said.

He turned away, and she thought he smiled. "That's right," he agreed.

She looked around her. "And there are lots more apples on your trees than on ours, too."

"That's because I dust 'em and spray 'em and take care of 'em," he said. "You've got to treat an apple-tree right if you want it to bear right."

She came gingerly to his side and inspected the duster and asked questions about it,

Here is one of Ben Ames Williams' famous "Fraternity" stories, the gripping human tales of simple yet tragic village life and country life, full of homely wisdom like that of Johny Dree:

"You can learn a lot from an apple-tree. If it's got grass and weeds around its roots, they starve it for water; and the scale and the aphis and the borer hurt it; and the suckers waste its strength."

And what he had learned from his trees gave him hope for Lucia Moore, whose thrifty stock had been stifled by the weeds of city life.

Did Lucia justify that hope?

You could hardly say they had a romance. They grew together as naturally as stock and scion grafted by his skilful hands

wrinkling her nose at the smell of the dust; and he answered her questions, warming a little at her interest in that which was dear to him. His engine still coughed and barked; he showed no disposition to shut off its ignition and give his time to her. She discovered a waxy bandage upon one of the trees and asked what it was, and he told her it was a graft and would have added some explanation, but her attention flitted elsewhere.

"Where do you live?" she asked presently. "That house up there?"

"Yes."

"Is it your house?"

"My mother's and mine," he replied.

She turned the full battery of her eyes upon him. "Why haven't you come up to see a fellow?" she asked. "I've been awfully lonesome here."

He was not at all disconcerted, as she had expected him to be. "I hadn't thought of it," he said. "I'm pretty busy."

"You'll think of it now, won't you?" she begged prettily. She was, this morning, in a reckless mood; she had been, was still, a spoiled child.

"I might," he assented, and she thought again there was a smile deep hidden in his eyes.

She pouted a little. "I'm used to having boys crazy to come and see me," she said wistfully; and he did smile; and she was satisfied with this much of victory, and turned and ran away. She ran prettily, and she knew her skirts were none too long. From the border of the orchard, she looked back and waved her hand to him. He waved his hat, in a restrained fashion, by way of response; and she ascended the hill, at peace with the world again.

And this was the first encounter between the tender of trees and Lucia Moore.

Her father had bought the farm during the winter from Dan Howe, who moved away to Augusta. Dan, Fraternity said, made a good thing out of it. He had paid eighteen hundred, two years before, and had sold off six hundred dollars' worth of hard wood for ship timbers, carted to Camden. The price Moore paid him was thirty-three hundred dollars. Moore had thought the price was high; but there was in the man a hunger for contact with the soil. His father's death had left Moore some fifty-two hundred dollars, and made it possible for him to escape from the small store he had run for years in Somerville, at a yearly profit less than he might have earned as salary. He and his wife had perceived, by that time, that Lucia—they had christened her Lucy—was a problem in need of solving. Lucia liked moving-pictures, and dancing, and boys, and she was not strong. Country life, they thought, would be good for her; and Moore did not cavil at Dan Howe's price. Save for a few hundred dollars, he put the remainder of his legacy and his own savings into a newly organized automobile company which seemed to him promising.

Since he had come to live among the hills above Fraternity, he had been learning by experience that a horse which can be bought for seventy dollars is probably not worth it, and that pigs cannot profitably be raised with no milk to feed them, and that the instructions in manuals on the art of farming are not so complete and so reliable as they seem. He was not a practical man. Even the automobile investment had turned out badly; the company was now quietly defunct, without even the formality of a receiver. And he owed a mounting bill at Will Bissell's store. If it had been possible, he would have escaped from the farm and returned to bondage; but no one would buy the place, and his debts anchored him.

IT was Lucia—she had, it appeared, some grain of sense in her—who suggested one day that he might raise apples.

"Johnny Dree does," she explained. This was in early fall, and she had seen Johnny once or twice since that first encounter—at her instance, and not at his. Also she had asked questions, surprisingly shrewd.

"I've looked at our trees," her father told her. "The apples aren't good for anything but cider—full of worms."

"Johnny Dree says you've got to take care of a tree," she insisted impatiently. "But he says—" She hesitated, seeking to remember the word he had used. "He says your trees are good, thrifty stock."

"It takes years to make an orchard, Lucy," he said wearily. "You're talking about impossible things."

The swift temper which sometimes possessed the girl flamed up at him. "You make me sick!" she cried. "You just sit back and let the world walk over you. You've stuck yourself with this damned farm, and now you're going to sit still and let it smother you. Why don't you try to do something, anyway. Johnny says you've got as good orchard land as there is. But you just look wise and think you know it all, and don't do anything."

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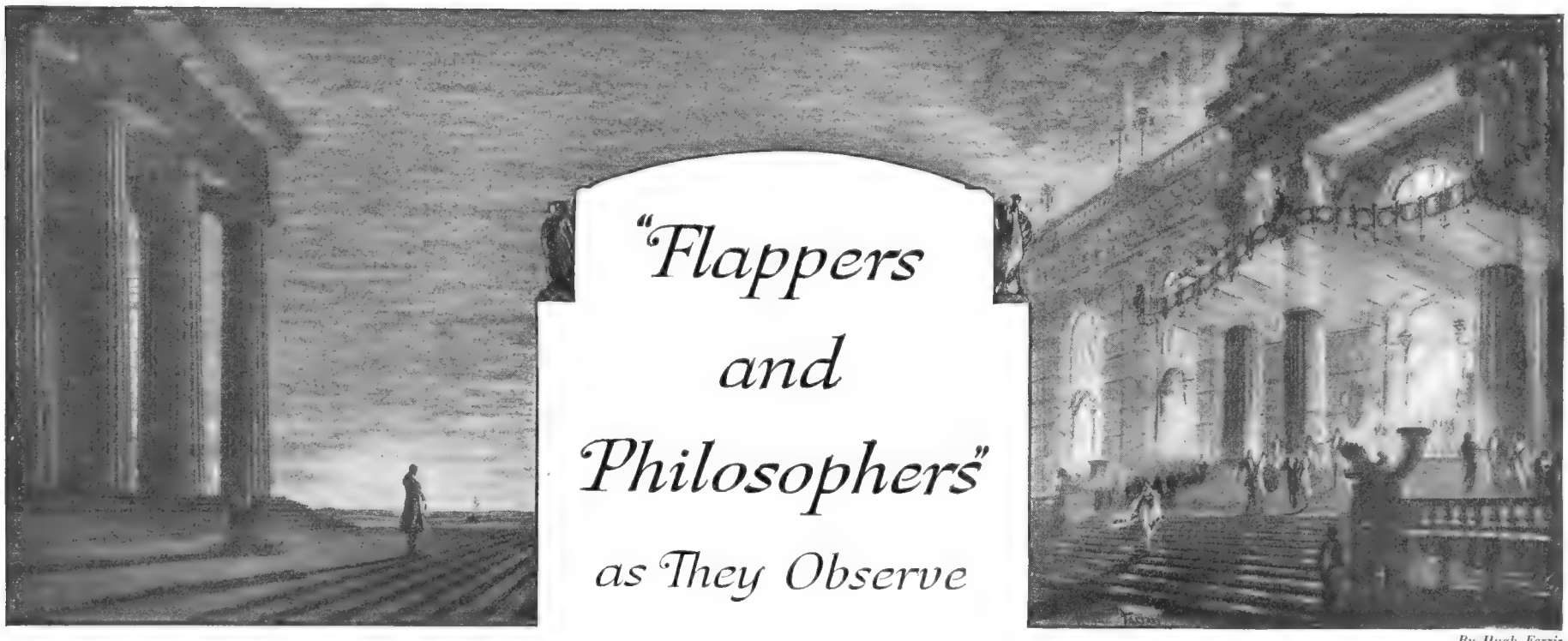

"Flappers and Philosophers" as They Observe

By Hugh Ferris

The Morals of the Younger Generation

What a College Professor Says

By Professor Stuart P. Sherman

Author of "Americans," "Contemporary Literature," etc. and Professor of English, University of Illinois

THE social censors have been reporting lately, in a high state of excitement, that our younger generation exhibits signs of moral deterioration, that it is, indeed, already dancing down the primrose way towards the last stages of corruption. When one corners a censor and demands pointblank what is wrong, one is not quite adequately answered. What one ordinarily receives is an impressionistic, highly colored account of the débutantes of the present year by a débutante of twenty-five years ago, who ejaculates her indignant "why-my-dears!" over the vogue of rouge and jazz, the cigarettes and the cocktails, the partial unveiling of the lower (instead of only the upper) limbs, the unchaperoned drives by moonlight, and, in short, the extraordinary accessibility, the general "facility" of the buds. From among these ejaculations there emerges the central assurance of the censor, that she was far, far, more difficult to kiss than her neighbor's daughter is. An interesting contention, to which an inquirer of Hamlet's disposition will murmur: "Very like . . . very like."

To indict an entire generation on specific charges of this sort is never very convincing. In the first place, the débutantes who appear at their coming-out parties in the garb and manners of the ballet, and so furnish copy for the headliners, are but an inconsiderable element even in society, and society itself is but an inconsiderable element in our democratic younger generation. In the second place, they, or their equivalent, are always with us, as anyone may easily persuade himself by turning the pages of his Juvenal or his Petrarch or even by running through the files of an illustrated New York weekly from 1860 to 1890. On the basis of rouge and moral rag-time and startling ups and downs of feminine apparel, the ultimate decline of civilization has probably been predicted at least once in thirty years since the time of Queen Semiramis.

SO far as these superficial symptoms are concerned, the historically minded moralist will not be greatly alarmed. He will be disposed, in fact, to doubt whether the morals and manners of the younger generation are, on the whole, any worse than those of their predecessors—just as he may be inclined to doubt whether they are any better.

Suppose we admit that our children are no better nor worse than their parents. We may still insist that they are significantly different, and we shall probably be right. For the tendency of critical young people is to react against both the virtues and the defects of their elders. The father is a hard drinker; the son in disgust resolves not to touch a drop. The father is a strict economist; the son turns out to be a spendthrift. This alternation is not invariable; yet, as we say, an excess in one direction tends to produce an excess in the opposite direction. And as a matter of fact we are likely to find that between one generation and the next morality has shifted its center.

At one period, we have a morality of which the center is within the individual. It holds, like Christianity, that its prime concern is to touch the heart and wake the conscience and give a right direction to the will. If the heart be right, right conduct will follow. One does not look to the world for approval; one endeavors to satisfy the inner voice. One's own standards of right and wrong are more severe than anything that can be imposed from outside. Therefore one

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What a Noted Debutante Replies

By Dorothie Sharp

One of New York's most popular young society girls

THE older generation has always taken time off from running the world's affairs to complain of the way the younger generation was acting. This is natural, in so far as running the younger generation has always been part of running the world's affairs, according to the more settled minds.

Complaint always accompanies change or progress of any sort. What is novel always hurts the mature person in the same ratio that it appeals to the young.

The complaint made by the elders against the young people has been general all over the civilized world in the last few years. German *Vaters* and *Mutters* complained that their children did not show them respect. French *papas* and *mamas* that the young people married whom they chose rather than the party selected by the parents.

The American complaint was vaguer until the flapper came to light. Her family discovered her on the staircase in their own home, wearing clothes her parents had not seen before, and saying things her parents never thought of. The country at large came upon her in F. Scott Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise*. Once she was located, she became the butt of all the criticism, because she seemed conveniently to incorporate all the faults.

Her surface faults (no one except her own sympathetic generation could make out her psychology—and its opinion did not count!) were both physical and mental. Physically, to list one or two things, she bobbed her hair and rolled her stockings below her knees. These would seem to be slight manifestations of radicalism, but so seriously were they taken that one large department store in Chicago ruled against employing any shopgirls who were bobbed or who "rolled their own," as the phrase goes. Why should hair or hose have anything to do with the art of salesmanship?

Perhaps the worst feature about her was her indifference when she was criticised. She politely refused the advice offered by her elders—even showed herself so little of a missionary that she did not offer to show them how they might lead more interesting lives by patterning them upon her own.

This probably came from the fact that the flappers, and indeed the whole younger generation, are a race of individualists. They are more interested in their own lives, their own hair, their own hose and ideals, than in anybody else's. This is not forgiven them. Here they differ utterly from the Puritans and from most of the American philosophers and professors. Puritans and philosophers want everyone else to be Puritans and philosophers. The flapper is interested only in what she wants to be. Apparently, before the younger generation is allowed to say what it thinks of itself, it must listen and reply to what others say about it.

Professor Sherman raises typical objections.

HE objects to the clothes of the young girls, which are too brief; to their conversation, which is rubber-stamped; to their sense of the physically decorous—a sense he thinks but faintly felt—and to their social morals which, he claims, operate from an external, rather than an internal, fear and trust.

The professor describes débutantes making their bow in the manner and garb of the ballet, to which as many members of the ballet as of society will rise in objection. He refers to the displaying, in evening clothes, of not only the upper but the lower limbs of the young.

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Dorothie Sharp in the Junior League play, "Ready-Made"

Nameless River

By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

Part Three

(For synopsis of preceding chapters see page 16)

NANCE ALLISON rode home to Nameless with her head in a whirl. Life, that had seemed to pass her by in her plodding labor and her patient bearing of trouble, had suddenly touched her with a flaming finger. She had found mystery and affection in the silence of Blue Stone Canyon—and now there was something else, a strange, vibrant element, thin as ether and intangible as wind, a sense of elation, of excitement. She felt a surge within her of some nameless fire, an uplift, a peculiar gladness.

"Mammy," she said straightly when she stepped in at the cabin door, "I've found the man!"

"Whew! Some statement, Sis!" cried Bud as he shambled across the sill behind her. "What's he like?"

"Why, I don't just know. He's tall—and he wears clothes that have once been fine—and he has the straightest eyes I ever saw. His name's Fair—Brand Fair—and he's some relation to Sonny, for that is his name, too."

"I hope you gave him that piece of your mind you laid out to?" pursued Bud.

"Why, no—no," said Nance wonderingly, looking at him with half-seeing eyes, "I don't—believe—I did!"

Mrs. Allison looked up from her work of getting supper at the stove. "I mind me," she said, "of the first time I ever set eyes on your pappy. I was goin' to fraile him good because he'd run his saddle-horse a-past th' cart I was drivin', kickin' a terrible dust all over my Sunday dress—it was camp-meetin' at Sharfell's Corners—an' then he laughed an' talked to me—an' I forgot my mad spell. His eyes jest coaxed th' wrath out of my heart—then an' ever after."

"Why, Mammy!" said Nance sharply, "that's just what happened here! This man talked to me, and I forgot my mad spell! I never said a thing I'd stayed to say! And I promised to keep the secret of him and Sonny in the canyon."

"H'm!" said Bud as he sidled into his chair and smoothed his bronze hair, wet from his ablutions at the well. "H'm. Mammy, why'd you tell her that? I wish you hadn't."

Something had happened to Nance Allison. For the first time in her healthy young life, sleep refused to visit her. On the night following her interview with the strange man of the canyon she was wide awake till dawn. She was not uncomfortable. But an odd inner warmth surged all through her, a pleasant fire ran in her veins. She lay thinking over and over each phase of the day she had spent with Sonny, each incident that had led up to the appearance of Brand Fair. Then, with a peculiar delight, she went over his every word, every movement. She remembered the look of his brown hand on the black horse's bit, the tilt of his hat, the way the chin-strap lay along his lean dark cheek. She recalled the direct glance of his eyes, the slow smile that creased his lips' corners. He was like no other man she had ever seen. There was a sweetness in the tones of his deep voice, a sense of restfulness and strength about him. He seemed to fit in with her dreams of the best things to be had in life—like lace curtains and the rag carpet which was slowly growing in her Mammy's hands. His name, too, Brand Fair. She liked the sound of it.

He was different—different. He had not always lived in the hills, that was certain. She lay down once more and tried to sleep, but her eyes would not obey her will. They came open each time she closed them, to see this man standing at the jut of stone, his hand on the black's bit, at the pool by the cave below where he bade her good-by—still there when she looked back from far down the canyon. She heard Old John, the big Plymouth Rock rooster, crow for midnight from his perch in the rafters of the stable—and again at false-dawn a little while before daylight. "Well, I'd like to know what ails me," she thought to herself as she got up with the first gray shafts above Mystery Ridge. "I never stayed awake all night in my life before."

She remembered the look of his brown hand on the black horse's bit

When Nance sat with the Scriptures that night it seemed a fitting coincidence that the Book should open at the Master's words: "Suffer little children to come unto me"

It was indicative of the great good health and strength there were in her that she felt no ill effects from the unusual experience. She brushed her hair and pinned it neatly around her head in a shining coronet, put on a clean denim dress from the clothes-press in the corner, laced up the heavy shoes she had to wear about her man's work, and went softly out to light the kitchen fire, to draw a fresh pail of water and to stand lost in rapt adoration of the pageant of coming day. She washed her face and hands in the basin and came blooming from the cold water, content with her lot, happy to be alive—and to know that Brand and Sonny Fair were in Blue Stone Canyon, and that they called themselves her friends.

"Mammy," she said at breakfast, "I never slept a wink last night. I kept thinking about Sonny and Brand all the time—wondering why they're hiding, and what relation they are, and why they live so hard and poor-like. It seems dreadful, don't it?"

"Seems funny, if you ask me," said Bud shortly. "Maybe this Brand feller knows something of all this rustling that's been going on up and down Nameless."

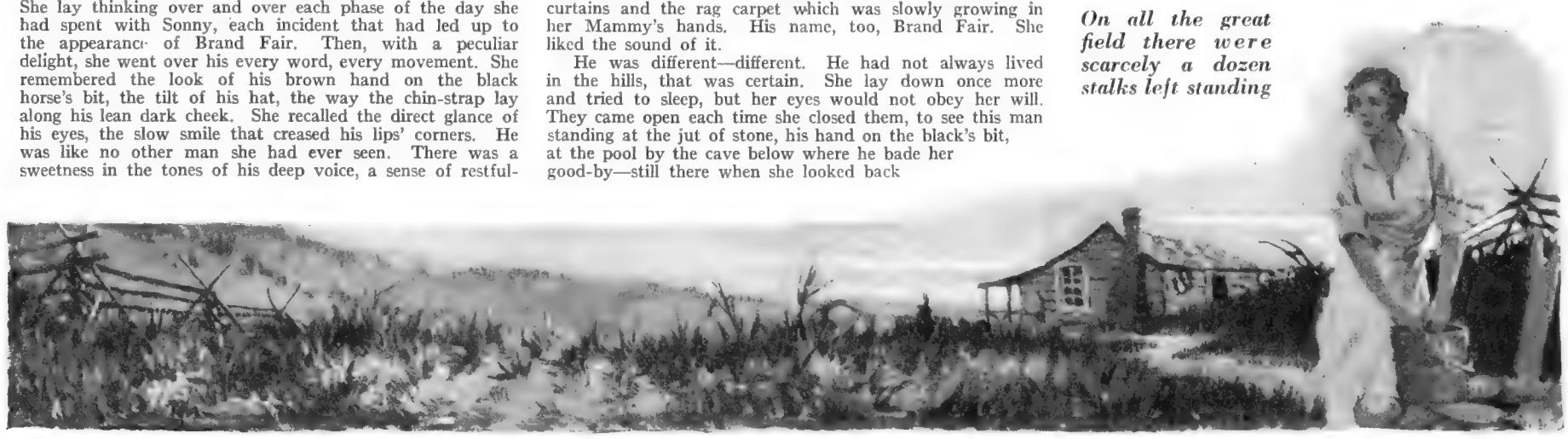
Nance laid down her knife and fork and looked at him. "Of all things, Bud!" she said. "It's not like you to cast the first stone. And you've never seen this man's face, or you wouldn't say that."

"Well I'm not so sure of it," returned the boy. "I hate to see you take up so with a stranger."

"I trust your feelin' for him, Nance," said Mrs. Allison. "Somehow there's somethin' in a woman's heart when she looks into a man's eyes, most times, which sets th' stamp on him for good or bad. Seems like it's a seventh sense which th' Almighty gives us womenkind fer a safeguard. I trust it."

"I guess I do, too, Mammy," said Nance. "Leastways I felt to trust Brand Fair the first minute I laid eyes on him. He's different."

For some unexplainable reason Nance stayed away



On all the great field there were scarcely a dozen stalks left standing

"Put up that gun. If you make a blunder you'll hang just like any murderer—even if you are Kate Cathrew"

from the canyon for several days. She busied herself with odd jobs about the place. She mended the wire fence around the big flat where the wild hay was waving thick, its green floor flowing with sheets of silver where the light winds swept, and she gave the new harness a thorough oiling. As she sat in the barn door running the straps back and forth through her hands she cast smiling eyes out at her field of corn.

"It's going to be a big crop, Bud," she said. "There'll be three ears on every stalk and they're mighty strong. We'll pull the suckers next week and cultivate it again in ten days more—and you just watch it grow and wave its green banners!"

"It's already waving them," said Bud, working beside her. "It sure looks fine."

There was the pride of possession in the two young faces, the quiet joy of satisfaction in simple work well done and its reward. "I hope," said the girl dreamily, "I *hope*, Bud, that there'll be enough left over after we pay McKane to get the carpet woven. Mammy's got nearly enough balls already, and we can take it in to Bement in the early fall and go back after it about two weeks later."

Bud's eyes sparkled. "Gee! But that would be good," he said; "a regular holiday. I'd like to see a town again."

TWO days later Nance again rode Buckskin to the canyon, and this time she went in the afternoon! The eager gladness of the child, the vociferous welcome of the collie, gave her a feeling of guilt that she had stayed away so long and she made glowing holiday with her cookies, her songs and her laughter, so that the hours flew on magic wings—and Brand came home before they were even beginning to look for him. He came upon them silently, as he had done before.

"How do you always get here so quietly?" Nance asked. "I never heard a sound."

"Look at Diamond," he replied smilingly; "we always follow the water. A stream leaves no telltale tracks. Even Sonny can swim like a fish." Nance sobered quickly. A disturbing remembrance of Bud's remark about rustlers came into her mind—and she thought of those ninety steers of Bossick's driven into Nameless and whisked out of the country.

"No," she said, "it don't. That's what the rustlers seem to think." She looked him square in the eyes—and was satisfied. Whatever mystery might attach to him, this man felt nothing personal in her speech. And so she sat down again with Sonny in her lap and Brand sat down opposite, and they fell to talking there in the whispering silence, while the late sun gilded the high blade of the rim-rock and the cool shadows deepened in the gorge. When this man spoke she listened avidly, her blue eyes on his face. He seemed the visible embodiment of all she had missed in life, the cities, the open seas, the distant lands and the pleasures. As he sat before her in his worn garments which might have denoted a poverty as great as hers, he seemed rich beyond compare. He smoked small brown cigarettes which he made from a little old leather pouch and rolled with the dexterity of long usage, and he buried each stub carefully in the sand. He was a marvelous person, indeed, to Nance.

I'VE been in to Cordova a time or two," he said casually, "and have met the sheriff and several others. To them I'm a prospector. There seems to be a lot of unrest in the country."

"It's the rustlers," said Nance. "A lot of cattle have disappeared and some folks blame the sheriff. I don't. I think he does all he can. It's a great mystery. We lost some ourselves. I've ridden myself down looking for them, and so has my brother Bud, and we've never found a hoof-mark."

"Strange. Isn't there anyone you might suspect in these hills?"

"I've heard that sheriff Selwood is watching Kate Cathrew, but the others laugh at him."

Fair's eyes narrowed just a fraction of an inch. "Cathrew?" he said. "Who's she?"

"The woman who owns Sky Line Ranch," returned Nance grimly, "and my enemy."

"What? Your enemy? How's that?"

"Simple as two and two. She's a cattle queen—they call her Cattle Kate Cathrew—and she runs her stock on the slopes of Mystery. She's rich, lives in a wonderful house up under the edge of Rainbow Cliff, and rides a beautiful horse. She wants our land—our great, fine flats on Nameless that'd feed her cattle through. She's always wanted it. She tried to scare my father off, and since he was found dead at the foot of Rainbow she's tried to scare us off—Bud and Mammy and me. But we don't scare," she finished bitterly.

BRAND FAIR leaned forward and this time his eyes had lost their pleasant smile, had narrowed to slits. The fingers that held his cigarette were tense. "Tell me," he said, "what does this woman look like? I've heard of her a little, but I've never been able—I've never seen her."

"She's handsome," said Nance frankly, "not large, but pretty-made as you find them. She has black hair and black eyes and a mouth as red as a flower, and she is always frowning. She's such a good shot that I'm not much scared when she sends a ball whining over my head as I plow."

"Good God!" shot out Fair. "Does she do that?"

Nance nodded. "She's done so twice. She's my enemy, I tell you. And so are all her riders. Strange things have happened to us—bitter things. There was the rope in the trail that threw Bud down the gulch—he's never walked straight since. There was the fire that took my last year's hay—and there was the harness. It seems I can't forgive that harness. It set us back in debt to McKane.

"And if I was a man and knew who stretched that rope, I'm deadly afraid I'd kill him!"

"Why afraid?" asked Fair quietly. "If you had to do it, why fear the necessary issue?"

"Because," she answered solemnly, "the Bible says 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

A certain embarrassment seemed to overtake the man for a moment. "That's as you look at it, I suppose; to every person his limits."

"But let's not talk of feuds and killings," said Nance, laughing brightly as she hugged the child and rubbed his tousled head. "What do you think of our country—of Nameless River and Deep Heart hills?"

"Beautiful. Sonny and I have traveled over many a thousand miles in the last two years and we have yet to see a place more lovely—or lonely."

"And can you hear the voices in the canyon? You have to be still a long time—and then, after a while, they get louder and louder, as if a great concourse of people were talking all at once."

"You have a strange and weird conception, Miss Allison," said Fair, "but I know what you mean. We hear them at night, Sonny and I."

"And that's what I want to speak about, Mr. Fair," said Nance hesitantly. "I've thought at nights about Sonny—alone—hearing the voices. Have you thought what it might mean to—a child?"

The man smoked a while in silence. "Yes," he said at last, "I have. But it seems unavoidable. I have no place else to leave him."

"Leave him with me!" she cried, stretching out a hand imploringly.

But Brand Fair shook his head. "It does not seem advisable, much as I appreciate your offer. I cannot tell you how much I *do* appreciate it—but I don't want anyone to know that I have Sonny—that he is in the country at all."

Nance gazed at him wonderingly. "I don't understand it," she said slowly, "but you know best. Perhaps it is best that I don't understand."

"Perhaps," said Fair, "but I hope you'll come to see us often—maybe some day you'll even take a ride with us up to the head of Blue Stone? I do quite a bit of exploring around and about. Will you come?" Nance's face flushed with frank pleasure. "Why, I'd love it," she said.

"Then we'll consider ourselves engaged, eh, Sonny?" smiled Fair. "Engaged to Miss Allison for a long day's ride?"

"I'll come," she said, "next week—on Tuesday morning, early."

"Good," said Fair. "We'll be all ready."

THEY were as good as their word, and when Nance rode up the narrow defile on the day and hour appointed they were waiting, fresh and neat as abundant water and their worn garments would permit. Sonny wore denim overalls a shade less ragged and a little shirt with sleeves. His small face shone like the rising sun from behind Fair's shoulder as they sat decorously mounted on Diamond. "The outriders await the Princess," said Fair. "Good morning, Miss Allison."

"Did you bring cookies?" queried the boy eagerly.

"Good morning," answered Nance. "Sure I did, Sonny. And other things, too."

The man swung out and Nance and Buckskin fell in behind, heading up the canyon. The sun was two hours

[*Turn to page 39*]

What Has Happened So Far:

A MYSTERIOUS woman was Kate Cathrew, who ruled her rough cattlemen with a rod of iron. When Nance Allison, secure in her faith that a gracious Providence would protect her in her endeavors to make a living for herself, her old mother and invalid brother, stood in the way of Kate's ambitious schemes, this unnatural woman did not hesitate at threatening to kill her. Then came two other mysteries to the Deep Heart Country: the disappearance of cattle which seemed to have taken wings—a mystery that roused the community; and the discovery by Nance of a strange group, a dog, a man and a child, camping in a cave in lonely Blue Stone Canyon. Nance kept her discovery to herself; for the man, Brand Fair, had sworn her to secrecy.

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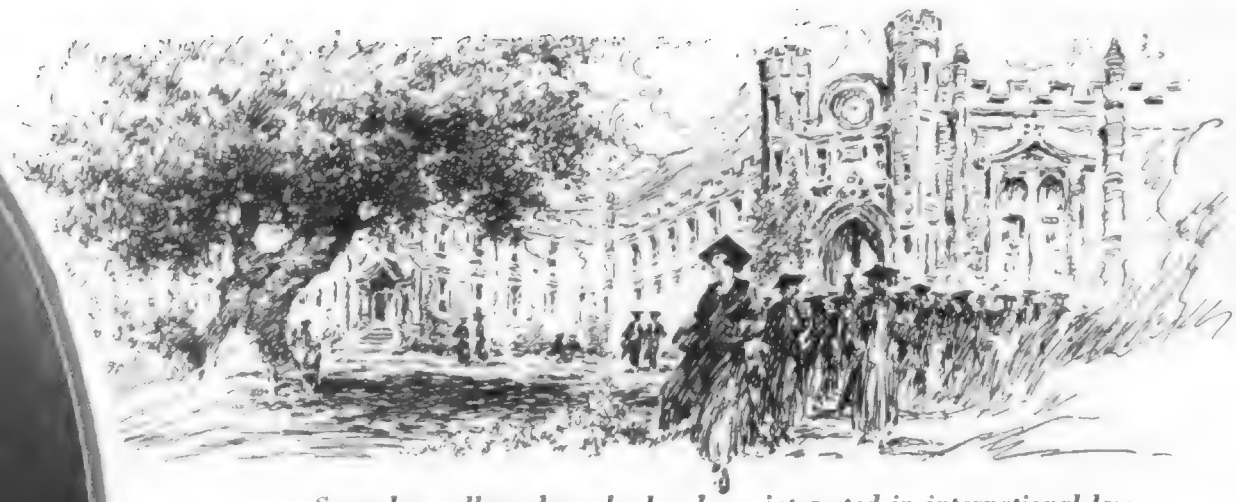

Since her college days she has been interested in international law

Do Women Believe in Law and Order as Impersonally as Men Do?

By Judge Florence E. Allen

Member of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

SUPREME Court Judge Florence E. Allen, just elected to the highest judicial office ever given to any woman in the world, here analyzes the reaction of wives and mothers to the law when it comes to involve their own families. An arresting revelation of the mind of a humane but unbiased woman while dispensing justice to her own erring sisters.

DO women believe in law and order as much as men do? or are women more individualistic than men and do women believe that the wheels of justice should stand still for them, instead of grinding out retribution which may punish them?

These rapid-fire questions were recently propounded to me by a brilliant thinker and close observer of modern life. To his queries I replied off-hand that women do not expect the wheels of justice to veer aside for their own benefit as much as men do; but that they *do* expect the wheels of justice to veer aside for their families—for their sons and husbands and brothers—more than men expect them so to do.

These opinions of mine have been formed as the result of my experience as a lawyer and as a judge, an experience which has convinced me that women are far more conscientious about their own actions than men. They take their own obligations more seriously—and much less casually—than men do. But women's lives have always been so personal, so bound up in family relations, that when it concerns their own children or their own flesh and blood they will sometimes fail to see a problem in its true perspective. I shall not soon forget the old gray-haired woman who used to come repeatedly to see me when I was an assistant county prosecutor in Cleveland. Her son had been sent to the Ohio state reformatory for automobile stealing. Although he had signed a statement acknowledging the theft of seven cars, his mother kept saying over and over, "He was always a good boy," and never could be made to believe that he was not entirely innocent. And I was not sorry that she refused to see the truth, for after all it made her suffering less. The bitterest thought to David must have been not the revolt of his kingdom, but the realization of the treachery practised by his beloved Absalom.

It is not surprising that women of the past should have been somewhat lacking in *social* consciousness and the *impersonal* viewpoint; for centuries they were limited entirely to the individual view and to the *personal* life. In fact even this personal life itself was stunted and limited in scope. They had scarcely any contact with courts, almost no conception of law. Can we wonder that they should fail immediately to grasp the broader meaning of the law's severities?

A CENTURY ago a woman was little better than a chattel. In those days the old system of the common law obtained, under which the husband and the wife were considered as one. I have a clever lawyer friend who says that under that system it was hard to tell what the wife was. It was plain that she was a fraction, but whether she was a proper fraction, an improper fraction or a mixed number was difficult to decide! In those days a husband could whip his wife with a stick that was no larger than his thumb—and it was his thumb, not hers, which decided the legal size of the stick. It would have behooved many a maiden to look warily at the thumb of her swain before she joined him in wedlock.

In 1803 a man sold his wife for a guinea in the Sheffield market in England. In 1808 a man sold his wife in Knaresborough, England, for sixpence and a quid of tobacco. Women were often ducked in rivers as scolds. In 1818 fathers could will away their children to guardians other than their wives in every state in the union. Is it any wonder if the women of that day believed "that the wheels of justice should stand still?" How could they believe that this was justice?

Women's status has now changed so completely that the next generation will show a still less personal attitude among women toward the law. They have won such advances in legal protection that one can hardly believe all this has come to pass within one hundred years. No longer is physical brutality of husband toward wife tolerated in the courts. Out of the more than two hundred divorce cases which I have heard, I remember only one instance of brutality which would have shocked people in any stage of social development. In this case the husband thrust his barefoot wife out-of-doors at night in freezing weather clad only in her nightgown. The neighborhood was sparsely settled and the poor woman walked on ice two blocks to the nearest neighbor. But such action would not have condemned the husband two centuries ago. That was the one case of all my divorce cases in which I awarded the woman the maximum of alimony. Usually in granting a divorce I divide the property between husband and wife. In this case it is true there was not much property, but I gave the major portion of it to the wife because I thought that this particular husband should be taught that in America the courts no longer tolerate physical brutality toward women.

HUSBANDS today cannot take children from their wives as they used to. Children formerly belonged to the father only. Such is not now the case. Today the courts consider only the welfare of the child.

I once had a case which illustrated this point very markedly. The plaintiff and defendant were Russians named Martinkevic who drank a great deal of "raisinjack." Mrs. Martinkevic sued for divorce, claiming that her husband had beat her "black and blue." Mr. Martinkevic insisted that he had reason to beat her because she had been too friendly with a boarder named Alex. And when the case was heard it did indeed develop that Mrs. Martinkevic had gone to the movies and to dances with Alex and had, in fact, spent much of her leisure time in his company. She denied all this, but the evidence was conclusive, and I was forced to give the divorce to her husband. And then arose the question of what I should do with the four neat little

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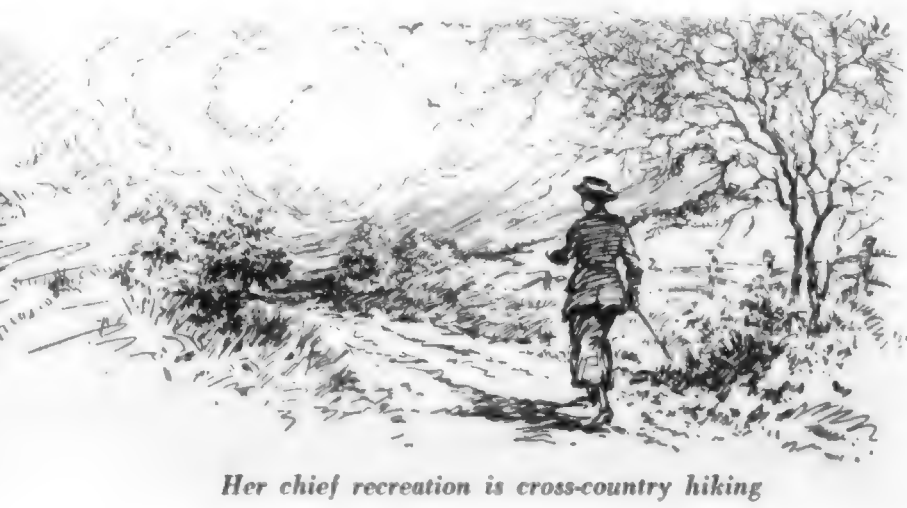
She sits with six men in the highest court in the state



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The Ephraimites are made to pronounce Shibboleth

The Story of The Bible

by Hendrik Willem van Loon

Samson carries away the gates

Part Six

WITH five thousand others, Joshua boldly marched upon the gates of Ai. The garrison, when they saw this small group of Jews, believed that they had to deal with the remnant of those same forces which they had defeated a few days before. They left the walls of the fortress to punish this recklessness in the open. But Joshua did not wait for them. Followed by his soldiers, he fled away in the direction of the mountains. Then the men from Ai threw all prudence to the winds and they too ran as fast as they could. Soon they found themselves in a narrow gorge. There Joshua halted. He waved a piece of cloth on the top of a spear as a sign for the men who were in ambush in the western hills. They rushed out of their trenches and attacked the Aiites in the rear. Caught between two fires, the heathens were entirely at the mercy of the Jews. A few hours later, they were all dead. And as for Ai, it was captured without any difficulty, as the city gates were still wide open

The citizens—men, women and children—shared the fate of the people of Jericho. That evening, the reddened sky of Canaan told for a second time of the arrival of a new and victorious invader, who claimed all Canaan as his own and who showed no mercy to those who dared to oppose themselves against his will.

In their fear, a few of the Canaanite cities tried to escape their fate by the use of strategy. One of them almost succeeded. That was the city of Gibeon.

"The Jews," so the Gibeonites argued, "have come to settle here for all time. They are so powerful that we cannot fight them. We shall have to make terms with them as best we can. They will soon be in our neighborhood. Suppose that we make them believe that our city is really a thousand miles away. In that case, they will perhaps make a treaty with us and they will never discover that our village is just off the main road." It was a clever bit of reasoning, and at first, it was quite successful.

Late one evening, a delegation of people from the city of Gibeon came to the Jewish camp and asked to be taken to the tent of Joshua. The poor fellows were in a dreadful state of exhaustion. They could hardly walk. Their clothes were covered with mud and they seemed exhausted from lack of water. They carried a little food; but it was moldy, and they explained that it had been spoiled during the days and days they had been obliged to march before they had reached the Jewish camp

Joshua believed this story. He asked the men whither they came and they answered that they were from the city of Gibeon which was so far away from the Jewish camp that the envoys had almost perished along the road. Then they told the Jewish commander how their fellow citizens wished to live in peace with the new arrivals and would like to conclude a treaty of amity, and they pointed out how easy it would be to live in peace with people whose city was a thousand miles away.

It sounded very reasonable, and Joshua fell into the trap. Too late did he discover that Gibeon was right on the route which he proposed to follow. He had promised to spare the lives of the Gibeonites. He could not break his sacred word, but in his anger he condemned the Gibeonites to be the slaves of the Jews for all time.

And so, although the Gibeonites and their children were spared, they became hewers of wood and drawers of water and had to work for the benefit of the Jews without receiving any wages. This was a sad fate, but worse was to follow as soon as the other tribes of Canaan heard what had happened.

These others were no cowards and were willing to fight for their own. Jericho and Ai had been destroyed and now a powerful city, a possible ally in the war for defense, surrendered without shooting a single arrow. It was perfectly disgraceful. It was nothing short of treason, and it deserved severe punishment. Then and there, under the leadership of Adoni-zedec, the ruler of Jerusalem, five kings made a treaty and promised each other to make common cause against the Jews and against those who should accept their rule. They called together their armies and marched against Gibeon. The Gibeonites, caught between two dangers, sent messengers to Joshua and asked his aid.

JOSHUA knew that this was to be the decisive battle. By forced marches he reached the neighborhood of Gibeon long before the allies were even aware of his presence. He caught them entirely unprepared. There was no battle, for the troops of the five kings ran away. As for the kings themselves, they tried to hide in a cave and hoped that the pursuing Jews would be in too great a hurry to find them.

But they were discovered. A few heavy stones were hurriedly rolled against the mouth of the cave. In this way, it was turned into a prison, while the men of Joshua continued the pursuit of their enemies, to deal with the kings at their own leisure. Meanwhile, however, the allied forces had regained some of their courage. They, too, understood that they were engaged in the last great fight for freedom and independence. They made a halt and rendered desperate resistance. If they could only hold out a few hours longer, then it would be night, and they might be able to escape.

Joshua needed a victory then and there or all might be lost. Once more he called upon Jehovah for help. Immediately Jehovah ordered the sun to stand still upon Gibeon and He ordered the moon to stand still in the valley of Ajalon. In this way, it remained bright daylight for another twelve hours. The Jewish troops were able to continue their attacks. They were victorious and when at last the sun went down, the children of Israel were masters of the entire land of Canaan.

Then Joshua rested upon his laurels.

At Shiloh, which was situated between Shechem and Gilgal, he built a tabernacle, that the town might become the spiritual center of the new Jewish nation. As for the conquered territory, it was divided among the tribes which had shared equally in the hardships of the desert and were now equally rewarded for their valor and their endurance.

IN this way did the Jews at last find a home of their own. After many centuries of city life and after the interminable journey in the desert, they could at last return to the simple ways of their ancestors, as Moses had wanted them to do.

And the scattered tribes of a former age now belonged to a strong nation which recognized one common ideal, the worship of Jehovah, the Master of heaven and of earth, Who had led them out of slavery into the free independence of a powerful state. The land had been conquered. The original inhabitants had been killed or had been driven into slavery. Joshua had died the peaceful death of old age. The tribe had buried him with great solemnity. Then they decided not to appoint a successor.

Now that the fighting was over, it seemed quite unnecessary to have a commander-in-chief. The high-priest at Shiloh would undoubtedly interpret the laws of Jehovah whenever the occasion arose. Meanwhile, the election of a new military leader would only call forth the old rivalry between the different families of prominence. Besides, there had been so much fighting these last years that people wanted to get away from all things military. But soon it became clear that a nation (a new nation at that) surrounded on all sides by enemies, could not expect to survive unless there was at least a nominal head. The little kings of Canaan had been an easy match for the well-trained troops of Moses and Joshua. But beyond the western border there lived the mighty rulers of the Mesopotamian valley, and one of these, the ruler of Babylon, was from the beginning a serious menace to the safety of the young Jewish state.

When he marched against Canaan and took several of the outlying districts, the Jews were forced to reconsider their original decision. They were not quite willing to turn their state into a regular kingdom, but they tacitly accepted the absolute rule of a single leader whom they called their "Judge."

Invariably these judges were men of strong character who spent their days fighting the heathen along the frontier.

Unfortunately, border warfare is apt to be very brutal. But almost every country, during the early period of settlement, passes through such an agony of bloodshed. It would be foolish, therefore, to blame the Jews for certain crimes

[*Turn to page 87*]

Jephthah returns home and is met by his daughter

The attack of Gideon's men

The Story of the Bible

has already taken rank as the most important magazine feature published in many years. The noted author of The Story of Mankind has here retold the events of the Bible for the first time as they are fixed in the cycle of history; and has narrated them, too, for the first time, from the view-point of their constituting the greatest story ever written—the unsurpassable epic of the adventures of the soul of man since he appeared in the Garden of Eden.

There is constant danger in an oily skin

If your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny, you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple.

But *too much* oil actually tends to promote an unhealthy condition of your skin.

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

How to correct an oily skin

You can correct an oily skin by using *each night* the following simple treatment:

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight feeling*. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in *the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing.

After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn feeling will disappear. Within a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in the condition of your skin.

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The treatment for an oily skin is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs.

No matter what faults there are in your complexion—by the right treatment you can overcome them. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new forms in its place. This new skin you can make what you will!

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A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
With the treatment booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch"

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DAINTY ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

Folly's Gold

[*Continued from page 7*]

darkly beautiful in a gown of apple-green velvet, her white back to him, was Mary Regan whom he had not seen since that afternoon which seemed ages and ages ago.

"Mary!" he breathed involuntarily. "Mary!" She turned, went pale, supported herself by catching the back of a chair; but at once had regained her composure. "Mr. Clifford," she said.

Clifford spoke with extreme formality: "May I have the pleasure of this dance, Miss Regan?"

"If you wish," she said coldly.

TWICE he swung around the room, dazed into the silence of whirling thoughts and questions by this unexpected meeting, by the feel of her lithe body again in his arms. But at the entrance to the library swift decision took shape out of his inner chaos, and he said with quiet authority, "I wish to speak with you for a minute."

He led her, unresisting, into the quiet study he and Bradley had just left. There he paused and faced her.

"I wish you to know that I did not seek this meeting tonight," he said. "I have fulfilled your two requests, have I not?"

"You have," she answered.

They said no more for the moment, but stood regarding each other fixedly. Clifford had always thought her beautiful, but never more beautiful than now; with her dusky, proud face, her lithe grace which was evident even when she stood in such rigid erectness; her composure, so perfect that it had often seemed to him almost an announcement of her superiority to all the world. And suddenly Clifford realized that despite all his efforts to forget, despite all that had happened, he still loved her.

Automatically, during this silence, his mind raced tumultuously back, touching the high spots of his strange experience with her. Though she looked the equal of the richest and best-bred daughter in Green Manors, she was the daughter of that one-time world-famous master confidence-man, "Gentleman Jim" Regan, dead these many years; and had passed her girlhood in the cynical little court that had always surrounded her father, and had absorbed its cynical philosophy. Grown into young womanhood, she had made her first attempt to put her cynical philosophy into practice, and this had brought her life into contact with Clifford's. From the first Clifford had believed that her point of view was merely a mental habit created by association, and was not an expression of her true self; and he had proceeded upon the belief that, instead of making arrests, he would be doing a bigger thing if he could awaken in her the real Mary Regan. What conflicts there had been! And at last he had thought that he had won! And at last—

His voice came from him huskily. "Can you tell me now your real reason for leaving me as you did?"

"My letter told you everything there was to tell you."

"Your letter!" In swift agony he lived again the events of the far-gone days of that letter: their private marriage in a remote up-state town; their motor trip back to his apartment, with his hope of their beginning a great life together; the message waiting which had called him immediately out for a pressing conference; his return an hour later, his finding of her hastily written letter. He remembered perfectly the words.

"Being alone has given me a chance to think things over. I am convinced that, with our different angles of looking on life, our marriage was a mistake; therefore I am leaving. I ask two great favors, and hope you will grant them. First, do not try to find me and do not try to have my movements watched. Second, keep our marriage secret, if that is possible."

"If," she said, "we are to speak of personal things, I'd prefer doing it where there is less chance of our being disturbed. There is that little balcony."

With him following, she stepped through the outward-opening French windows, which she almost closed behind them.

"And now what is it?" she asked.

"I have scrupulously observed the two requests of your letter," he said. "But considering the way you left me, don't you think I should have a little fuller explanation?"

"My letter told all there was to be told," replied her even voice.

"If you regretted the marriage, I would at the time have arranged to give you a divorce. And if you wish, I will now arrange so that you can get a divorce."

"Starting divorce proceedings would have made our marriage public—the very thing I wished to avoid, and still wish to avoid. But I am quite willing, if you wish a divorce."

"My only desire for a divorce would be a desire to marry elsewhere. That desire I do not have."

She made no response. They had spoken distantly, almost as strangers. In silence Clifford gazed into the beautiful, unwavering face of the woman who had been his wife for four or five hours. Romance had filled the world those few hours: and now his high romance had come to such a sorry end as this!

His voice came back to him, and he asked with sudden suspicion, "What are you doing out here at Bradley's?"

"Why shouldn't I be here? The house is filled with guests, and most of them with very excellent standing."

"But *you?*" he demanded sharply. "When you know what Bradley is? When you've had such experiences with him?"

An interruption saved her making answer. Perhaps the thing was caused by a current of air, perhaps by the pressure of her body as she started back at the fierceness that had crept into his last words. The French windows closed with a little bang, and there was a click of a bolt.

"We're locked out!" she exclaimed in alarm. "That's a spring lock on the windows, and there's no knob on the outside!"

"We can call for help," he reassured her. "Or, since it's not more than six feet to the ground, I can easily lower you, and then jump down."

"No, no! We must go back the same way we came!" Her agitation over so slight a predicament when she had always met the most trying situation with cool wits, was a surprise to him. "I know this balcony—I've been here before," she went on. "There's a tiny knob just below the bottom hinge of the right window. Find it and press it."

Still bewildered by the change in her manner, Clifford stooped and fumbled beneath the indicated hinge. Sure enough, there was a knob. This he pressed with his thumb. Noiselessly the windows swung open.

"Let's hurry back to the others," said Mary when they had stepped into the study.

"One moment," insisted Clifford. "You have not yet answered my question. What are you really doing here at Bradley's?"

There were approaching footsteps in the library. "We got back here just in time!" breathed Mary, and then Bradley strolled into the room. He regarded Clifford with the same mocking, sardonic smile.

"So—you're renewing acquaintance with Miss Regan, I see."

"I was just asking her," Clifford said stiffly, "what she was doing in your house, knowing the sort you are."

"And her answer?"

"She has made none."

"Then I have another surprise for you, Clifford; remember I told you I might have several. She's here as a guest, of course, but also"—Bradley's smile now held the glint of triumph, for these two had long been rivals for Mary—"but also she has a little business connection with me. She is the best woman operative I have; handles only the biggest kind of case. Don't mind your knowing this, Clifford; but regard it as confidential, for it would hurt a lot if the people she mixes with knew just who she was and what was her business."

Clifford stared at Mary. "Is this so?" She nodded her head.

Other things were said, but Clifford's dazed brain did not register them, and in a few moments all three were back with the dancers.

He was to have yet another start that evening. It came from a thing that in itself was very slight: merely Mary talking to Mrs. Fownes. Mary Regan was one of the agents Bradley was using in blackmailing Mrs. Fownes!

Clifford went sick. He had failed in what he had tried to do with Mary Regan. The romance to which he had desperately clung now went utterly out of his life.

Mary's admitted alliance with Bradley, Clifford decided, automatically absolved him from his promise not to follow her or pry into her affairs. Watching her might in some way yield information that would be conclusive proof that Bradley was behind the Fownes case. He would follow Mary as he had never yet followed a suspect!

In the days that ensued, less than ever did Clifford think of the Fownes case in terms of freeing a vain and foolish woman from the consequences of her folly; more and more the case became to him a possible means of getting Bradley. And more and more did he hate Bradley; for Bradley, he considered, was the hitherto unknown influence that had drawn Mary away from him.

Mary had recently come to live at that great new hotel, the Stanwood.

One matter arranged with the manager was that Clifford should secretly occupy, when he desired, a suite on the opposite side of Mary's corridor, two or three doors away; another matter was the possession of a set of duplicate keys to all of Mary's doors.

[*Turn to page 49*]

Is Your Skin

Like A Clear Stream – or A Muddy Swamp?

SOME faces you see fairly glow with thorough cleanliness. They are clear and wholesome-looking—good to gaze upon—faces that will stand the searching test of sunlight.

Others, apparently clean, are obscured by a certain cloudiness which denotes an impaired pore condition. There is as great a difference between complexions as there is between a clear stream and a muddy swamp.

It is the difference between *really* clean and *nearly* clean . . . Which is yours?

Today people are fast adopting the habit of *American white cleanliness*—pore-deep cleanliness. They have learned that ingredients so often found in *impure* soaps offset the very purpose for which soap is intended—that they *clog* the pores instead of *cleansing* and *invigorating* them.

And this accounts for the increasing number of users of Fairy Soap, *the whitest soap in the world.* Fairy means more than *surface* cleanliness. Its mild, soothing lather reaches into the pores, leaving them free to do the work which Nature intends them to do. After a Fairy Soap bath the entire body is not only thoroughly clean, but invigorated as well. *The body breathes*—and that is most essential to robust health.

Try Fairy Soap for a week. Its very simplicity will charm you. Constant use will prove that Fairy *is soap in its purest form.* Its whiteness and firmness endure to the last thin wafer. It floats. It fits the hand—and its small price fits every pocketbook.

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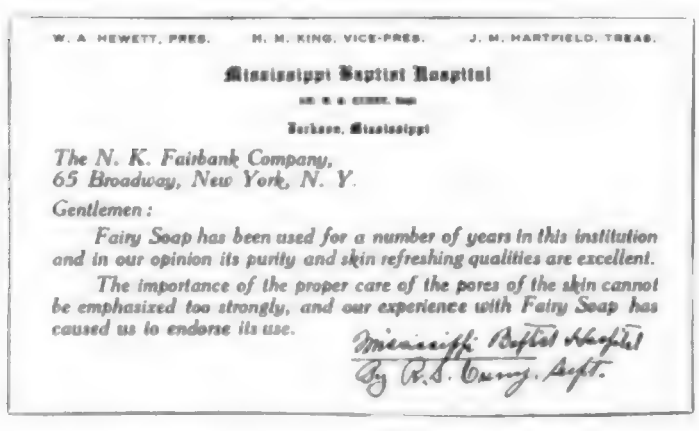
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By R. S. Carey, Supt.

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Two marvelous new nail polishes–

They are different from any you have had before

DEVELOPED by the world's foremost authority on the care of the nails, and prepared in a laboratory devoted solely to the making of manicure specialties, these two new Cutex Polishes have attained a perfection of which you have not dreamed, if you are not familiar with Cutex products.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish, for instance, is of just the right consistency to flow evenly and pleasantly over the nails from the tiny camel's-hair brush with which it is applied. It dries instantly and leaves a charming rose-petal finish that retains its brilliant lustre for at least a week. And, best of all, when you wish to renew it, no special "remover" is required. You simply use another application of the polish, and wipe it off.

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Other Cutex Polishes that have long been favored by American women are the Cutex Cake Polish, the Cutex Paste Polish, and the Cutex Stick Polish. The Cake Polish comes in either pink or white, and is especially economical to use because it lasts almost indefinitely. An exclusive feature of Paste Polish is the water-proof rouge base. The Cutex Stick is a convenient form of polish to carry in the purse. All Cutex Polishes are priced at 35c the package. Obtainable at drug or department stores in the United States and Canada, and at chemist shops in England.

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Flappers and Philosophers

By Stuart P. Sherman

[*Continued from page 14*]

takes for a motto: "Trust thyself; to thine own self be true—thou canst not then be false to any man." If you get your morality effectively into the center of a man, he does right though no one is looking; he does right though the heavens fall.

At the present time, the young people are cultivating the socially-centered type of morality. They are not developing self-respect and moral independence, but are rather following like sheep the general movement of the flock. The individual is afraid to go wrong or to go right either, unless he is going with the crowd.

"Abandon hope of social success," I read in an organ of youth, "unless you have a car and a 'line.'" For days I inquired in vain of my colleagues the meaning of the word "line." But the moment I asked a young man of the new times whether he understood it, he laughed, and explained that a "line" is a complete set of conversational openings and ready-to-wear speeches, practically committed to memory and rehearsed for use on all typical social occasions. If you have a "line," you are not at a loss when the door opens, or in the ten minutes' talk with the family or the chaperone, or at any of the difficult transitional moments in your Napoleonic progress from the first dance to the last goodnight.

To adopt a stereotyped code of correctness is the sign of fear. To be bullied by the extravagance of one's neighbors into competition with their vanity is a weak and silly surrender of one's independence. It is the privilege of the truly superior man to do what he pleases and what suits his own sense of fitness, simply and nonchalantly.

Mark now the young person who expects to be put at ease by a car, a suit of clothes and a book of etiquette—all of which he recognizes as superior to himself. Follow him to college, whither he is sure to be impelled by his self-distrust and his naive confidence in a prescribed routine. A continuous social whisper has suggested that there is salvation in a bachelor's degree. College life is a kind of tea, at which it will give him a comfortable sense of superiority merely to be seen. By him we explain why academic culture does not "take."

I had recently an instructive conversation with a charming and thoroughly refined young woman, who, moved by the impulse of her time, was seeking "economic independence," and had taken the initial steps in the business world. I asked her what she had learned from her professional life. "The most important thing that I have tried to learn," she instantly replied, "is how to sell myself."

I wish I could say that the vile phrase struck me as shocking. But how can we be shocked any longer, whose ears have rung these half-dozen years with phrases struck at the same mint, "slogans" of the "nation-wide" "campaigners," "selling charity," "selling art," "selling the war," "selling" things visible and things invisible.

At the present moment "production" is looked upon as an undertaking for old men. "Salesmanship" is the one career that kindles the imagination and genius of the young. It is a perfectly respectable career for one who has something valuable to sell.

"Learn to sell yourself," means, being interpreted, "Get your value recognized by society." Publicity managers, business psychologists, sales-engineers, and their kind and kindred, who are legion, have made the atmosphere of our times tense with pressures upon every young person to get his value recognized.

The young person who is inspired to "sell" himself is encouraged by every pressure of his times to concern himself with only one thing, namely, "how to put it across." He hears on all sides that what he is to put across is of small consequence. If he is a salesman, he need not worry about what he is to sell, nor, if he is a teacher or preacher, about what he is to teach or preach; nor, if he is a journalist or author or artist, about what he is to write or paint.

Under the new system, success in life is felicitously described as "getting by." This modest expression indicates that our hero, though slightly elated by his efficiency, is no enthusiast. He is, on the contrary, just beneath his fine surface, a cynic. Knowing the hollowness of his interior, he does not respect himself. Suspecting that those with whom he traffics are equally hollow, he does not respect his public. His criterion of success implies acknowledgment that he is a fraud and his public a fool who will pass him without challenge, provided only that he "puts up a good front."

A spending generation, a generation which trades on the moral and material accumulations of its predecessors, presently finds its stock exhausted. And though for a time, by its mastery of "touch" it may still sell water and market wind, in the long run it will not get by with that stuff. The iron arm of necessity will shoot out and bar the passage, and turn it back to the plain hard work of living within its means, earning its independence and producing real values.

By Dorothie Sharp

[*Continued from page 14*]

The whole difference between what the Puritan mind thinks, not only about clothes but about everything, and what the younger person thinks about clothes and everything, is here made clear. What he calls upper and lower limbs, we healthily refer to as arms and legs.

The idea that the younger generation's morality is based upon fear of and trust in, what others say, is less true than any other criticism leveled at them. They think entirely in terms of themselves—perhaps too much so. And if they seem to think in terms of each other at any time, that is because they agree with each other on what seem to them fundamentals.

Professor Sherman infers that the girl of today is more easily kissed than her aunt might have been at the same age. Happily, this is very true. The girl of today is frank and human. This does not mean that she lacks standards of decorum. She has better standards of decorum than the mid-Victorian belle who was always fainting in the parlor at the mention by some indiscreet caller who did not know she was present, of as inflaming a word as "leg." An aptitude for experience marks the flapper today. Also an aptitude for criticism and justice. She won't admit that a girl who has been kissed is not nice. She is too honest. But she will say with great candor that a girl who goes in for what is called "dark corner athletics" is not nice at all. She will also say that the young man who shares the dark corner with her isn't nice, either.

THE conversation of the younger generation, Professor Sherman is quite right in saying, is "a line."

"A line" was first originated, not for the purpose of evading intelligent conversation, as some people think, but for the purpose of doing away with unnecessary preambles. In a country where cutting in at dancing-parties is the custom, if you wish to say anything at all to your new partner, your thoughts must be condensed.

Although Professor Sherman discusses the effect of parents upon their children and the children's violent reaction to whatever the parents stand for or have as habits, he does not get at the fundamental thing from which the children react. That thing is sentimentality.

Those persons who are today parents of children from sixteen to twenty-five, are, with the exception of a few open, older minds, members still of an age of sentiment, an age in which convention ruled.

Today, circumstances have produced a cynical age in reaction—an age whose members want to know life as it is, draw their own conclusions, then, if necessary, rise above them. They find it hard to show much deep respect for ideas that have no better foundation than that of convention. They are looking for practical and logical facts, and sentimentalities don't offer them these things.

PROFESSOR SHERMAN makes one small statement somewhere in his article: he says that débutantes form an inconsiderable element of society, which in turn, forms an inconsiderable element in the population of this country. The débutantes are in the minority in numbers, but they are in the majority so far as influence proceeds. The majority in numbers have made this true by their interest in what the débutante minority do and their copying of their habits and activities. The débutantes have automatically been made models, through the immense amount of publicity given their pleasures and habits of entertainment. The majority of the people through the country have, as rapidly as advancing finances have permitted them, copied their social habits from the lives of those to whom elaborate pleasures were more commonplace.

Prosperity has given this country an appetite for amusement. Feminism and a sense for freedom have developed at the same time. The combination of these three forces has produced the flapper.

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To make white goods even whiter, to protect the finest fabrics from injury and to prevent the most delicate colors from fading, always use 20 Mule Team Borax. It is a mild, sure solvent and the greatest natural water softener. 20 Mule Team Borax cleans laces and the most delicate materials perfectly without injury. 20 Mule Team Borax is *always* necessary in washing any fabric, no matter what kind of soap is used. It will protect woolens from shrinking, and all colors from fading. It is the greatest cleansing agent known. Make this week's wash clean and safe. 20 Mule Team Borax is in all clean kitchens and bathrooms. Is it in yours? At all grocers, department stores and druggists. Send for the Magic Crystal Booklet.

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NATURES GREATEST CLEANSER

ERIS

By Robert W. Chambers

[*Continued from page 11*]

JANE STREET runs west out of Greenwich Avenue. Shabby red-brick buildings with rusty fire-escapes, lofts, stables, a vista of swarming tenements through which runs a sagging pavement set with pools of water—and, on the south side, half a dozen rickety three-story-and basement houses—this is Jane Street. The little children of the poor shrilled and milled about Annan as he threaded his way among push-cart men and trucks and mounted the low stoop of the house where Eris lived. It seemed clean enough inside as he mounted the narrow stairs, manœuvering a big box full of flowers. He could hear her negro maid-of-all-work busy in the kitchen as he knocked, hear her call out gaily: "Miss Eris! Miss Eris, somebody's knockin' an' I can't leave mah kitchen—" Came the light sound of feet, dancing along the hall, the door jerked open in his face; sudden vision of gray eyes and chestnut hair; the bright smile.

"Good morning!"—her offered hand, cool and fresh in his. "*More* flowers? But yesterday's flowers are perfectly fresh! *Thank* you, Mr. Annan, *so* much—" She was the most engaging person to give things to—anything, no matter how trivial, and her delight and childlike lack of restraint were refreshing reward to a young man accustomed to feminine sophistication.

Together they arranged the flowers and carried them into the three rooms of the little apartment which, already, was blossoming like a Persian garden. And all the while their desultory chatter continued—fragments left from their last parting, gossip resumed, unasked questions held over and now remembered, punctuated by the girl's unspoiled pleasure in every blossom that she chose and placed. Breakfast was ready when they were—the sort of breakfast she remembered he liked.

Together in the cool living-room afterward, they settled for a happy, busy morning. After a year's absence, and in the sudden sun-burst of their reunion, Eris was venturing more and more in the art of conversation. With Annan, diffidence, shyness were vanishing in their new and happy intimacy. She was learning to withhold from him nothing that concerned the things of the mind. Its pleasures she hastened to surrender to him; its perplexities she offered him with a wistful candor that constantly stirred depths within him hitherto obscurely stagnant. She was asking him now about the progress of his new novel: he was lighting a cigarette, and he looked up over the burning match.

"It's an inert lump," he said. "I come in and give it a kick, but it doesn't even squirm."

"Why?" she asked, concerned.

He lighted his cigarette. There was a mischievous glimmer in his eyes: "Probably it's sulking because I'm having a better time with you."

"You're not serious!"

"Yes, I am. That fool of a novel is jealous. That's what's the matter with it."

"If I believed that," she said with a troubled smile, "I'd not go near you."

"That would be murderous, Eris."

"How?"

"Why, I'd go home and kick that novel to death."

Her light laughter was not wholly free of concern: "You're lazy!"

"Blissfully, Eris. Eris, immortal goddess of eternal discord! Who gave you that lovely, ominous name?"

"The ironical physician who brought me into the world, I believe. I believe I was well named."

"You don't create discord."

"I seemed to; from birth," she said absently. She bent over a mass of rose-scented white peonies, inhaling the slightly aromatic perfume.

She had some books to show him from a list she had asked him to make after one of their conferences on self-improvement. They went over them together, she ardently intent on the unread pages, he conscious of her nearness, the faint, warm perfume of her bent head.

Her mantel-clock struck, and she looked up incredulously. "Yes," he said, "you've got to go."

"It *can't* be noon, can it?"

"I'll drive you to the studio."

She called: "Hattie! Have you put up my lunch?"

"All ready, Miss Eris, honey!"

There was a silence, Eris gazing absently at the outrageous mantel-clock, Annan's eyes on her face. She drew a long, even breath: "Time—and its hours—like a flight of bullets. . . . When can you come again?"

"Any day—any hour you can give me—"

"No. . . . You *will* begin work again, won't you?" She turned toward him.

"I can't, yet."

"Why?"

"I suppose it's because I'm so preoccupied with you."

"But—that isn't possible!" She seemed so frankly perplexed and disturbed that he said:

"No, that isn't the reason. I don't know what it is."

"Are you tired, perhaps?" she asked, with a winning concern in her voice, that now always seemed to stir within him those vague depths hitherto unsuspected.

Her mantel-clock tinkled the quarter-hour. They both looked up at it. "Well," he said, "you must go to *your* work."

"It's annoying, isn't it?"

"It's the way I feel about *my* work, too," he said. "I'd rather be with you."

For a moment she did not notice the analogy. Then she turned, and her face flushed in comprehension. Neither spoke for a moment. Then she rose, went to her bedroom, pulled on her hat, and came slowly out, not looking at him. As she moved toward the door his hand, lightly, then his arm detained her, drew her to him face to face, held her in slightest contact.

There was a damp sweetness to her mouth as he kissed it. She did not change color; there was no emotion. Smooth, cool, her face touched his—softly cool her relaxed hand that he took into his. He looked into gray eyes that looked back. He kissed a fresh mouth that yielded like a flower but did not quiver. Released, she stood apart, slender, still, not aloof, nor altered visibly by the moment's intimacy. The little clock struck the half hour. He came to her, drew her head back against his face.

"You'll have to go," he said. "Will you let me drive you up to the studio? We'll have time." She nodded; they went slowly to the door, down to the hot street in silence. On Greenwich Avenue, near the new theatre, still in process of building, they found a taxi.

When they descended at the studio she was just on time. "Thank you so much," she said, not offering him her hand.

"Tomorrow, Eris?" he asked.

"I can't. I'm called for ten o'clock."

"In the evening, then?"

"I'm dining with Mr. Smull."

"Could you lunch with me the day after that?"

"I'm sorry."

A pause. "Are you offended?" he asked in a low voice. She looked up, slightly shook her head.

"You don't seem very anxious to see me again," he added, forcing a smile. In the eyes of the girl he read neither response nor any comment.

"I won't detain you now," he said. "I'm sorry you seem to be unable to see me soon."

"I hope you will feel like working soon," she said quietly.

"I'll begin in a day or so. Are you free day after tomorrow, at any time?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Could you come to dinner?"

His features altered swiftly: "You charming, generous girl! Of course I'll come—"

"Good-by!" She nodded, and turned away into the portal where the doorkeeper on duty stood watching them.

WHEN Annan arrived at the Jane Street apartment, Eris had just telephoned Hattie, the negro maid, that she had been detained at the studio, would be late, and to say this to Mr. Annan. So constantly yet unconsciously during the two days' separation had he visualized this meeting, pictured it to the least detail, that this slight delay in realization tightened a nervous tension of which he had been aware all day. It was rather ridiculous; he had seen her only two days before. It had seemed much longer. Also, knowledge of her dinner engagement with Albert Smull had not quieted his impatience. He picked up the evening paper in the little living-room with difficulty and composed himself to wait. The culinary clatter of Hattie in the kitchen came to him fitfully; shrill voices from ragged children at play in the sunset-flooded street; the grinding roar of motor-trucks herded like leviathans toward their west-side corrals: the eternal jar and quiver of the vast iron city. Otherwise, silence; a heated stillness in the isolated abode of Eris, "Daughter of Discord;" the subdued breath of his roses in the air, which glimmered with gilded sun-dust; red rays from the west painted across the eastern wall. And, possessing all, a hushed magic, a spell invisible—the intimacy of this absent girl. So intimate, so part of her seemed everything, that even his roses appeared intruders here in the rosy demi-dusk where sun-rays barred door and window of her sanctuary with barriers of crimson fire.

She came up the stairs, running lightly, flung open the door, greeted him with a little gasp of happy, breathless recognition. When she could explain at her ease—"Frank Donnell is patching in and retaking with me before Mr. Creevy begins. Tomorrow we finish, and the day after"—she laughed excitedly—"I begin with my own company!"

"Wonderful!" he admitted. "I hope you'll be as happy and as fortunate with your new director, Eris."

"I hope so. I'm very fond of Mr. Donnell—" She pulled off her blue turban, glanced over her shoulder into the mirror, turned and looked happily at Annan. Then her smile faded. "Aren't you well?" she asked.

"Certainly I am. Why?"

"I thought you seemed thin—a trifle tired—"

"Bored," he nodded briefly.

"Why?" she demanded, astonished.

"I don't know. Probably because I've missed you." Recognizing only a jest in kindness meant, she smiled response and went into her bedroom.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "my room is full of lilies!" She came to the door, inarticulate with gratitude, exaggerating, as always, kindness of giver and beauty of gift; then invited him to enter and see where Hattie had placed his flowers.

For a little while she lingered over them. Then there was just a moment's hesitation; and, as he did not seem inclined to leave, she seated herself at her dressing-table, shook out her hair—fleeting revelation of close-set ears and nape milk-white under thickest chestnut curls. He bent and touched her head with his lips. Movement ceased instantly; hovering hands froze stiff, suspended; she sat as motionless as the lilies in her room.

"You want the place to yourself," he said, as coolly as he could, and sauntered into the living-room, where he resumed the evening paper as though impatient to read it. But his eyes watched her closing door, rested there. Before she reappeared, Hattie waddled into view to announce dinner. Annan, pacing the room, impatient of his own restlessness, turned nervously as Eris opened her door. She wore a thin black gown—nothing to relieve its slim and sombre simplicity except the snowy skin and the cheek's rose-warmth shadowed by gold-red hair.

She smiled her confidence, invited him with extended hand. He took possession of her cool, bare arm, walked slowly with her to the dining-room, seated her, touched her hair lightly with his cheek. She drew his attention to the rose beside his service plate: he leaned toward her; she picked up the bud and drew it through his lapel without embarrassment. In the girl's slight smile suddenly Annan found his tongue. And now, as always, his easy flow of speech began to stimulate her to an increasing facility of response.

Hers, too, was now the initiative as often as his; she told him gaily about the closing hours at the studio under Frank Donnell's directorship; all about the assembling of her own company under Mr. Creevy; about her new camera-man, Emil Shunk. She spoke warmly of Albert Smull and of his partner, Leopold Shill; of their constant generosity to her, and of her determination that they should never regret their belief in her ability to make their investment profitable.

"It seems to me," she said, "so amazing, so wonderful, that such keen business men should venture to risk so much on a girl they scarcely know, that it frightens me at moments."

"Don't worry," he remarked with a shrug; "it's a more interesting gamble for them than the stock-market offers these days. They're having their fun out of it—Shill, Smull & Co."

"Oh. Do you think it's quite that?" she asked, flushing.

"Well," he replied, "every enterprise is a risk of sorts, isn't it? To take a chance is always amusing. Nothing flatters like picking a winner on one's own best judgment. You're what Broadway calls 'sure fire.' It doesn't take much courage to lay odds on you, Eris."

She nodded, her color high. "Yes, I suppose Mr. Smull looks at it that way. It really is a matter of business, of course. But he is very kind to me."

"If it were anything except a matter of business it would scarcely do, would it?" asked Annan carelessly.

"I don't think I understand. Please tell me."

"I mean it's quite all right for a man to bet on a girl if he believes her professionally capable. That's finance—of one sort. That's a business investment. The other sort is to finance an enterprise out of—friendship. That's not legitimate, on either side. And even when it's sheer business, it's a ticklish one." She remained absorbed for a while in her own reflections. Then, idling over her strawberries and orange ice—"Do you think that a girl really has no right to accept such heavy responsibility as is now mine?"

"I'm thinking about your obligations—burdensome in success, crushing in failure. Because you are the kind of conscientious girl who will so consider them. But too sensitive, too generous, too easily overwhelmed by a sense of obligations—mostly imaginary." She continued with her reflections and her strawberries.

"It really depends on the man," Annan continued, "how difficult or how easy a girl's position is to be; speculation in friendship is never legitimate gambling. It's bad business, bad sportsmanship."

"Do you think," she said slowly, "that Mr. Smull is taking a legitimate chance in financing my company?"

"You're a perfectly legitimate risk. I told you so. You're sure fire."

She looked up: "Do you think that was Mr. Smull's motive?"

"I don't know, Eris."

After a pause—"You don't like him, do you?"

"Not much."

"Will you tell me why?"

"I'm not quite sure why. Do you like him, Eris?"

"I'd be ashamed not to."

"Because he's kind?"

"Yes."

"That's why you say you like me," observed Annan, smiling. She smiled, too, rather vaguely.

"Is that the reason you like me, Eris?" he persisted. "—Because you consider me kind?"

"What do you think it is?" she murmured, still smiling a little to herself.

"I'm not certain you like me as well as you once did." The boy obvious, suddenly! The eternal and beloved ass that every woman is destined to meet—and forgive.

"I—think I do," she said.

"Oh. My conversation still amuses you. But otherwise—well, I'm afraid you don't care quite as much for me as you did, Eris."

"Why?"—with slowly lifted eyes.

"Because I kissed you."

THE ass obvious, at last! She made no reply. Her unembarrassed silence troubled him because he had not really harbored the fear he pretended. Now, however, the possibility made him uneasy.

"Glance into your mirror, Eris," he said lightly, "and tell me how I could have helped what I did." Her face, partly averted, remained so, unflushed, unresponsive. Hattie opened the kitchen door and looked in, bulking like a vast, dark cloud.

"You may come in and clear up," said Eris quietly. She rose from the table, and they walked into the farther room and seated themselves, she on the sofa, with an untroubled aloofness that did not encourage him to closer approach than a chair pulled up opposite her. She had turned to some of his flowers as though to include them in a friendly circle.

"Your roses are such heavenly company," she said in a low voice.

"I never knew anybody so charmingly interested in flowers," he said with smiling malice. She understood, laughed, turned to him.

"I'm interested, also, to hear how your novel is progressing," she said.

"It isn't."

"Haven't you worked?" she inquired with sweet concern.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because," he said deliberately, "my mind is too full of you to contain anything else."

A pause. "Then," she said, "you had better not see me until you feel inclined to resume work."

"You don't seem to care very much," he remarked. She was looking again at the roses. She made no reply. The cold, rosy loveliness of her enthralled and chilled him. Where the chestnut hair touched her cheek a carnation flush warmed the slight shadow.

"I'll resume work," he said abruptly. She nodded, her face close to the roses.

"How would you like me to make a scenario of my last novel for you?" he asked. He had prepared this surprise during the two days' separation, had even visualized her delight. If he expected emotional response—the impulsive gratitude that hitherto had so charmingly overvalued his little gifts, he was to be stunningly disappointed. She turned and looked at him out of frankly troubled eyes; and from that moment he learned that whatever he ever was to have from this girl would be only what her honesty could offer.

[*Turn to page 32*]

To guard against food odors and flavors which [illegible] the [illegible] of your refrigerator [illegible] Sunbrite, the double action cleanser

Your refrigerator needs this *"double action"* cleanser

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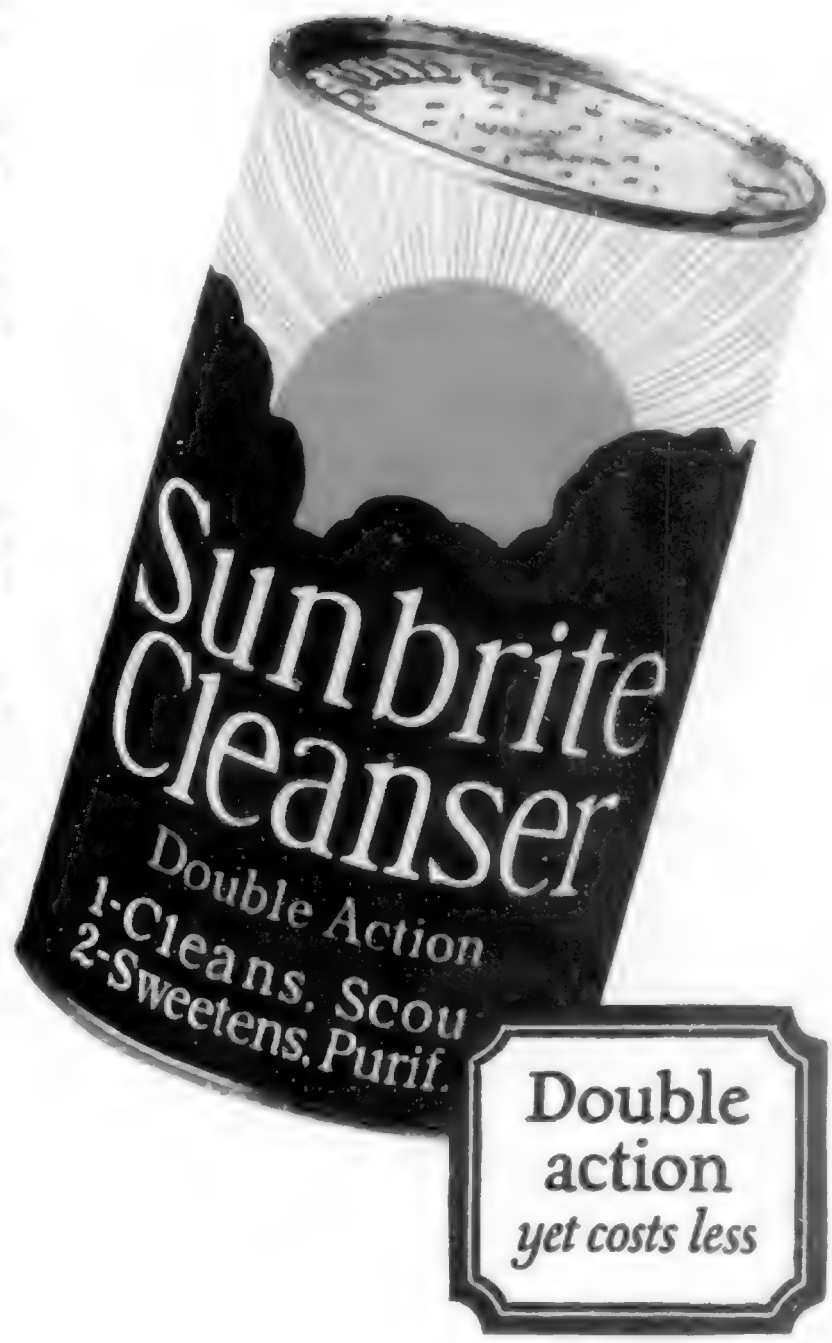
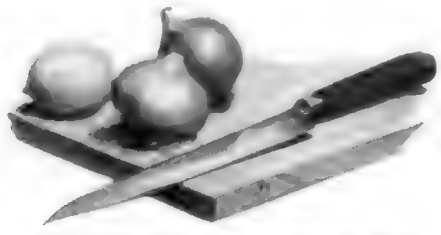
Try this double action cleanser in your refrigerator. It will keep it looking clean and smelling sweet—without extra work.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.





Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion, then cut a lemon in an apple with it and the onion flavor is still there. A Sunbrite cleansing not only purifies the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

The creamy skin that belies grey hair

GREY hair comes to different people at different ages—to many in their early thirties. Only when seen in connection with a dull and wrinkled skin can grey hair be taken as a reliable indication of advanced years.

So long as a woman's complexion remains youthful, "silver threads" suggest to observers only that she is prematurely grey. On the other hand, there is no color of hair that more effectively brings out the beauty of a good complexion. This was well known to the belles of Colonial days, who enhanced their loveliness with grey and powdered wigs.

A CLEAR, creamy, rose-tinted skin ever belies the evidence of grey hair and, too, of the added stateliness of figure that comes with matronage.

While few women really want to look younger than they are, no woman wants to look older than she is. The woman who is careful not to let her skin prematurely age always gets the benefit of any doubt regarding her years.

Pompeian Youth-i-fies

Pompeian Night Cream is the secret of many a woman's hold on youthful appearance—the only "magic" by which she combats the wrinkles and lines, and the sallowness and dullness of complexion that would steal upon her.

The great virtue of this preparation lies in the *naturalness* of its aid to the skin. It is ever an ally of nature, rather than a substitute for it.

This Cream Softens the Skin

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser; apply with the fingers and then wipe off with a soft cloth, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Afterward apply the cream to nourish the skin, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

Pompeian Night Cream	50c *per jar*
Pompeian Day Cream (*vanishing*)	60c *per jar*
Pompeian Beauty Powder	60c *per box*
Pompeian Bloom (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*

The MARY PICKFORD Panel

and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7½.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge)
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2009 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Also Made in Canada

© 1923 The Pompeian Co.

Pompeian Night Cream

Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

The Little Bit That is, Oh, So Much

By Mme. Jeannette

Jane is an old friend, or I'd never have dared to say what I did, the day she came to me bewailing her lack of popularity.

We had both been to a dance the night before, and everyone had had a lovely time—all but Jane. For dance after dance had gone by while poor Jane sat with a stiff smile—a hopeless wallflower.

"What was the matter?" she asked wistfully. "I'll never go to one of those dances again."

I knew what was the trouble, but I hesitated to tell her. Then, realizing how much I could help, I said:

"Jane, dear, you didn't look well groomed."

"Why, I took hours and hours to dress and arrange my hair. What more could I have done?"

"Ah, but the elusive charm of the really well-groomed woman does not come with a few hours of primping," I answered. "It is the continuous care of her beauty that gives a woman that bit of elegance only seen in one who is truly fastidious. It's your skin that needs attention. There are dark patches that come from lack of proper cleansing; your cheeks are chapped and roughened; and a lot of tired little lines have etched themselves around your eyes.

"A good pure cream used for a few minutes every night is what you need. Bathe your face and neck with warm, not hot water, and then, with the tips of the fingers, gently stroke in the cream. After you have stroked it in thoroughly, remove it with a cloth or piece of absorbent cotton. With the cream will come away all the dust collected during the day. You will be surprised at the difference in the color of your skin. I always use Pompeian Night Cream, it is so pure, and will nourish as well as cleanse. If you will use an upward and outward motion about your eyes, those pathetic lines will become so light they will scarcely be noticed."

The next time I saw her, a week or so later, she rushed up to me and pushed back her hat. "Look," was all she said.

I looked down into a happy, smiling face, and needed no explanation. All the dark patches and rough spots had disappeared. Her skin was wholesome, fresh and smooth. There was about her that indescribable atmosphere of daintiness only achieved by intelligent care.

"How about the next dance?" I asked. "Oh," she answered demurely, "I think I'll go. Two people have asked to take me. I haven't decided which I'll choose."

A wonderful foundation for powder is Pompeian Day Cream—a vanishing cream that really disappears, leaving only a delicate creamy film. This faint coating protects the complexion from wind, sun, and dust so that the skin will be always soft and smooth.

—:—

Pompeian Beauty Powder is of the finest possible texture and has that greatly desired quality in face powder—it stays on unusually long. It is, of course, not very good form to powder in public, and when Pompeian Beauty Powder is used, you are spared this embarrassment.

Jeannette

Specialiste de Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

For Mary Pickford Panel and four samples

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2009 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below

The Black Web

[*Continued from page 9*]

"You're some quick little worker, Mr. Honywood!"

"Gracious, child!" Miss Merrilles turned to the Police Agent. "You must forgive my niece. She is an American. And they do say such quaint things!"

"I'd forgive your niece most anything, even the fact that she is a Yankee."

"You *are* British, aren't you?" asked Audrey Heath.

"Quite! But I'm rapidly becoming Americanized."

Dane's voice broke in suddenly with a jarring note. "A Police Agent on the Ugher?" he drawled. "Are you on a holiday, Mr. Honywood?"

He stared at the other, who stared back. There was a distinct challenge in the exchange of glances. "Furlough?" repeated Dane.

"No!" came the laconic rejoinder. "Work!"

"What sort of work?"

"Some scoundrels have been selling guns and gin to the blacks, and the government has decided to put a stop to it."

"They've been selling guns and gin to the blacks for over twenty years," sneered Dane, "and now the government is going to stop it, eh?—with one policeman? How comic!"

Honywood's face flushed an angry scarlet. "I am here to find out," he replied, "not to head a punitive expedition."

"If I were you," said the other, "I'd leave well enough alone. Go back where you came from, my little policeman! If you do not you will either return no wiser than you came, or you will remain, buried six feet deep, and with a whole lot of heavy stones heaped on top of your grave so that the nosing little jackals can't feast on your remains." He rose, turned to go. "You are only wasting your time, Mr. Honywood—just as Miss Merrilles has been wasting hers, for years."

"I wasted my time?" demanded the latter indignantly. "What do you mean?"

"Just that. Your blacks can sing hymns, wretchedly out of tune—"

"They will improve!"

"Doubtless, doubtless! And then what? Even a thousand hymns sung in sweet harmony and ten thousand sermons won't change a cannibal into a vegetarian, nor a painted, frizzy, odorous, naked, fetish-worshiping savage into a member of the Y. M. C. A."

Mr. Georges looked up. For the moment the dreamy, abstracted look of the visionary faded from his eyes, and they beamed with the light of the zealot.

"Mr. Dane," he said, very slowly, "you are quite wrong!"

"Oh, am I? You still believe in miracles?"

"Absolutely! I do not only believe that miracles happen,"—his voice rose a sharp octave,—"I *know* that they happen—when we need them!"

"Have it your own way, Mr. Georges." Julian Dane crossed the veranda, stopped by Audrey Heath's chair, and spoke to her in an undertone.

"I am awfully sorry for what I did, Miss Heath. I apologize."

She smiled. All her life she had been unable to bear a grudge for more than three minutes. "That's all right, Mr. Dane." She sat up straight as, suddenly, from the jungle across the river, came a savage thumping and drubbing of African drums. Julian Dane bent over her chair.

"Remember what I told you?" he asked in a whisper. "The beauty, the horror, the mad, mad color of it? Can you resist its call? Ah!"—as the drums sobbed more loudly, like souls astray on the outer rim of eternity—"can you resist the call?"

He was gone. Audrey Heath stared after him. Silence dropped over the people on the veranda like a pall, as they listened to the roll of the drums that crept across the Ugher like evil spirits. Then, all at once, the sobbing drums were wiped out by a volume of sound that brushed through from the mission hall where Miss Merrilles' blacks were intoning their favorite hymn:

"Glo-ree, glo-ree, all-le-lu-u-*jah!*
Glo-ree, glo-ree, all-le-lu-u-*jah!*
Glo-ree, glo-ree . . ."

Mr. Georges rose. He pointed a thin, bloodless finger. He spoke almost to himself. "Yes, there is no doubt of it. Even that hymn, somehow, somewhere, has surely its place in the Lord God's wondrous scheme of things!"

IT was a week later. Ralph Honywood was alone with his thoughts. He said to himself that Julian Dane had been right when he had told him that he would return no wiser than when he had come. He had worked steadily, patiently, had cross-examined a number of chiefs of various tribes, had bullied and cajoled them, had tried to reason with them, with no result. Gin? Guns? It seemed that they hardly knew what the terms signified.

"No sabbe, sah!" Always the same reply, like a stone wall, and a rolling of white eyeballs which showed clearly that they were lying.

He almost decided to go back to the Coast and to ask the governor, Sir Charles Lane-Fox, to give him the services of a first-class, half-breed bush detective. But, somehow, he remained. It was not that he was ashamed to own up to failure at headquarters, since Sir Charles himself had warned him that there might be just such a contingency. The true reason why he prolonged his sojourn was the color of Audrey Heath's eyes, and the message which he read therein when his own eyes asked her a shy, silent question. Too, there was Julian Dane. Since that first day he had met the latter almost daily at the mission, talking to Audrey in an undertone and evidently interesting her tremendously. He was not jealous; the thought of the other becoming his rival never entered his head. But he was possessed by a strange, subconscious apprehension that sooner or later he would be needed here; that something very nameless, very terrible and cosmically African was threatening the girl whom he loved. It was something entirely without foundation in fact. Only the fact of his fear remained; and it had to do, somehow, with this sinister, brooding jungle that thumped its nasal, wooden drums day and night—as if asking for a sacrifice, the strange thought came to him—and he shook his head, impatient with himself. Why, he thought, this was ridiculous. A touch of fever, doubtless, sending his imagination tumbling and tripping. What he needed was an ounce of quinine and three fingers of Scotch.

"Boy!" he called. There was no answer. He clapped his hands, rang the bell three times, waited again, shouted himself hoarse, and when no servant appeared, finally ran his cook to earth in the improvised kitchen some distance down the plantation.

"Why doesn't somebody answer when I call?" he demanded.

"No sabbe, Cap. I frightened. Heaps!" There was no doubt of the man's earnestness. He was a semi-civilized, mission-bred Sierra Leone black whom Honywood had brought from the Coast and who looked upon the savages of the interior with mingled dread and contempt. "All boys lib run away—no come back today, Cap."

"Why not?"

The cook dropped his voice to a whisper, as if afraid that the wilderness might hear him. "Porrah! Big one tonight, Cap."

"How do you know?"

"They not know I sabbe their lingo, but I do. I listen. Sure. Porrah tonight. So all lib to run away into jungle." He pointed, shivering like a leaf.

"Hm; I see!"

Honywood returned to his bungalow, deep in thought. The governor had sent him here to look for gin and guns. This Porrah—and, knowing Africa, he knew what the word portended in bestial, superstitious, blood-stained rites—was outside his province. It belonged to the political agent, and the latter was jealous of his rights. Honywood might make an official report to headquarters, but he had no right to interfere personally. And yet . . . "I am going to investigate!" he decided suddenly, as again the drums sobbed from the jungle, as if calling him.

SO he changed his white drill suit for a dark one, slipped a revolver into his belt and went out. The moon was high and silvery in the heavens, and a faint, hot breeze rustled the palm fronds. The river ran sluggishly between him and the opposite bank, from which twinkled the lights of the mission bungalow. He paused to gaze at those lights. One of them, no doubt, came from Audrey's window, behind which she dreamed peacefully, perhaps of the cool, clean pines of her native state, little knowing of the foul, grim deeds afoot tonight. Untying a small canoe which was leashed at the end of the plantation, he paddled some distance upstream, and at length moored it at a small clearing amid the thick jungle. As he landed, moving stealthily, well trained in forest lore, making no sound, he was startled to see a native dart up in front of him, apparently out of the ground, and vanish amid the trees. Keeping well in the shadows, he followed cautiously, and was presently rewarded by seeing the man pause and examine minutely the bark of a giant toddy palm, and then speed onward. The moment that he felt safe from observation, Honywood followed and found upon the thick trunk of the toddy palm a plait of leaves, one of the Porrah signs, which told him that he was on the right track. Other indications were not lacking: crossed twigs, stones set at strange designs, ferns twisted

[*Turn to page 30*]

Know the Joy of A Smooth Healthy Skin

WHAT person today can be a success—socially or in business—with a skin that looks unhealthy or repellent? The present demand for absolute cleanliness, freshness and vigor of health accepts no substitute.

The first step towards attaining a healthy skin is right living—spending hours in wholesome outdoor activities, etc. But the second, and equally important, is *proper* cleansing. Your skin is like a delicate fabric—easily injured by rough scrubbing or the use of a harsh, caustic soap. Why run the risk of hurting it by using anything that happens to be handy, when you *know* that Resinol Soap protects it?

Resinol Soap is exquisitely pure, with a rich cleansing lather, the most refreshing fragrance, and just enough of the Resinol properties to make it the ideal toilet and bath soap for everybody—from youth to old age.

Try it for your complexion and see how gently yet thoroughly it cleanses the pores and helps to overcome skin defects. Take a Resinol bath and note the healthy, vigorous glow that follows. Place it in the nursery and keep baby sweet, clean and contented.

A trial size cake will prove to you the delights of Resinol Soap. May we send you one free? Write Dept. 3-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

BUY RESINOL SOAP BY THE BOX FROM YOUR DRUGGIST OR TOILET GOODS DEALER

Resinol Soap

Seven Secrets of Beauty
in This Dainty Beauty Case

*Not for Sale ~but Yours

With the Compliments of
Monsieur VIVAUDOU

DO you look as young as you should? Are you striving to retain personal attraction? Every woman owes it to herself—her friends—to *him*—to make the most of her good looks. The world's greatest beauty scientist, Monsieur Vivaudou, guarantees to prove—that, in every woman, are latent possibilities to be developed at will.

Just back from Paris—Monsieur Vivaudou offers you, with his compliments, seven famous Secrets of Beauty—Mavis Face Powder, Cold Cream, Rouge, Lip Stick, Nail Polish, Toilet Water and Vivomint, the new tooth-paste. A veritable dressing table in a dainty red case.

Nothing is asked in return save the coupon below and the trifling sum of 25c to help pay expense.

DO NOT WAIT—Only a limited number of these lovely Beauty Cases have been made up. Write for yours today. Don't risk delay. Fill out the coupon, enclose the 25c and mail both at once—NOW.

VIVAUDOU'S
MAVIS
Beauty Secrets

***NOT FOR SALE**
means that this dainty case cannot be bought. It is yours for the asking so that you may test the irresistible Mavis toiletries and convince yourself of their surpassing quality.

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Department 5M,
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NEW YORK CITY

Please send me at once the Mavis Beauty Case containing the Seven Secrets of Beauty offered by Monsieur Vivaudou. I enclose 25 cents to pay for packing, mailing, etc.

*Name*_____
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MINERALAVA KEEPS YOUR FACE ALWAYS YOUNG

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

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The Black Web

[*Continued from page 29*]

into odd devices, all unmistakable to one familiar with the means by which the Porrah devotees led their followers to the scenes of their mysterious orgies. Ralph Honywood, hot upon the scent, passed farther and farther into the wilderness, away from the last fringe of civilization. He knew that discovery would mean death. But there was again that eerie feeling that the forest, the night, Africa herself, was calling him—that he was needed, somehow, somewhere, in that brooding beast of a jungle. Very suddenly the silence of the forest was broken by the thump of a staccato signal drum, and, as if in answer, came the vibrant growl of a lioness. Overhead, as cautiously he crossed a clearing, he saw the bloated, yellow African moon—"like a corpse," the thought came to him. He paused and dropped behind a tree as he saw two natives approaching, clanking under their weights of barbarous witch charms. They were talking in an excited undertone, their assagais and broad-bladed daggers gleaming like cressets of evil passion. The air was now filled with a great humming and zumming that steadily gathered volume. It rose and fell in changing, quavery cadences. Then, all at once, it was stabbed by a sound that froze the blood in the young Englishman's veins.

It was a shriek; a woman's shriek, he decided the next moment, echoing through the vaulted jungle, then drowned in the maelstrom of zumming voices that rose steadily to a hideous, soul-freezing pitch; and Honywood, prey to a terrible foreboding, pushed on through the forest, the thorns and low-sweeping creepers lacerating his skin and tearing his clothes to ribbons, until finally he came out upon a clearing.

"Oh God!" He stared and stared, while the pity and horror of what he saw stole across his soul with a clay-cold, freezing hand.

There, in the center of the clearing, stood a huge juju idol carved from a tree-trunk, a bestial thing with leopard claws for teeth, draped in lion skins, red-flaming torches illuminating the eye sockets. In front of it, chanting, stood a man, apparently a high priest, who fanned a brazier which threw up a pungent, sulphur-yellow whorl of smoke. And a little to the left of the idol, he saw Audrey Heath, dressed in white, her loose hair about her shoulders like an aureole of gold, struggling desperately, hopelessly in the arms of two gigantic negroes; and even at that moment of supreme agony he remembered her reckless words of a week ago; "I'd give my boots to see a Porrah!"

THEN he thought of Julian Dane, of his whispered conversations with Audrey Heath, of her romantic imaginings about Africa, and he became convinced that Dane was at the back of it all, had lured her here by working on her imagination and her adventurous American spirit. He was convinced that he was right a moment later when, on the other side of the glade, he recognized the trader's lighter-skinned features among the circle of black faces, talking to a Fang chief, evidently on terms of intimacy with the Porrah devotees. Honeywood's first impulse had been to dash forward, shooting, killing. And what then? There were six shots in his revolver. Suppose each bullet found its mark. Would six deaths save the girl's life? No! He would have to wait for the psychological moment; and, if there was no chance of saving her from her fate, he must reserve two bullets, one for her heart and one for his own. By this time he had dropped behind a rock. Luckily the negroes, in their religious frenzy, had not noticed his coming. The high priest turned to the crowd with shrill words: "Dance, ye votaries! The Porrah god is waiting!"

With that the huge circle of natives began rapidly gyrating around the half-fainting girl, brandishing their spears, chanting deep in their throats that terrible, humming litany which, Honywood knew, would presently reach its zenith and burst into a tribal death song.

Death by torture! And then— He clutched his revolver; crept forward a little, found a hiding-place behind another rock, nearer the Porrah circle. Smaller and smaller grew the ring of gyrating negroes, ever nearer came the lunging spears. The blade of one grazed the sleeves of the girl's gown and slit it, leaving her shoulder bare and gleaming in the moonlight. Then, as the humming increased a thousandfold, as the lust of blood bloated the negroes' throats, as Honywood decided that he would be unable to save her and that because of the love and pity in his heart it was his duty to dash forward and kill her himself, as already his fingers cocked the trigger of his revolver, suddenly at a high, commanding shout, the negroes lowered their weapons and slowed down their wild dance. Julian Dane had stepped forward. He walked up to the high priest, whispered to him, then crossed swiftly to the girl, standing above her, facing the Porrah votaries. He spoke with a clear, commanding voice:

"Would ye kill a god? A god who, belike, may bring you gold and happiness? Look! What gold is there in all the world like unto this?"

With a quick turn of his knife he cut off a strand of Audrey Heath's gleaming tresses.

It fell in a shimmering mass, and, at once, the superstitious savages pounced upon it.

"Gold!" shrieked a Fang chief. "The living gold of the living Porrah! A great and powerful juju!"

"Aye!" came Julian Dane's voice. "Thus, ye fools, why kill the maiden, the living juju, around whose head the greater jujus have woven this gold like an eternal cloud? Ye would be guilty of blasphemy unspeakable!" He turned to the high priest. "What say you, O M'Kawa?"

The high priest bent, touched the girl's golden hair, rose, and addressed Dane: "You have spoken well, my son. You have spoken the truth, but not the whole truth. The maid came here of her own free will. She was caught in our sacred, inviolable Porrah ring. She has learned of our secrets, the penalty for which is death. Gold, yes. There is about her head the living gold of the juju gods! And yet—there is the Porrah, my son! There is the blasphemy of her coming! There is the ancient rule! She must die under the spears!"

"No, no! Listen, O M'Kawa!" cried Dane. "I, too, am of the Porrah, for there is blood of your blood in my veins. Give the maiden to me! And I swear that never shall she betray the sacred mysteries she has learned. For I will take her, and she shall dwell with me as my woman in Bah-Fedi in the heart of our jungles. Never shall she return to her own people, her own land. And every twelve months shall ye come to me for the sacred gold from her head that ye may put it as a tribute at the altar of the Porrah god!"

The high priest bowed his head; considered; then made up his mind. "Be it as you said, my son. Take her. Go!"

"Come!" said Julian Dane, bending over the girl, picking her up and cutting her bonds.

And at that moment jealousy overwhelmed Ralph Honywood's sobering councils. Saved? Yes. Audrey was saved. But for whom? For what?

"No, no!" he cried. "You shan't have her!"

He jumped up, dashed forward, brandishing his revolver, trying to fight his way through to the side of the girl. He fought well. But the odds were against him. The negroes were all about him, surging like the waves of a black sea. They pulled him down as hounds pull down a stag, until, buffeted, beaten and sore, he found himself bound by leather ropes against the grinning Porrah idol. For a moment he lost consciousness; regained it to hear again that dreadful, throaty humming and zumming, saw the natives beginning once more their gyrating dance, around and around him, shaking their assagais. Louder and louder grew the humming litany; nearer and nearer flashed the gleaming spears. Death! He knew it, felt it—and the girl whom he loved—what of her. He began shivering all over as if in an ague. Cold sweat ran down his face. He felt dazed; his mind seemed to totter and give and crash; and, like a drowning man who remembers his past life, through his dazed senses he seemed to imagine himself back upon the veranda of the mission bungalow on the day when he had first met Audrey, seemed again to hear the natives in the mission hall singing their favorite hymn.

No, he decided the next second, and with the thought, he regained his senses a little; it was a single voice, an old man's thin, quavering voice:

"Glory, glory!" Tremulous and feeble, yet penetratingly sweet, it brushed out from amidst the trees and lingered on the fetid air.

"Hallelujah . . ." The song grew swifter and louder; a shiver ran through the gyrating negroes; they stopped in their dance, dropped their assagais, turned, looked, listened—

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory—"

THE next moment the hymn was drowned by a frenzied babel of voices.

Ralph Honywood closed his eyes. The death song at last, he thought, the end! But no! These were English words, the very words of the hymn, though spoken, sung, bellowed with the characteristic, guttural West African click:

"Glo-ree, glo-ree, all-le-lu-u-*jah!*
As we gwine marching on!"

He looked up. Mr. Georges, the old clergyman, was coming out of the jungle, singing at the top of his lungs, and the

[*Turn to page 40*]

Pro-phy-lac-tic

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Tooth Brush

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THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH
THE BRISTLES FIT THE TEETH AND CLEAN BETWEEN THE TEETH WHERE DECAY STARTS
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THE ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces
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"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

And this brush is designed in shape and quality to clean teeth thoroughly. Uniformly good. Three sizes—children's, youths', and adults'; and three textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the Yellow Box.

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Four out of Five is Pyorrhea's Toll

Nature warns with bleeding gums

When Pyorrhea comes, the teeth loosen, and drop out or must be extracted. Pus-pockets form at the roots and poison spreads throughout the system.

Comparatively few persons are immune. Statistics show that four out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, are subject to this sinister disease.

Heed Nature's Warning

At the first sign of Pyorrhea, Nature gives her danger signal—tender gums which bleed easily when the teeth are brushed.

Fortunate is he who heeds that friendly warning; his teeth may be spared, while he who neglects that admonition may pay the extreme penalty.

At the first sign of tender, bleeding gums, go to your dentist for teeth and gum inspection and start using Forhan's For the Gums at once

Forhan's For the Gums is the scientific formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. If used consistently and used in time, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course

In addition to its efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea, Forhan's For the Gums is an excellent dentifrice. It contains nothing but the most beneficial ingredients that keep teeth white and clean and the gums firm and healthy

Remember, statistics are all against you. Science proves that four out of every five are doomed after forty. For that reason it is good health insurance to start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums is sold by druggists everywhere. Start a good habit today, the habit of strict oral hygiene. Go regularly to your dentist and brush your teeth twice a day with Forhan's. 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste
—it checks Pyorrhea

Eris

[*Continued from page 26*]

"I couldn't play such a part," she said. "You are most kind; but I never could be able to do it."

"Why? Do you think it would prove too difficult?"

"Yes. Too difficult, because I don't believe in such a part—or in such a character."

He sat, thunderstruck. Then he flushed to the temples, and the last rag of masculine condescension fell from him, leaving him boyishly bewildered and chagrined. "Do you mean that you don't *like* the story?" he asked incredulously.

"I like the way you wrote it. But my opinion is of no value. Everybody says it is a great novel. Betsy told me that the whole country is madly discussing it. Everybody who can judge such things knows that it is a very wonderful book. So does it matter what I think?"

"It does, to *me*," he said almost savagely. "Why don't you like it, Eris?" She was silent, and his tone changed. "Won't you tell me why?" he pleaded.

Again the order reversed—the eternal cry of Eris on *his* lips, now—he, her court of appeal, appealing to her, in mortified quest of knowledge, of truth, perhaps—or, astonished, wounded in snobbery and pride, seeking some remedy for the surprising hurt, some shred of his former authority to guide her back into the attitude which now he realized had meant so much to unconscious snobbery and happy vanity.

And now Eris knew that their hour for understanding had arrived. She had much to say to him. Her clasped hands tightened nervously in her lap, but the level eyes were steady. She said, very slowly: "I have known unhappiness, Mr. Annan. And ugliness. And hardship. But I'd be ashamed to let my mind dwell upon these things. Stories where life begins without hope and continues hopelessly, seem needless and more or less distorted, and rather cowardly. One's mind dwells most constantly on what one likes. I do not like deformity. Also, it is not the rule; it is the exception. So is ugliness. And evil. A little seasons art sufficiently . . . Only beasts eat garlic wholesale. Those who find perpetual interest in misshapen minds and bodies and souls are either physicians or are themselves in some manner misshapen. Unhappiness, ugliness, squalor, misery, evil—in the midst of these, or of the even more terrible isolation of the lonely mind, always one can summon courage to dream nobly. And what one dares dream one can become—inwardly always, often outwardly and actually."

She lifted her deep gray eyes to his reddened face. "I do admire you, and your mind, and your skill in attainment. But I have not been able to comprehend the greatness of what you write, and what all acclaim. I do not like it. I cannot. I could neither understand nor play such a character as the woman in your last book, nor could I ever believe in her. Nor in the ugliness of her world—the world you write about. Nor in the dreary, hopeless, malformed, starving minds you analyze.

"With me," she said, "the love of beauty, and the belief in it, give me all my strength. I need to believe in beauty: it is my first necessity. It remains my last. And I never have discovered a truth that is not beautiful. There is no ugliness, no evil in Truth."

He got to his feet slowly, and began to walk about the room in an aimless, nervous way, as though under some vague, indefinite menace. Reaction set in toward boyish self-assertion; and it came with a sudden rush, and a forced laugh that, unexpectedly to her, exposed his wound. Surprised that he had suffered such a one, incredulous that so slight a mind as hers had dealt it, she sat watching him. Gradually all the bright hardness in her gaze melted to a tender gray. Yet, it seemed incredible that so slight a creature as she could matter to him intellectually, could have hurt so brilliantly armored a being.

And then, all suddenly, she realized she had hurt a boy and not a mind. He came to her where she was seated, took her hands from her lap, looked wretchedly into her eyes, starry now with imminence of tears. "All that really matters," he said, "is that your mind should forgive mine and your heart care for mine." His clasp was drawing her to her feet; and she stood up, not resisting, not confused, nor betraying any emotion visible to him, unless he understood the starry brilliancy of her young eyes.

"I'm falling in love with you, Eris. That is the only thing that matters," he said. He kissed her mouth twice; drew her warm head to his breast; touched her face with his lips, very gently.

If her soft, cool lips remained unresponsive, at least they did not avoid his, nor did her cool body, drawn close, closely imprisoned. After a long while, against him, he was aware of her heart, hurrying. In the first flash of boyish passion he crushed her in his arms and felt her breath and lips suddenly hot against his. Then, in the instant, she had disengaged herself violently and had stepped clear of him, scarlet and silent.

"Can't you care for me, Eris?" he whispered.

She turned on him, pale, controlled. "I don't like what you did. And that's *that!*"

For a long while they stood there, unstirring.

"Do you dismiss me?" he asked at last. She made no reply.

"Had you rather that I should go, Eris?"

"Yes."

"Why?" he asked, like a whipped boy.

"Because I am tired of you," she said evenly. He stepped to the corridor, took his hat and stick, but lingered, all hot with rebuff, despising himself for lingering. He laid his hand on the doorknob, miserably hoping, miserable in his self-contempt.

"Eris!"

She did not even turn her head. He left the hall door open, still miserably hoping, scorning himself, but lagging on the stairs. As he reached the street door he heard her close her own with a crash and bolt it.

IT was after midnight—and after she had finished crying—that the girl began to undress.

Once she thought she heard him return, thought she heard his voice at her door, calling her; and her eyes flamed.

But on her pillow she began to cry again, soundlessly, one arm flung across her face.

Eris, Daughter of Discord.

Coltfoot had a short note from Annan asking him to lunch. He called up saying that he couldn't get away until afternoon. When he did arrive at No. 3 Governor's Place, Mrs. Sniffen said that Mr. Annan was lying down—that for the last two weeks he had not seemed to be very well.

"What's wrong with him?" asked Coltfoot.

"I don't know, sir. 'E doesn't go out any more. 'E 'asn't left the 'ouse in the last fortnight."

"That's nothing. He's working."

"No, sir, Mr. Annan don't write. He just reads or sits quiet like till a fit takes 'im sudden, and then he walks and walks and walks."

"Does he eat?"

"Nothink to keep a canary 'ealthy. It's 'igh-balls what keep 'im up, Mr. Coltfoot; and I 'ate to say so, but it worrits me."

"Mr. Annan doesn't drink," said Coltfoot incredulously.

"Oh, no, sir—a glass of claret at dinner—a cocktail perhaps. It's only the last two weeks that I 'ave to keep 'im in ice and siphons."

"All right," Coltfoot said, "I'll go up."

Annan, lying on the lounge, heard him and sat up. They shook hands; Annan pushed whisky toward him and pointed to the ice and mineral water.

"Mike," he said, "is my stuff rotten?"

Coltfoot, who had been inspecting his thin features, laughed. "Not so rotten," he said. "Why?"

"You once said it was all wrong."

"Probably professional jealousy, Barry." He constructed an iced draught for himself, sipped it, furtively noticing the bluish shadows on Annan's temples and under his cheek bones.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"Nothing. I'm worried because I can't write."

"Rot, my son."

"It's quite true. I haven't touched a pen for a month, nearly. I can't work. *I can't.* I seem to be in a sort of nightmare state of mind. . . . Did you ever feel that the world's askew and everything out of proportion?"

"No, I never did. Something has happened to you, Barry."

"Nothing—important. No. . . . But I'm rather scared about my work. You know those stories I did for you? I hate them!"

"You ungrateful young devil, they made you. Who's been sticking the knife into you? Not your fool public. Not the Great American Ass."

"Another—friend."

"Is that what upset you?"

"Yes. Partly."

"You're not ill, are you, Barry?" inquired the elder man, curiously.

"No, I should say not!"

"Financial troubles? You don't mind my asking?"

"Oh, it isn't anything of that sort, Mike. It really isn't anything."

"You're not—in love, are you?"

"Hang it all, no, I'm not! No. I've never been in love, Mike."

Coltfoot finished his glass. There was an interval; Annan set both elbows on his

[*Turn to page 57*]

Do you buy your bedding as intelligently as your clothes?

When you purchase a suit, a dress or a coat, you insist on knowing what you are getting —all-wool, silk, linen or cotton.

When you buy a mattress and spring, does the same intelligent care and knowledge of the best materials guide your choice?

Yet the garment is worn for only a season or two, while the bed —good or bad—settles for many years to come whether you enjoy deep, strength-restoring rest or suffer broken, irregular sleep and all its serious consequences.

Set aside enough time today to call on your furniture dealer and examine the Simmons springs and mattresses he has provided in a wide variety of styles and prices to suit any income.

Test them all. Compare the bed you are using with a Simmons spring and mattress of fresh and buoyant *new* material, that fully meet your ideas, needs, tastes. Then decide for yourself whether vigor, energy and personal success are not worth more than the cost of Simmons sleep comfort.

SIMMONS

Beds ~ Mattresses ~ Springs

BUILT FOR SLEEP

From New York to California

—in Canada and Great Britain, in fashionable resorts in America and on the continent,

Boncilla

BEAUTIFIER
The *Clasmic* Pack

is creating radiant complexion beauty for men and women. Scores of enthusiastic letters are received daily—letters entirely unsolicited, written out of sheer appreciation and delight.

Extracts from a few of these messages are quoted. 839 of these writers stated definitely what Boncilla had done for their complexions, and here is what they said:

447 said it removed pimples and blackheads
105 said it smoothed out their wrinkles and gave the facial muscle a youthful contour.
47 said it removed the excess oil from their skins
119 said it closed the pores and gave the skin a youthful firmness
213 said it gave color to the face
45 said it gave the skin a vigorous refreshed feeling
8 said it took away all suggestion of "sallowness"
17 said it removed tan — sunburn — and bleached their freckles

How to Use Boncilla

You simply spread this fragrant clasmic pack on the face with your finger tips. It requires no tedious rubbing or massaging—the method of application is as inviting as the results are delightful.

Boncilla, the original, genuine, clasmic pack is guaranteed to accomplish real, deeper than skin-deep complexion beauty, or money refunded.

Four Complete Boncilla Packs Only 50c

The Boncilla "Pack-O-Beauty" offers a splendid means to find out, at small cost, just what Boncilla can do for you—it costs only 50c, and contains enough Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream, and Boncilla Face Powder for three to four complete facial packs. Most any department or drug store can supply you, but if for any reason your dealer cannot supply you immediately, mail the coupon below with 50c to us and we will send it by return mail, postpaid.

NOTE—If you live in Canada, send the coupon with 50c to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories Ltd., 590 King Street W., Toronto.

NEW YORK: "Being in the theatrical profession, I have tried most of preparations and find Boncilla the best of them all."

CALIFORNIA: "Our whole family are users of Boncilla and like it immensely."

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MISSOURI: "My friends think it wonderful at the amazing change that Boncilla has made in my complexion."

McC-5-23

Thrifty Stock

[*Continued from page 13*]

Her mother said wearily: "Lucy, you oughtn't to swear at your father."

"Well, he makes me mad!" the girl cried, furiously defiant. "He's such a damned stubborn fool!"

Moore wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and smiled weakly. "I guess I'm a failure, all right, Lucia," he agreed. "You're right to swear at a father like me."

At his humility, her revulsion was as swift as her anger had been; tenderness swept her. She pressed against him, where he sat beside the table, and with her thin arm drew his head against her fleshless bosom. "You're not either, papa!" she cried passionately. "You're always so patient with me. But I do wish you'd talk to Johnny Dree!"

He reached up to touch her cheek caressingly. "All right, Lucy. I'll talk to him."

Johnny Dree found a little time, even during the busy weeks of the apple harvest, to go with Moore through his orchard, and to search out the trees scattered along the stone walls. He began the work of pruning and trimming them, showing Moore and showing Lucy how to continue it. Bade Moore plow under the thick sod around the base of each tree. Before the snow came, much had been done. Moore said once, diffidently:

"I'd like to hire you to help me along with this, Dree!"

But Johnny shook his head. "You don't want to hire help only when you have to," he said. "I just come when I'm not busy at home. You can help me with haying and things, some time."

THE seasons marched on. The crisp sunshine of fall days, with frost tingling in the air, gave way to bleaker weather, and then to the full rigors of harsh cold, when snow lay thick across the hills, blanketing everything. The routine of little tasks laid itself upon Moore, and upon his wife. Even Lucia, in greater and greater degree, submitted to it. But revolt was always very near the surface in the girl. One day she met Johnny Dree upon the road, and he asked in a friendly way: "Well, you getting to like it here?"

She was in ill humor that morning, and she flamed at him. "Oh, I hate it! I hate it!" she cried. "I wish to God I'd never seen this damned hole. But papa's got us into it, and we can't get out, and there's nothing to do but work and work. Sometimes I wish I were dead."

He had never heard her swear before; and he looked at her in some astonishment. She was, he thought, so small, and so serenely sweet to look upon that there was something incongruous in her profanity. But he said merely: "Why, that's too bad. I thought you were getting to like it, maybe." And so passed on, leaving her curiously chastened by his very mildness. There was an interminable sameness in the days. But because it is impossible to hold indignation always at its highest pitch, there were hours when she forgot to be unhappy; there were hours when she found something like pleasure in this ordered simplicity of life. Now and then Johnny came in of an evening, and sat in the dining-room with them all and talked with her father about apple-trees; and Lucia liked, at first, to practise her small cajoleries upon him. He quickly began to call her Lucia, then Lucy as her father and mother did. She preferred the simpler name, upon his simple lips. When the snow thinned and disappeared, and new grass pushed greenly up through the brown that clothed the fields, she was stronger than she had ever been. Her arms were rounding, her figure assuming the proportions for which it was designed, and her color no longer required external application. When Johnny took Moore into his own orchards and showed him how to apply the dormant spray, and how to search out the borers in the base of the trees and kill them with a bit of wire, or with a plug of poisoned cotton, and all the other mysteries of orchardry, Lucy liked to go along, and learned to do these tasks as well as Johnny, and better than her father did. The trees, fed with well-rotted manure which Johnny preferred to any chemical preparation, and freed from the competition of the grass and weeds which had surrounded them and blanketed their thirsty roots, throve and put out a great burst of bloom, and all the hillside was aglow with color. Lucy began to see hope of release from this long bondage here. When the apples were sold, if the market was good, Johnny thought they would make five or six hundred dollars in a year. . . . Then one midnight she awoke, shivering in a sharp blast from her open window, and drew fresh blankets over her; and in the morning there was white frost on the ground, and Johnny came up the hill with a philosophic smile upon his face. Moore met him at the kitchen door.

"Well," said Johnny slowly. "We won't do well this year. This frost has nipped

[*Turn to page 36*]

MENNEN

The Danger of Baby's Bath

You are careful to bathe your baby frequently. You realize the infectious nature of urine and excretion on baby's ultra-sensitive skin.

But the *after*-effects of bathing are dangerous. No matter how carefully you towel the pink body, some water is left in the skin folds. And the opened pores secrete perspiration.

Water and perspiration are both highly irritating to baby's skin, if allowed to remain. For half a century the Mennen laboratories have studied this danger, and two other skin enemies. Constant experiment and betterment have developed a *threefold defense.*

Mennen Borated Talcum draws poisonous MOISTURES away from the skin by a unique absorbing process like the action of millions of tiny white sponges. This remarkable baby powder then minimizes the effects of skin FRICTION by protecting the delicate cuticle. A smooth, friction-resisting film is formed.

Mennen Borated Talcum is so pure and sanative that it aids the infant skin in defeating its third great enemy —INFECTION.

Give your baby this inimitable triple protection. You will note the wonderful effect of Mennen Borated Talcum in less frequent crying spells, more restful sleep, and greater cheerfulness.

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We want you to have Aunt Belle's fascinating Baby Book. You will welcome its sane, practical advice and you will *love* the quaint illustrations. Only 25c (Canada, 35c), until the edition is exhausted.

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5-Passenger Sedan $860 F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

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Chevrolet is leading in the great shift of public demand to closed cars because this company has the world's largest facilities for manufacturing high-grade closed bodies and is therefore able to offer sedans, coupes and sedanettes at prices within easy reach of the average American family.

Six large body plants adjoining Chevrolet assembly plants enable Chevrolet dealers to make prompt deliveries of the much wanted closed cars.

As soon as you realize that your transportation requirements demand the year 'round, all weather closed car, see Chevrolet first and learn how fully we can meet your requirements at the lowest cost obtainable in a modern, high-grade closed automobile.

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Two Passenger Roadster	$510
Five Passenger Touring	525
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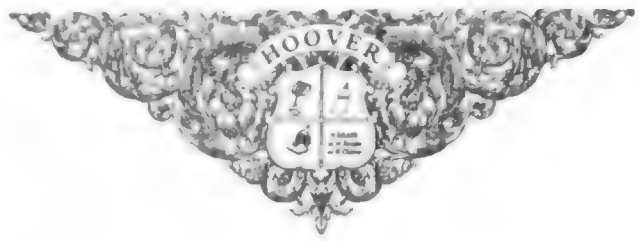
Prices F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

Chevrolet Dealers and service stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

"It's the Plug Hat Gets the Snowballs"



THE first portable electric suction sweeper on the market was The Hoover.

It is the first today.

Year in and year out it has renewed and reinforced its leadership by the unremitting thoroughness of its work.

Only a product of unique and special virtue can do that.

It is always the outstanding thing that is the tempting target; and like the leader in every field The Hoover is the focus of competitive attack.

So far as we can learn, this attack assumes only one character.

It does not deny the efficacy of Hoover design, Hoover construction, or Hoover performance.

But it seeks to spread the impression that The Hoover is hard on rugs.

* *

Do *you* think The Hoover is hard on rugs?

If it were, *would it be the largest selling electric cleaner in the world, with more than a million satisfied users?*

If it were, *would it be the choice of rug experts as the preserver of carpetings beyond price?*

If it were, *would more than 50,000 users of many years' experience have voluntarily written us their enthusiastic indorsement?*

If it were, *would more than 48% of our sales result from The Hoover being recommended by users to their friends?*

If it were, *would from 30 to 40% of our sales be to persons who have owned other machines?*

If it were, *would more than $71,000,000.00 worth of Hoovers have been sold, representing perhaps twice as much money as has been invested in any other cleaner?*

If it were, *would leading merchants everywhere have risked the confidence of their trade by continuously indorsing The Hoover—many for over 14 years?*

If it were, *would The Hoover be the standard against which all other cleaners are judged?*

If it were, *would it enjoy the undeniable leadership of the industry?*

No, dear reader, The Hoover is not hard on rugs.

It is only hard on competitors.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER
It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Thrifty Stock

[*Continued from page 34*]

them. I guess not bearing will give your trees a chance to get a better start."

Moore accepted the calamity with mild protest. "No apples. Why, I've got to have something. . . ."

But Lucy was not so mild. From the kitchen behind her father she pushed past him and out upon the porch, her eyes ablaze. "No apples!" she cried, in a voice like a scream. "You damned fool! Why not?"

"This frost has killed them," said Johnny, his eyes hardening.

She almost sprang at him, beat on his broad chest with her fists, and tears streamed down her face. "You damned fool! You damned fool!" she cried. "There've got to be apples. There've got to be! You said there would be! You said if we worked, there would be! If we sprayed the damned trees! Oh, you make me sick with your lies! Oh, I hate this farm! I hate the damned trees. . .

Johnny surprised her. He took her by the shoulders, gripping them till she winced. "Stop it, Lucy," he commanded.

"I won't!" she cried. "Let go of me. . . ."

"Be still," he said, no more loudly than before. But the insistence in his voice constrained her, and she began to weep bitterly, and slumped against him, shaken and half fainting. "You can't talk that way," he told her. "It's no way to talk. You got to be a sport. It's a part of the business, Lucy. Now you go in the house and wash your face and help with breakfast. I want to talk to your father. Go along." Her father watched her; and his face was white with surprise and consternation. But Lucy turned and went obediently into the house, and he looked after her, and looked at Johnny Dree; and Johnny grinned, a little sheepishly.

"You see," he said, ignoring what had happened. "Thing is, you can raise some garden stuff, and some chickens and things, and get along. We're due for a good year next year."

Walter Moore nodded. "That's all right," he assented, and looked again at the door through which Lucy had gone. "But I'd like to shake hands with you, Dree. I'd like to shake your hand."

THE stoic patience of the farmer, who serves a capricious master and finds his most treasured works casually destroyed by that master's slightest whim, takes time to learn, but is a mighty armor when it has been put on. It was Johnny Dree's heritage; it was, in remoter lines, the heritage also of Walter Moore. It bore them through that summer, and through the frost-hued glory of the fall.

Moore had learned many things in these months that had gone, and so had Lucy. And so had Johnny Dree. Lucy was teaching him a thing he had never had time to learn; she was teaching him to play. When snow came, he bought her, one day, snowshoes; and thereafter they occasionally tramped the woods together, following the meandering trails of the small creatures of the forest. He found where deer were yarded, and took her to the place, and they caught glimpses of the startled creatures, bounding away through the cumbering snow. There was a deepening understanding between these two; when they were together she talked almost constantly, and he scarce at all; but she could read his silence, and he understood her fountainlike loquacity. Through a keener understanding, she found matters to love in these hills and woods which were his world; she was, by slow degrees, forgetting the more obvious pleasures of her life before she came to Fraternity to dwell. Once he took her to a grange dance, and she found him surprisingly adequate in this new rôle, found an unsuspected pleasure in the rustic merrymaking she would, two years before, have scorned. Johnny did not smoke, and she asked him why; he said he didn't want to waste the money. Yet once when he went to East Harbor, he brought her a flower, in a pot; and when she asked him if that wasn't wasting money, he smiled a little and said he did not think it was. One day, to torment him, she cried: "I'd give a lot for a cigarette. I haven't had one for days. Will you get me some, next time you're at the store. I don't dare buy them there."

Johnny merely smiled at her and replied: "I guess if you ever did smoke them, you don't any more."

One day her snowshoe caught on a broken stub and threw her forward into the snow. She said: "Oh, damn!" more in jest than in anger. Lifting her to her feet, he commented:

"I shouldn't think a girl would swear much."

"I like to," she insisted. "It makes me feel good when I'm mad."

"I never could see it helped me any," he rejoined, mildly enough. But she thereafter guarded her tongue, until the necessity for restraint had disappeared. Self-discipline was one of the things she had learned from Johnny. You could hardly say they had a romance. They grew together as naturally as stock and scion grafted by his skilful hands. They had this great community of interest in the trees which were his work, which she had come to love. Their forward-looking eyes were centered on the harvest time, now a scant year away, when the fruition of their labors could be expected, and their anticipations were tranquil and serene.

They talked, sometimes, of what he meant to make of his life. "You won't always be a farmer, will you?" she asked.

"I guess I will," he told her.

"Slaving away here?"

He smiled a little. "There's a man up in Winterport," he said. "He planted some apple-trees twenty years ago, and more and more since, and he's got ten thousand trees now. I went up there two years ago, on the orchard tour the Farm Bureau runs. He cleared over twenty thousand dollars, that year, on his apples. Ten thousand trees. I've only got four hundred; but I'm putting in two hundred more next spring, and more when I can, and my land is better than his, and there's more around me I can buy. It's clean work. You can learn a lot from an apple-tree, and eating apples never did anybody much harm. And you've time for thinking, while you work on the trees. . . ." She slipped her hand through his arm in understanding, as they tramped along.

In December his mother, who had suffered for half a dozen years from a mysterious weakness of the heart, was taken sick with what at first seemed a slight cold. In early January, she died. Walter Moore and his wife and Lucy were among those who followed the little cortège to the receiving tomb where—because the frost had fortified the earth against the digging of a grave—his mother's body would lie till spring. Lucy was mysteriously moved by the pity of this; that a woman should die, and yet be kept waiting for her final sweet repose in the bosom of earth. After supper that evening, she drew on coat and heavy overshoes and muffled her head against the bitter wind that blew. "I'm going down to cheer up Johnny, mama," she said.

Moore and his wife, when the door had closed behind her, looked at each other with deep understanding. "Well," he said. "I guess Lucy's gone."

But his wife smiled through misty eyes. "She's come back to us these last two years," she said. "No matter what happens, she can't really go away again."

Down at Johnny's house, Lucy knocked at the kitchen door and Johnny let her in. He was washing dishes and putting them away. "I've finished supper, just finished supper," he said awkwardly.

"I wanted to comfort you, Johnny," Lucy told him.

He looked at her, rubbing the plate in his hands with the cloth. "That's—mighty nice," he said.

"You mustn't be unhappy. I don't want you to be unhappy," she explained, still standing just within the door. She was plucking away her wraps.

"You're a mighty sweet girl," Johnny told her, rubbing his plate as though the motion of his hands had hypnotized him.

"I want to take care of you," said Lucy.

Johnny considered, and saw that she had come a little nearer where he stood. "I guess it would be nice if we got married," he suggested. "Wouldn't it?" Lucy suddenly smiled, tenderly amused at him. Her eyes, full of tears, were dancing. "I think it would be nice, Johnny," she agreed, and moved a little nearer still. She did not have to go all the way. The plate, unbroken by its fall, rolled across the floor toward the stove, and tilted over there, and whirled to rest like a dying top, oscillating to and fro on its rim with a sound faintly like the sound of bells.

THEY were married in March; and as though upon a signal, winter drew back from the land, taking with it the snow; and in due time the grass burst up through the sod, and the buds swelled more swiftly, it seemed to these two, than they had ever swelled before. Yet it was not too warm; the blossoms in the orchards came in their season, and not before. And the air was full of the hum of the bees as they went to and fro upon their mysterious mating of the trees. The color of the blossoms, faintly glowing, was in Lucy's cheeks, the wonder of the springtime in her eyes, while she walked here and there with Johnny about his tasks. When the petals fluttered down, it became at once apparent that the apples had set in great profusion; and through the summer they watched the fruit swell and take form and color, and now and then they pared the skin away from an apple to see the white, sweet meat inside. Johnny began to pick Wolf Rivers early, choosing the largest and reddest fruit; yet it seemed he had no sooner picked one

[*Turn to page 40*]

Palm and olive oils —nothing else—give Nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Face to Face

—as if you were another girl

WHAT do the eyes of others see? This is a question every girl should be able to answer. Do the glances which rest upon your face express admiration, or turn away with indifference?

Meet yourself face to face in your mirror and pass judgment upon what you see as critically as if you were some other girl. Don't condone complexion defects. Don't console yourself by hoping they won't be noticed. Don't excuse sallowness and blemishes by blaming the light. Instead, take note of every fault and learn the remedy.

The First Step

Whether your problem is the improvement of a poor complexion or to keep a good one, this first step is the same. The network of tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin must, every day, be cleansed from clogging accumulations. The natural oil of the skin, which nature has provided as a beautifier, is often secreted in excess. In combination with dirt, powder and perspiration t quickly fills up these minute pores unless arefully washed away.

oap and water is the only effective means f cleansing yet discovered. Cold cream alone only increases the clogging, while other remedies are often unnecessarily harsh. The selection of the soap you use is the only problem and this is easily solved. Facial soap must be pure, mild and soothing in its action. Thus you should select Palmolive. Once a day, and the best time is bed time, wash your face thoroughly with the profuse, creamy Palmolive lather. Massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly and dry with a fine, soft towel.

If your skin is very dry, this is the time to use cold cream. Oily skins won't need it. A week of this simple cleansing treatment will work wonders in the condition of your skin. Blackheads will disappear and an attractive natural color replaces that dull, sallow look.

Blended from Beautifying Oils

Women who fear that the use of soap ages their skin have made the mistake of using harsh soap. They will change their minds once they use Palmolive. The blend of palm and olive oils has produced the mildest cleanser science can produce. The lather of Palmolive is actually lotion-like in its action.

These two rare Oriental oils are historic beautifiers, and have been valued for their cosmetic qualities since the days of ancient Egypt. These rare Oriental oils impart their rich, green color to the attractive Palmolive cake. Palmolive green is as natural as the color of grass and leaves.

A 10c Soap

If Palmolive cost many times this modest price it would be considered worth it by the millions of users who find it the only satisfactory soap. But it is these millions who make it possible for us to offer Palmolive at a popular price. The gigantic demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and allows manufacturing economies which make the 10c price possible.

Volume and Efficiency Produce 25c Quality for

10c

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also manufacturers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Copyright 1923—The Palmolive Co. 1727

Rolls with Bread Dough

All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to shape for the pans. Mold into long roll and cut into 12 to 24 pieces. Shape into balls and set close together in buttered pan. Brush tops with melted butter, cover, and let rise until fully doubled and quite light. Bake in quick oven about 20 minutes.

Note—If hot rolls are desired for a later meal place the required quantity in the ice-box as soon as shaped and in the pan. About ½ hour before the meal remove from the ice-box, brush rolls with melted butter and bake in a quick oven about 20 minutes.

Cinnamon Rolls with Bread Dough

All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to shape for the pans. Roll into long sheet ½ inch in thickness. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut into 18 pieces and set close together, cut side down, in buttered pan. Let rise until fully doubled. Butter tops, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and bake in quick oven about 20 minutes. For richer rolls cream together 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 egg, and add to bread dough when ready to knead down the first time, together with ½ cup raisins and enough flour to make a medium dough. Let rise, then shape as described above. Let rise in pans and bake.

Parker House Rolls with Bread Dough

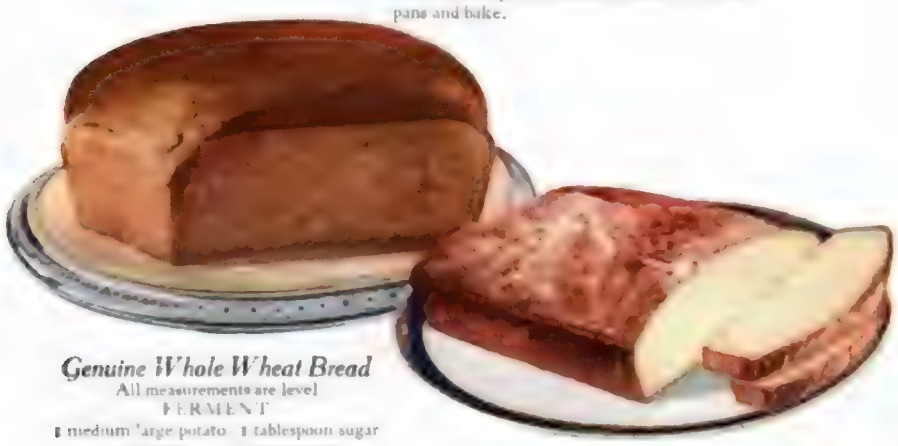
All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to shape for the pans. Roll out to ½ inch thickness and cut with biscuit cutter. Brush each round with melted butter, crease through the center with back of knife, fold over and press edges together. Place in buttered pan 1 inch apart and let rise until fully doubled. Bake in quick oven about 20 minutes. For richer rolls cream together 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 egg, and add to bread dough when ready to knead down the first time, with enough flour to make a medium dough. Let rise, then shape as described above. Let rise in pans and bake.

Piping hot rolls that melt in your mouth

Tender, fragrant; you can make them yourself easily and quickly on bake day with a little bread dough; add sugar, eggs, shortening according to the recipe you like best.

Rolls are always sweet and light when made from bread dough raised with Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast—*just the same except in name.*



Genuine Whole Wheat Bread

All measurements are level

FERMENT

1 medium large potato 1 tablespoon sugar
1 quart water 2 teaspoon salt
1 cake Yeast Foam

Soak yeast cake 20 minutes in ½ cup water. Wash, pare and boil the potato. Drain, mash and return to the water. Add sugar and salt. Cool mixture to lukewarm temperature. Add soaked yeast. If necessary add lukewarm water to make a total of one quart.

BREAD

1 quart above ferment (lukewarm)
1 cup milk scalded and cooled
6 tablespoons sugar boiled with ½ cup water
2 teaspoons salt 4 tablespoons shortening
About 3 quarts (or more) Graham or whole wheat flour

Scald milk and pour into mixing bowl with salt, shortening, and sugar mixture. When mixture is lukewarm add yeast ferment and enough whole wheat flour to make moderately stiff dough, softer than for white bread. Knead until smooth. Cover and let rise in moderately warm place until doubled in volume. Divide into 3 loaves. Roll gently into shape, place in greased pans, cover and let rise only two thirds as much as for white bread. Place in a fairly hot oven 5 minutes, then reduce heat and bake 1 full hour.

Note—In place of above sugar solution, ½ cup molasses, with ½ teaspoon baking soda, may be used.

Coffee Cake with Bread Dough

All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to knead down the first time. Add to this 1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 2 eggs, creamed together, with enough flour to make soft dough. Let rise until light. Roll lightly to ½ inch thickness. Place in buttered pan, brush top with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Let rise until doubled and bake in moderately hot oven about 20 minutes. When the sponge method is used, save out in the morning 2 cups of bread sponge after adding the extra liquid, salt and sugar. To this add the creamed sugar, butter and eggs, and enough flour to make a soft dough. Let rise until doubled, shape and finish as directed above.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1752 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

☑ Please send sample yeast cake for baking and free booklet, "The Art of Baking Bread"

☐ Please send sample Yeast Foam Tablets, a tonic food for health.

Name _____

Address _____

Yeast Foam Tablets

A Tonic Food

For Better Health

Selected, whole yeast in easy-to-take form—a dietary corrective to stimulate the appetite, improve digestion and help you get greater strength and energy from your food. Take regularly and see how much better and stronger you feel. At all druggists. Generous sample *free.*

Send for descriptive circular 81-S

Ask our expert what you want to know about bread making. Hannah L. Wessling, formerly bread expert, Department of Agriculture, will be glad to answer any question about flour, yeast, temperature, mixing, kneading, rising, molding, baking, etc.

Package of 5 cakes—at your grocer—10c

Nameless River

[*Continued from page 16*]

high outside, but here between the towering walls the shadows were still blue and cold. The murmur of the stream seemed louder than usual, heard thus in the stillness of the early day. The mystery of the great cut was accentuated, its charm intensified a thousandfold to Nance. There was a strange excitement in everything, a sense of holiday and impending joy. Her face broke into smiles as helplessly as running water dimples, and when the two riding ahead turned from time to time to look back, she was "fair as a garden of the Lord," her bronze head shining bare in the blue light, her eyes as wide and clear as Sonny's own. This was adventure to Nance—the first she had ever known, and its heady wine was stirring in her veins. She did not know why the tumbling stream sang a different song, or why the glow of light creeping down from the rim-rock along the western wall seemed more golden than before. She only knew that where her heart had lain in her breast calm and content with her labor and her majestic environment of hills and river, there was now a strange surge and thrill which made her think of the stars that sang together at the morning of creation. Surely her treasured Book had something for each phase of human life, comfort for its sorrows, divine approval for its happinesses.

So she rode, smiling, her hands folded on her pommel, listening to Brand Fair's easy speech, watching his shoulders moving lithely under the blue flannel shirt, comparing him to the men she knew and wondering again why he was not like them. They followed the stream sometimes, and again trotted across flat, hard, sandy spaces where the floor of the canyon widened, and passed now and again the mouths of smaller cuts diverging from the main one.

"About two miles from here," she told Fair, "we leave Blue Stone and take up Little Blue to the left. At its head lie Gray Spring and the Circle. We'll about make it by noon." The sun was well down in the great gorge when they reached the opening of Little Blue, and in this smaller canyon which diverged sharply at right angles, its golden light flooded to the dry bottom.

"Little Blue has no water to speak of," said Nance, "only holes here and there—but they are funny places, deep and full, and they seem to come up from the bottom and go down and never come up."

"Subterranean flow," said Fair. "I've seen other evidence of it in this country. Must have been volcanic sometime."

The gorge lifted and widened, and presently they passed several of these strange pools, set mysteriously in the shelving floor. The towering walls fell away, and they had the feeling of coming up into another world. Soil began to appear in place of the abundant blue sand, and trees and grass clothed the floor in ever increasing beauty. Fair drew Diamond up and waited until Nance rode alongside and they went forward into a tiny country set in the ridging rock of the shallowed canyon to where Gray Spring whispered at the edge of the Circle.

"See!" cried Nance, waving a hand about at the smiling scene. "It is a magic place; no less!" The spring itself was a narrow trickle above sands as gray as cloth, a never ceasing flow of water clear and icy cold, and beyond it was a round little flat, thick with green grass beneath spreading mush-oaks, a spot for fairy conclaves.

"Yes," nodded the man, "it is magic—the true magic of Nature in gracious perfection, unmarred by the hand of man."

They talked of many things and all the time Nance's wonder grew at Fair's wide knowledge of the outside world, at his gentle manners, his quiet reticence in some ways, his genial freedom in others.

THE ride back down Little Blue was quiet. A thousand impressions of the day were moiling happily in Nance's mind. Her eyes felt drowsy, a little smile kept pulling at her lips' corners, and yet, so wholly inexperienced was she, she did not know *what* magic had been at work in the green silence of the Circle and Gray Springs!

It was only when Fair pulled his horse so sharply up that Buckskin nearly stumbled on his heels that she came out of her abstraction. He sat rigid in his saddle, one hand extending in warning, gazing straight ahead to where Little Blue opened into Blue Stone. She looked ahead and understood.

A horseman was just coming into sight at the right of the opening, a big red steer was just vanishing at the left—and the man was Kate Cathrew's rider, Sud Provine! He rode straight across, looking neither to right nor left, and she knew they were unobserved. For a long time they sat in tense silence after he had passed, waiting, listening, but nothing followed, and presently Fair turned and looked at her. His lips were tightly set, his face grave.

"Miss Allison," he said regretfully, "that's the first human I've seen in Blue Stone Canyon beside yourself. It means that Sonny and I must move—at once." He sat thinking a moment, then raised his eyes to hers again.

"I believe if you will trust us a little longer, and if you can keep him hidden, that I'll give you Sonny for a while. I feel guilty in doing so, for I know how heavily burdened you are already, but some day I'll make it right with you, as handsomely right as possible. Will he be too much trouble?"

"Trouble?" cried Nance, her face radiant. "Give him to me this minute!" She held out her arms. Brand turned and looked down at the boy, smiling again.

He pulled the child around a bit to scan him more closely. The little face was milk-white, the brown eyes wide. "You—going to—to give me away, Brand?" said Sonny with that curious seeming of maturity which sometimes fell upon him. The man's own face grew very tender.

"I should say not!" he said reassuringly. "I'm only going to let you stay a while with Miss Allison—so our enemies won't find you when I'm gone." Nance leaned forward.

"Enemies?" she said sharply. "Enemies, you say?"

"A figure of speech," smiled Fair, "but just the same we don't want anyone beside yourself to know about us. And, by the way, my name is Smith at Cordova, and Sonny doesn't exist."

"I see," said the girl slowly, "or rather I don't see—but as I said before, it doesn't matter."

"You're a wonderful woman. Not one in a million would accept us as you have—lost waifs, ragged, hiding, mysterious. I didn't think your kind lived. You're old-fashioned — blessedly old-fashioned. Why did you accept us?"

"My Mammy says there's something in a woman's heart that sets the stamp on a man for good or bad, a seventh sense. I know there is. A woman *feels* to trust, or not to trust."

Fair nodded. "That's it," he said, "instinct—but maybe, some day, you may come to feel it has betrayed you in our case—my case, I mean. What then?"

Nance shook her head. "It won't, Mr. Fair," she replied.

The man sighed and frowned. "God knows," he said, "I hope not. But let's get on, it's getting pretty late." Fair rode to the cave by the pool in silence. There he dismounted and brought from the blankets such poor bits of garments as belonged to the child, rolled them in a bundle and fastened them on Nance's saddle.

"I'm sorry they are so ragged," he apologized.

"It doesn't matter," said Nance. "Mammy has stuff that can be made over. We'll fix him up." Fair mounted again and rode with her to the mouth of Blue Stone. There he halted and lifted Sonny to Buckskin's rump. The little fellow whimpered a bit and clung to his neck, while the man patted his bony little shoulder. "There—there, kid," he said. "Don't you love Miss Allison?"

"Yes," wailed Sonny at last, "but—but—I just *live* you, Brand!"

"I've put in two pretty strenuous years for Sonny's sake," Brand said softly, "but they've been worth while, Miss Allison."

"The service of love is always worth while," said Nance, "it's the biggest thing in this world."

"And now," said Fair, "if you'll buck up and be a man, Sonny, I'll promise to come right down to the homestead some night soon and see you, if Miss Allison will let me?" Something surged in the girl's breast like a sunlit tide.

"If you don't we'll come hunting you," she said.

At the cabin Bud stared with open mouth when they rode up, but Mrs. Allison, who had been watching them come along the flat far down and who had vaguely understood, came forward with uplifted arms. "I figgered it wouldn't be so long before you brought him home," she said. "A child is what we do need in this here cabin. What a fine little man! An' supper's all hot an' waitin'!"

"I knew you'd understand, Mammy," said the girl gratefully, "you've got the seventh sense, all right, and one or two more. No wonder our Pap loved you all his life." And so it was that Sonny Fair came into the warmth and comfort of fire and lamplight, of chairs and tables, and beds with deep shuck-ticks, and to the loving arms of womankind, after two years of riding on the big black's rump, of sleeping on the earth beside a campfire, and the long, lonely days of waiting.

And faithful as his shadow, Dirk, the collie, sat on the stone that formed the doorstep and refused to budge until both Nance and Sonny convinced him that this

[*Turn to page 42*]

Are you making the most of your hair? Here are six pictures of the same girl showing her hair dressed in six different ways. Notice how the various arrangements change her appearance.

The way you dress your hair and the way you care for it, means the difference between looking attractive or just ordinary

Why you must have beautiful well kept hair
—to be attractive

WEAR your hair becomingly, always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, and it will add more than any thing else to your attractiveness and charm.

Wherever you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greasless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

Beautiful, luxuriant hair

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

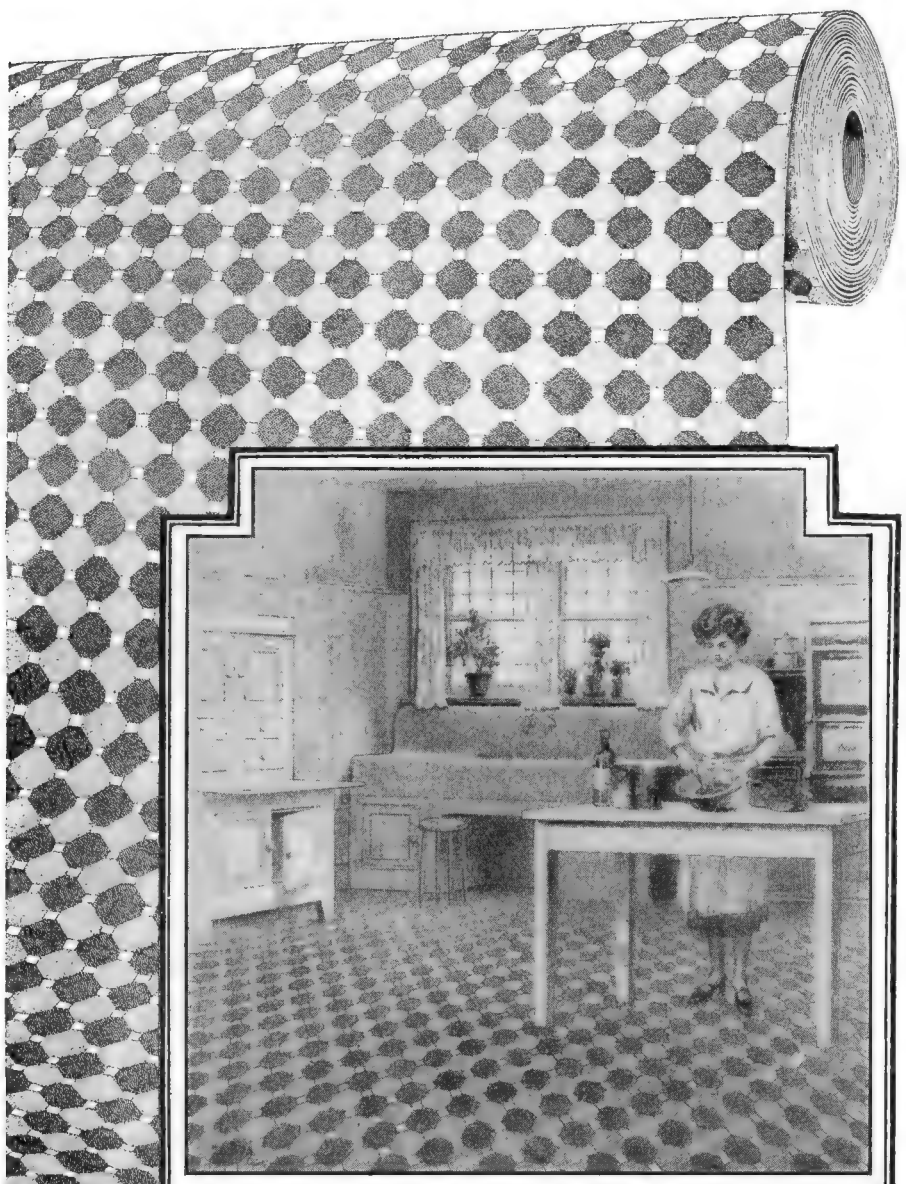
If you want to see how beautiful you can make your hair look, set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



NAIRN
Inlaid Linoleum

The foundation of kitchen contentment

Modern conveniences have banished most of the drudgery of the kitchen—but the kitchen floor is still too often neglected.

A room in which so much work, walking and standing is done, should have a floor permanently attractive, cheerful, sanitary, resilient, easy to keep clean, restful to the feet and to the nerves.

Nairn Straight Line Inlaid Linoleum meets all these requirements and, what is more, it is a permanent floor because in the beautiful patterns the color runs clear through to the burlap back.

Write for booklet showing patterns in full color.

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102 Belgrove Drive, Kearny, N. J.

W. & J. SLOANE, *Wholesale*
Sole Selling Agents
575 Fifth Avenue, New York
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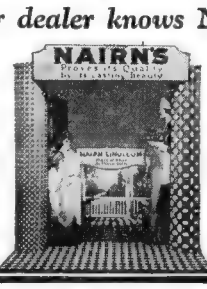
Your dealer knows Nairn

This window and sales-floor display feature identifies a Nairn Dealer. He will take pleasure in giving you full information about Nairn Linoleum, assisting you to select the most appropriate patterns, explaining the best method of laying, giving you every advice and service that will enable you to secure the one best flooring for any room.



The Black Web

[*Continued from page 30*]

negroes, hearing their favorite hymn, obsessed by the swing and rhythm of it, typically African, joined in the melody.

"Glo-ree, glo-ree . . ." they chanted, while Mr. Georges, slowly, carefully, lest he break the spell and again change the hymn of love into a barbarous hymn of death and torture, crossed the clearing, stepped over to Ralph Honywood and cut his bonds.

"Come!" Honywood acted with instant precision. While the negroes were still chanting the tune they loved so well, hypnotized, like savage children, by its lilt and harmony, he ran over to Julian Dane, who was holding the girl in his arms, trying to use her as a shield. But Honywood, brain and hands working in unison, measured the distance and, crooking his elbow, sent his revolver butt crashing against the man's temple, knocking him senseless. He took Audrey Heath by the arm and rapidly, fear lending wings to their feet, they followed the old clergyman through the jungle path. Half an hour later they reached the Ugher River, stepped into the canoe and paddled across the stream. Audrey Heath looked at Mr. Georges.

"How did you happen to find us?" she asked. "To come for us?" The old man smiled gently.

"I don't know," he replied. "I was there—suddenly just found myself there—and saw you. That was all. Miracles happen, my dear!'

"Even in Africa," said Ralph Honywood.

"Chiefly in Africa," rejoined the old clergyman. "For they are needed here—so badly . . ." And he bent his head and prayed as, from very far away, on the pinions of the night breeze, sounds came drifting across the jungle:

"Glo-ree, glo-ree, all-le-lu-u-*jah!*
Glo-ree . . ."

"Hallelujah!" chanted the clergyman with his thin, cracked voice, while Audrey's hand sought Ralph's, found it, clasped it.

Thrifty Stock

[*Continued from page 36*]

apple than another swelled to take the place of two. Toward the summer's end, they knew that the crop would be enormous. And this was one of those years when elsewhere the orchards had failed, so that prices were enhanced and buyers were eager. One day in early October, one Sunday afternoon, when Johnny and Lucy had gone up the hill to have dinner with the older folk, Johnny and Walter Moore walked into the orchard and surveyed the trees.

"A big year," Johnny said. "The biggest I ever saw. Your apples will bring you close to a thousand dollars."

Moore nodded. "It makes me—kind of humble," he said. "It doesn't seem possible. And—it's so different from what my life has been. So great a change, these last two years. . . ."

Johnny looked up at him. "You've told me," he assented. And he smiled a little. "You know, I've said to Lucy some times, you can learn a lot from an apple-tree. If it's got grass and weeds around its roots, they starve it for water; and the scale and the aphis and the borer hurt it; and the suckers waste its strength. You were kind of like that, when you came up here. You'd been crowded in with a lot of other folks—grass and weeds around you, cutting off the air and the good things you needed. And the way you lived, there were all sorts of things hurting you; no exercise, and no time to yourself, and Lucy's dancing all night, and smoking, and your inside work and all, the way the bugs hurt a tree." He smiled apologetically. "And things like that automobile stock of yours, sucking your money the way suckers drain a tree. . . ."

"That's right," Moore agreed. "I couldn't see it then; but I felt it, even then. And I couldn't believe these trees would come back, any more than I expected to be so different, myself, up here. I feel new, and strong, now. Like the trees. The suckers and the bugs and all the wasteful things trimmed out of our lives. Mrs. Moore was never so well. And Lucy . . . I have to thank you for Lucy, Dree. She used to worry me. She doesn't now."

Johnny, looking off across the orchard, saw his wife and her mother coming toward them. Mrs. Moore erect where she had drooped, laughing where she had been sad; and Lucy, full with promise of the greatest fruition of all. "Aye," he said, with the reverent honesty of a man who sees beauty in all the growth of life. "Aye, Lucy's like the trees. She's come to bearing now."

"It must have been christened by fairies in some romantic garden in Spain, this Stearns' Day Dream Perfume! - - - - It is the realization of my dream of what an elusively delicate perfume should be"

Hazel Dawn

Day Dream

"The Girl You Can't Forget"

The Day Dream Perfume that Miss Dawn has described so well is only one of many charming Day Dream Boudoir Creations. Let us send you the new Day Dream "Acquaintance Box," which gives you an opportunity to enjoy the Perfume, Face Powder, Cold Cream, Poudre Creme and Soap. Sent Promptly on receipt of a twenty-five cent piece.

Dept. X

STEARNS—PERFUMER
Creator of Sadira and l'Amusette
Established 1855
Detroit, Mich. Windsor, Ont.

When Children Choose

Some Say Puffed Rice—Some Say Puffed Wheat
But All Want Steam-Exploded Grains

Among the millions of children who enjoy Puffed Grains, the choice is about fifty-fifty.

Some prefer Puffed Rice, some prefer Puffed Wheat. But most children like both in certain ways of serving.

How the vote goes

As a breakfast dainty, Puffed Rice holds supreme place. Served with cream and sugar, there is no cereal dish so delightful.

But Puffed Wheat in milk is the favorite dish for luncheons and for suppers. And it should be so. Whole wheat and whole milk made so enticing that children want it daily.

Both are mixed with the morning fruit. Both are doused with melted butter for children to eat like popcorn.

But in candy making, or as nut-like garnish on desserts, Puffed Rice is the favorite.

Why steam exploded?

Both are Prof. A. P. Anderson's creations. Both are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in fearful heat.

The bit of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam. When the guns are shot, that steam explodes. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Thus the food cells are all blasted, to make digestion easy and complete. Then all the elements in the whole grain feed. That's the scientific purpose.

Makes whole grains delightful

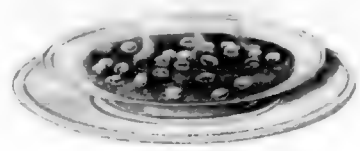
Another purpose is to foster the love of whole grains. Children need whole grain foods, as you know. Few children get enough.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. It contains the minerals children need for growth. Served in milk, it forms a practically complete food. It guards against malnutrition.

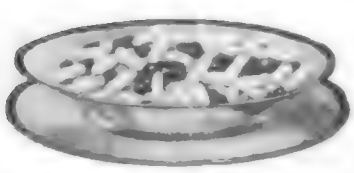
Puffed Grains make whole grains inviting. They are food confections. No one ever found a way to make whole grains so delicious.

Puffed Grains are airy, flaky, thin and crisp. They are puffed to eight times normal size. So children enjoy them morning, noon and night. And that enjoyment leads to whole-grain diet.

If that is what you seek, serve both Puffed Grains in every way you can. Have them always handy. Then children will eat them in place of foods you do not so approve.



Also use as flimsy, toasted wafers for your soups.



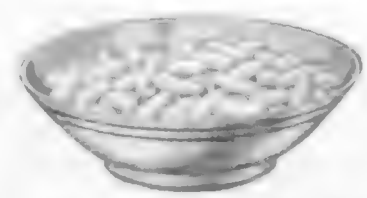
Mix in every dish of fruit, to add a delightful blend.

Puffed Rice

Puffed to 8 times normal size

Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat steam exploded



Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school

The Quaker Oats Company

Gordon
HOSIERY

THE purpose of this message is to gain new friends for Gordon Hosiery, on the basis of its good looks—its leadership in every period of style change for fifty years.

The *old friends* of Gordon Hosiery will tell you that it holds them on the basis of dependably durable quality.

Gordon Hosiery *for* All

Man, woman and child can have suitable Gordon Hosiery at the desired price, nearly everywhere. Always ask for Gordon Hosiery by name.

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NONSPI
(An Antiseptic Liquid)

Nameless River

[Continued from page 39]

was home. When Nance sat to her gracious hour with the Scriptures that night it seemed a very fitting coincidence that the Book should fall open at the Master's tender words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

AT dark of the moon Sheriff Selwood sat on his horse a little distance from McKane's store at Cordova, his hat pulled over his brows, his hands on his saddle horn. Inside the lighted store four tables were going. A bunch of cattlemen from the Upper Country were in and most of the Cathrew men were down from Sky Line. The nine or ten bona-fide citizens of Cordova were present also and McKane was in high fettle. The few houses of the town were dark, for it was fairly late. The sheriff, patiently watching, noted all these things. When he was satisfied that all the families were represented inside, that the dogs of the place were settled to inaction and that no one was likely to leave the store for several hours at least, he did a peculiar thing.

Tying his horse to a tree nearby, he went forward quietly on foot, stopping at the rack where the Cathrew horses stood in a row. They were good stock—Cattle Kate would have nothing else at Sky Line. Shelwood took plenty of time, patting a shoulder here, stroking a nose there, and finally stepped in between a big brown mare and the rangy gray gelding which Sud Provine always rode. He fondled the animal for a few moments, then ran his hand down the left foreleg and picked up the hoof. It was shod, saddle-horse fashion. Placing the foot between his knees and taking a small coarse file from his coat pocket, he proceeded to cut a small notch in the shoe. With a last friendly slap for the gray, he got his own horse and rode away, intent on a good night's sleep.

Several days later Kate Cathrew came down to Cordova and held a short private conversation with McKane. "McKane, who gives you the heaviest trade in this man's country?"

"You do," said McKane promptly, "far and away."

"Do you value it?"

"Does a duck swim?"

"Then give me a moment's attention, and keep what I say under your hat."

When the woman rode away half an hour later, the trader's eyes had a very strange expression—rather a mixture of several expressions—astonishment, personal gratification and a little regret. In a better man that faint regret might have denoted the loss of an ideal. But he looked after Cattle Kate with a fire of passion that was slowly growing with every interview.

LIFE at the homestead on Nameless took on new color with the advent of Sonny Fair. Mrs. Allison looked over the scant, well mended belongings of the family and laid out such articles as she judged could be spared. She began expertly making them over into little garments.

"When did Brand buy you these pants, Sonny?" she inquired.

"I don't know," he answered, shaking his head.

"H'm. Must be pretty poor," she opined, but Bud scowled in disapproval.

"Pretty durn stingy, I'd say," he remarked.

"Hold judgment, Bud," counseled Nance. "When a man travels for two years he don't have much time to make money. We're poor too, but that don't spell anything." Bud held his tongue, but it was plain he was not convinced.

"What makes him so contrary, I wonder?" said the girl later.

"He's jealous," said Mrs. Allison calmly, "because you champion th' stranger. It's natural."

The field of corn was beautiful—blades broad, satiny, covered the brown earth from view, and the waving green floor came well up along the horse's legs as Nance rode down the rows on the shackly cultivator. For three days she had been at her labor of love. As she watched the light wimpling on the silky banners, she dreamed of her canceled debt at the store, of the trip to Bement about the carpet and the new blue dress she hoped to get with the surplus. Bud must have some new things, too, and Mammy needed shoes the worst way. All these things the growing field promised her. She wondered if she dared ask Brand to let her take Sonny on that trip to Bement, then instantly decided she should not. There might be someone from Nameless in the town, and Brand was particularly insistent on his staying out of sight. She never ceased to wonder about that. What could be his reason? Who could there be in the Deep Heart country to whom a little child could make a difference? She sagely concluded it was none of her business, and could wait the light of the future. Some day Brand

[Turn to page 45]

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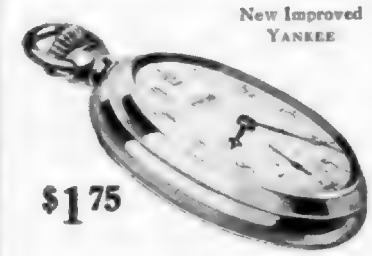

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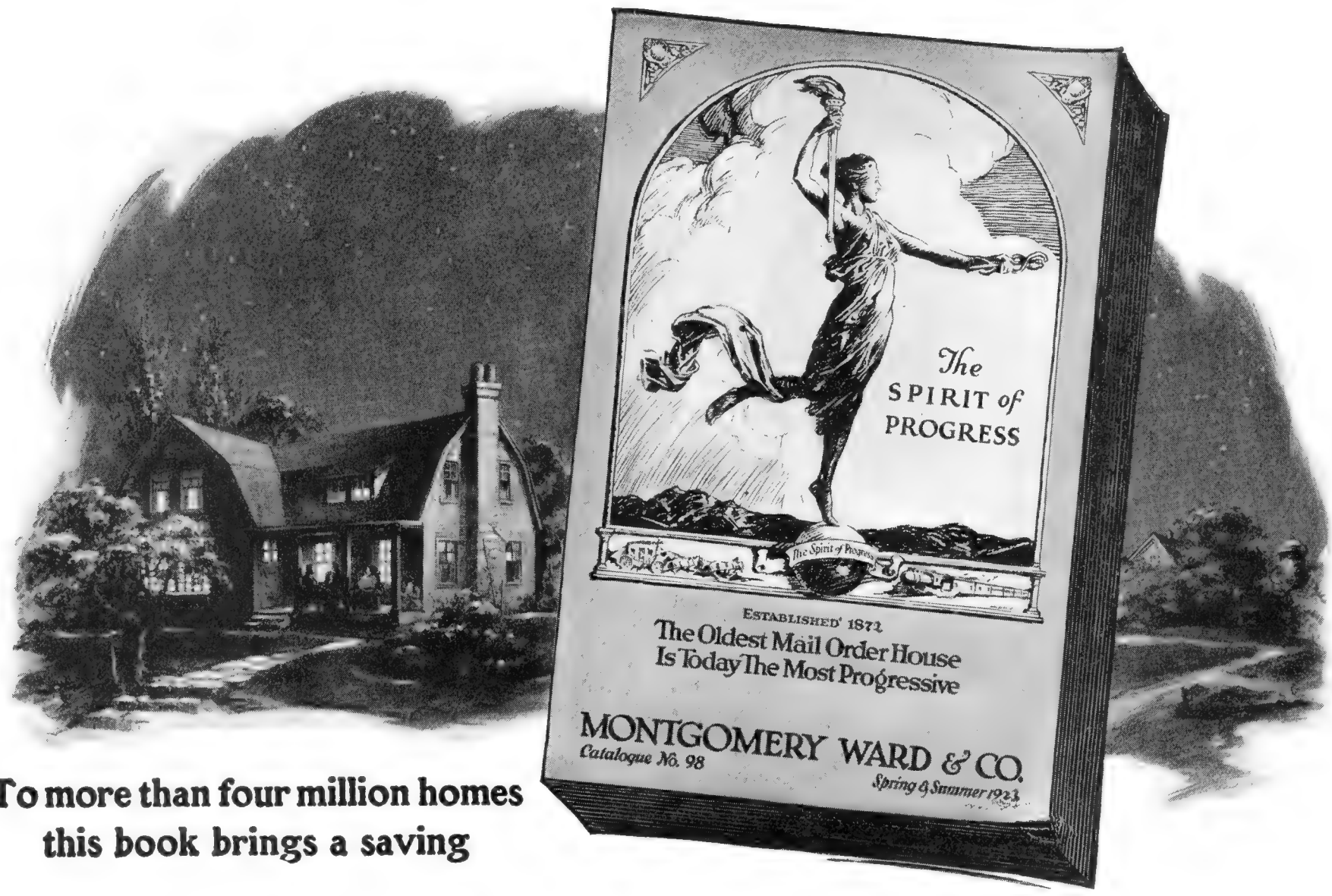

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Consequently, teeth and gums are today less robust. Trouble from both is on the increase. The prevalence of pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

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In stubborn cases, they prescribe a thorough gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of Ziratol, has a decided tendency to heal the soft gum and to keep the healthy gum firm.

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Little Things That Count

Your Share of Good Looks Is Measured By the Care You Give to Details

By Mary Marvin

IF YOU study any one of the lovely old paintings very carefully, you will find that the artist has created a picture of great loveliness by means of dozens of perfect details.

So it is with personal beauty. We cannot attain complete charm by considering only the larger effects—hair, complexion and figure. There are countless details which must not be overlooked.

Have you, for instance, been giving special consideration to your elbows, ears, chin, eyebrows, eyelashes or nose?

These half dozen details are all-important. As a matter of fact the nose is so important that it is hardly fair to classify it as a "minor detail."

Your nose should be the chief factor in determining your style of hat and hairdressing. It is little short of tragic when a woman who has a large nose wears a small hat on the back of her head, and so emphasizes an already prominent feature; or for another woman, whose nose is small, to dwarf it further by indulging in large hats and overpowering hair arrangements.

It is hard to give definite rules, but if you will study *your own* problem and experiment thoughtfully, your judgment and the criticism of your friends will soon warn you whether you are on the right track. Study, too, the photographs of professional beauties who often owe much of their charm to the fact that they have discovered through skillful hair arrangement, make-up, and dress, how to magnify their good points and to minimize their poor ones.

The nose may give evidence of care or neglect just as other parts of the body do. The commonest blemish of the nose is open pores accompanied by blackheads. Fortunately this unsightly condition may be remedied but it takes a little time and patience.

If the nose is affected the chin is likely to be also; all the skin of the face may be coarse although the blackheads are likely to be concentrated about the nose and chin.

The following treatment will bring about a decided improvement if it is followed faithfully:

First cleanse the face thoroughly with cleansing cream to remove all surface impurities. Next apply cloths wrung out in hot water to the face until the skin is red and the pores well opened. The blackheads may now be pressed out gently with the fingers. (Be careful not to break the skin with the nail as this may cause an infection.) When this has been done, wash the face again in warm water, followed by cold water to close the pores. It is even more effective to pass a piece of ice lightly over the skin. Finally apply a good astringent pore cream or lotion and leave it on over night. This tends to close the pores. The lotion or pore cream should be used every night although it will not be necessary to use the whole treatment more often than once or twice a week.

So little discretion is used in powdering the nose and chin! Just because a woman abhors a shiny nose is no reason why she should whitewash it, or her chin. In any crowded car or shop, one sees women whose whole idea in make-up seems to be to affect as brilliant a contrast as possible between plaster-white nose and chin, and scarlet cheeks.

POWDER your nose by all means, but do it delicately. Use a light liquid powder as a base before the final dusting with your favorite face powder, if your skin is inclined to be oily; or a cream if it is inclined to be dry. Many a woman has found this the cure for a shiny nose.

If ears are ugly and stand out from the head, they must be tucked out of sight. If they are lovely in shape and placing, you are wise to give them at least a peep at the outside world. You may even enhance their charm by a light touch of rouge on the lobe.

Even if you do not care to make up your eyelashes, you will vastly improve your appearance if you remember to brush them carefully after you have powdered your face. Powder in one's eyelashes and brows indicates more haste than skill.

Eyebrows may be carefully shaped and brushed so that they will be an asset to any woman. But let the shaping be very moderate. Do not ruin the natural characteristics of your eyebrows by plucking them into thin lines that look as though they had been painted on a bisque doll. If your brows are scraggly and lusterless, rub them with a little vaseline at night.

Rough, red elbows will spoil the whole effect of evening dress, even though the hands and neck be smooth and white. The first rule in caring for the elbows is to be sure that they are dried thoroughly every time the arms are washed. Otherwise it is almost impossible to keep them from becoming rough. To keep them smooth and white, try this treatment:

Squeeze part of the juice of half a lemon into a little cold cream. Mix well. Take the lemon from which the juice has been squeezed and scour the elbows thoroughly. When you have done this, take the lemon and cream mixture, rub it in well and leave over night. The lemon will bleach the skin and the cream will soften it. If your skin is unusually dry use the lemon only every other night and the cream, alone, on the alternate evenings. In mixing the lemon and cream, prepare only what you will need for one or two nights at most so that the mixture will not turn rancid.

A Little Book of Good Looks

tells you how to care for your skin, hair, hands, figure—that you may attain the personal loveliness which is every woman's ideal. Address: Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Price, ten cents.

Who was to blame?

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

Who was really to blame?

* * *

People don't like to talk about halitosis (unpleasant breath). It isn't a pretty subject. Yet why in the world should this topic be taboo even among intimate friends when it may mean so much to the individual to know the facts and then correct the trouble?

Most forms of halitosis are only temporary. Unless halitosis is due to some deep-seated cause (which a physician should treat), the liquid antiseptic, Listerine, used regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle, will quickly correct it. The well-known antiseptic properties of this effective deodorant arrest fermentation in the mouth and leave the breath clean, fresh and sweet. It is an ideal combatant of halitosis.

So why have the uncomfortable feeling of being uncertain about whether your breath is just right when the precaution is so simple and near at hand.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

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Say "Vantine's" at Drug Stores, Gift Shops and Departments that feature the newest in Oriental Scents; or, if unobtainable of your dealer, send us his name and the price.

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Nameless River

[*Continued from page 42*]

would tell her all about it. She worked and planned for two days more, then drove the cultivator to the stable and stood stretching her tired shoulder muscles while Bud unharnessed the team.

She looked back at the field with smiling eyes. "Can only get in it about once more," she said, "it's growing so fast."

"Pretty," Bud said, "pretty as you, almost. Do you know you're awful pretty, sis?"

"Hush!" she laughed. "You'll make me vain. Pretty is as pretty does, you know."

"Well, the Lord knows you do enough," returned the boy bitterly. "If I was only half a man—"

"Bud!" cried Nance quickly, "you're the most sure-enough he-man I know. You've got the patience and the courage of ten common men. If it hadn't been for your steady backing I'd never be on Nameless now. I'd have quit long back."

"Like the dickens you would!" said Bud, but a grin replaced the shadow of bitterness on his face.

It seemed to Nance that night that all was well with the world. There seemed a wider margin of hope than usual, success, so long denied them, seemed hovering above the homestead. Their long labor was about to have its reward. She lay thinking of the whispering field, of the trip to Bement, and—of Brand Fair's quiet dark eyes. She laid a loving hand on Sonny's little head on the pillow of the improvised crib next her big bed, and the world went swiftly from her consciousness. She slept quickly and deeply, as do all those who work hard in the sun and wind.

It seemed to her that she had hardly lost consciousness when Old John announced from his rafter perch the coming of another day and she saw the faint light of dawn on the sky outside. She dressed as usual and looked lovingly at the small face of the little sleeper in the crib. She started the kitchen fire and went out to the well for water. A faint auriole of light was beginning to crown Rainbow Cliff. The cliff itself was black, its foot lost in the shadows that deepened down Mystery Ridge. She could hear the murmuring of Nameless, soft and mysterious in the dawn, could feel the little wind that was beginning to stir to greet the coming day. Then, as was her habit, she turned her eyes to the waving green field of her precious corn.

It must be earlier than she had thought, she reflected, for there was not the shimmer and shine of light which usually met her gaze. Yet the eastern sky was light as usual.

Once more she looked at the field—then she leaned forward, peering hard, her hands still lying loosely on the bucket's rim. Her brows drew down together as she strained her sharp sight to focus on what she saw. For a long time she stood so. Then the hands on the bucket gripped until the knuckles shone white under the tanned skin. The breath stopped for a moment in her lungs as if she were drowning. An odd dizziness attacked her and for the first time in her life she felt as if she might faint. But she gathered herself with a supreme effort, closed her lips, straightened her shoulders and taking her hands from their grip on the pail, walked out toward the field. At the gate she stopped and gazed dully at the ruin before her. Where yesterday had been a vigorous, lusty, dark green growth, fair to her sight as the edges of Paradise, there was now the bald, piteous unsightliness of destruction.

On all the great field there were scarcely a dozen stalks left standing. It was a sodden mass of trampled pulp, cut and slashed and beaten into the loose earth by hundreds of milling hoofs. Far across at the upper end she could dimly see in the growing light a huge gap in the fence—two, three posts were entirely gone. It had taken many head of cattle, driven in and harried, to work that havoc. It was complete. For a long, long time Nance Allison stood and looked at it.

Then, with a sigh that seemed the embodiment of all weariness, she turned away and went slowly back to the cabin. At the open door she met Bud and pushed him back with both hands. Her mother was at the stove, lifting a lid. At sight of her daughter's face she held it in mid-air.

"Hold hard, girl," she said quietly, "what's up?"

Nance leaned against the door-jamb. Every fiber of her body longed to crumple down, to let go, to relax in defeat, but she would not have it so. Instead she looked at these two, so greatly dependent upon her, and faced the issue squarely.

"It's the corn-field," she said with difficulty, "it's gone."

"Gone? Gone—how?"

"Gone—wiped off the earth—trampled out by cattle," she said dully, "root, stem and branch."

"My Lord A'mighty!" gasped Mrs. Allison, and the words were not blasphemy.

"Cattle Kate!" cried Bud. "Oh, damn her soul!"

[*Turn to page 47*]

You, too, can retain your charm and health throughout the years

"HONESTLY, Mother, every time I come home and see you I make the same wish deep down in my heart—that I'll retain my health and charm through the years as you have done. Remember what Eleanor Palmer asked at my wedding, 'Which one of you is the bride?' It wasn't flattery, either. Tell me—what *is* your secret?"

"It isn't any secret, Dorothy. Well, yes, I suppose it must be in a way—otherwise there would not be so many women of middle age who are tired, listless, worried about their health.

"It's tragic to see them age so rapidly. And in most cases I believe it's so unnecessary. True, the cares of motherhood are wearing but mine have been as exacting as those of most women who have lost their charm and vigor.

"You know I have been careful about just a few things. Every day I rest and relax even if for only five minutes. I don't eat unwisely. I exercise regularly.

"Last, but by no means least, I have always been exceedingly careful about one thing to which many women do not pay proper attention—feminine cleanliness that is *antiseptically* clean."

The importance of feminine hygiene

WOMEN today understand hygienic laws better than they did yesterday. Intelligent observance of those laws is the surest recipe for growing old gracefully and happily. None of them is more important than feminine cleanliness—personal hygiene.

This requires more than "soap - and - water" cleanliness. It can be attained only by the same means that the doctor utilizes—the use of an antiseptic effective for personal hygiene.

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***Let us tell you*—FREE —just how to make it**

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The "One Hour Dress" can be made in one hour and the only expense, of course, is for materials. In silk, it makes a charming afternoon or street dress at a total cost of $6 or $7—value at least $15. In gingham, it makes a dainty home dress at a cost of $1.50—value $3 or $4. And in print or lawn, it can be made for as little as 60 cents —a splendid $2 value.

The "One Hour Dress" was designed by the Woman's Institute as proof that with the proper instructions you really can make pretty, becoming dresses at wonderful savings, right in your own home. It is just one example of the amazingly simple methods in the

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This New Course presents an entirely *new* way of learning to make your own clothes, based on the Institute's successful experience in teaching 170,000 women and girls. It is a *new* method by which you start at once to make actual garments. A *new* plan that covers every phase of dressmaking thoroughly, and yet makes it so fascinating that you will want to spend every spare moment in planning and fashioning and making the pretty clothes you have always wanted, but never felt you could afford to buy.

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PROVE to yourself, without obligation or expense, how easy it is to make your own clothes. Let us send you—*free*—the booklet containing complete, detailed, illustrated instructions for making the "One Hour Dress," and also the full story of the New Course in Dressmaking and Designing. Simply send this coupon or a letter or postal to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 3-S, Scranton, Penna., and both will come to you by return mail.

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- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Make My Own Hats
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Milliner

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Getting the Joy Out of Life

[*Continued from page 2*]

look in their eyes and deep lines of age on their faces with French heels, than from any other one cause. Not even tight lacing, which used to be indulged in, was harder on the physical woman than the continuous wearing of French heels. A few days ago at a function where everyone was dressed to the limit, a young girl sat beside me on a davenport and from her remark I learned that both of us were watching a couple of young women sitting side by side on a davenport table with swinging feet. What the girl beside me said was: "What in the world is the matter with those girls' feet?"

I had been studying those pairs of feet very carefully. The ankle joints were enlarged till they stuck out like sharp little cones through the silk stockings, the ankles themselves were greatly enlarged, also the top of the foot. Through the expensive slippers, big bunions were in evidence and sharply outlined rows of corns on the toes. I doubt if the bound feet of Chinese women could have been very much more distorted from the shape God meant the natural foot of a woman to assume. It was my chance and I took it. I explained in detail precisely what was the matter with those feet, and the girl beside me immediately protested. It *couldn't* be that, because her instep hurt her if she did not wear at least military heels. To which I replied: "And my instep hurts if I do wear them." She then undertook the old explanation that she had a particularly high-arched instep, to which I retorted: "I have worn what are commonly known as common-sense shoes all my life and I don't allow anyone to have a higher instep than I have myself. I can prove it to you." And I thereupon produced a foot which was proof. At that minute it happened to be shod in a silver slipper with a Baby Louis heel, which is the limit I go in height for a social occasion. And then, reenforced by a young matron beside her, the girl undertook to tell me that her shoe dealer had told her that she would break down her arch and flatten her feet unless she wore the high heels constantly. If they stopped to study anatomy, they could not possibly believe that to elevate from two to three and a half inches a heel which was meant to fall in line with the ball of the foot, could possibly do anything but throw the heaviest strain imaginable on the arch of the foot. The higher the arch, the heavier the strain the elevation of the heel will throw upon it. A few days ago at a dinner dance at the Ambassador where the cream of Los Angeles society foregathers, at a table adjoining mine, a handsome, richly gowned young woman was in such distress with her feet that between each dance, under cover of her lace draperies, she slipped her right foot out of her shoe and sat in her stocking. The first two or three times she carried it off beautifully, but during an unusually long intermission her foot became swollen to such an extent that she was unable to work it back into the slipper. Then began a frantic struggle to keep her escort from seeing her difficulty. Quite unable to manage the situation, in desperation she was at last forced to tell him that she had caught her slipper in the laces of her dress, she would have to get to the dressing-room for repairs. He recovered the slipper under cover of a napkin and she hid it among her draperies and left the ballroom in her stocking, vainly trying to elevate herself on the tips of the slipperless toes so that she would walk without limping. It was a long time before she returned. She had been able to force the slipper on, but her eyes were wells of pain and there was a white line around her mouth. A couple of dances that followed must have been nothing short of torture and the final result was that she made some excuse and left the ball over an hour before other people were leaving.

I recall once upon a day having a very beautiful girl ask me how she looked in a brown velvet dress she was wearing, and I replied: "You look as if you could not draw a breath to the bottom of your lungs to save your soul."

She laughingly retorted: "I didn't ask you how I felt, I asked you how I *looked*. One can stand almost any degree of torture if they know they look beautiful."

It may be that some people can do this. I never could, or, rather, I never would. I have always had to have the use of all the brains of which I was possessed to steer me through life. I never could afford to waste any time suffering torture with my clothes. So I am wondering if the people who want to get all the joy that really is to be had out of life, would not get much more than they are doing at present if they would first resolve to dress in such a manner that, when they are dressed, they are utterly unconscious of the weight of the hat on their heads, or pain caused by ill-fitting, too small or too high-heeled shoes, or the weight of dresses loaded down with beads of steel and glass until it is a burden to carry them. I think at the present minute that women have given themselves the joy of almost an elimination of the discomforts of a corset. I also believe that the effort to revive long skirts and trained skirts has been defeated. The last two high society functions I have attended saw a visible shortening of skirts over those worn two or three months earlier. I do not believe that women ever again will submit to the discomfort and unsanitary conditions caused by long, trailing skirts of silk and velvet, cloth, or any other material. It appeals to me that in the dressing of women today, French heels are the things that are taking a large degree of joy out of life. If clothing is comfortably made, I do truly believe that the greatest joy possible to be had in this world is experienced by the man or woman who has found his or her work, who has a job which compels interest. I do not care whether that job is running a business or a home, writing a book, painting a picture or plowing corn, so that it be honest, legitimate work. And then I think in the matter of vacations and pleasure-seeking a great many people are really taking the joy out of life instead of introducing any. I am wondering what would happen if these thousands of crowding joy-seekers on the seashore each Sunday, should take a run in the opposite direction and go far enough into the country that they might have more room, a greater degree of privacy, a chance to become acquainted with their own children when they were not tired and nervous to such an extent that knowing them would be a pleasure. And I am wondering how it would work for people to try staying at home once in a while for a vacation, try to evolve something from their inner selves that would be amusing and refreshing. In my work afield I constantly meet women of the country who are bewailing the fact that their children are wild to get to the city. These women never realize that from the time their children were born, the only treat they had to offer them was to take them to the city. They never were taught that home was the finest place on earth, the most interesting, the best for them.

I often spend considerable time thinking about my mother. The more thought I give the subject, the more I realize that she was an unusual and wonderful woman. I can remember, from the time I was a tiny child, she and my father combined in teaching us that a home was a safe place, a beautiful place, the place where our comfort and our happiness was to be found. If we left home, we encountered discomforts, we had not such good food, such comfortable beds, such happy times. If we wanted candy, Mother made us the most delicious candy imaginable from maple sugar or coffee A. She pointed out the fact that the colored candies of the stores must be unhealthful and hard on the stomach. We were shown that the fruits and vegetables of fruit stalls in the city were not nearly so fine as our own. Repeatedly we would hear our mother say: "What a pity that little children of the city cannot have milk from cows that are eating clover and drinking at springs of running water. What a pity that butter, and eggs are often stale before they reach the city." There was not one phase of life that she did not dwell upon and in some way find our situation superior to that of children reared in the confinement of a city. We were allowed to ride horses; we had fishing parties, nutting expeditions and picnics arranged for us. We had games outdoors and indoors and the neighbors' children might come and play with us, but repeatedly we heard the "poor little city children" pitied, because they had not fresh, delicious food, because they had not running water in which to play, wild flowers and nuts to gather. I think that the thing we enjoy most in maturity is the thing we were taught to enjoy, in which we found our pleasures as children. I believe that most country parents make their own troubles by teaching their children, while children, that the lights and the jazz music, that the painted candy and the highly seasoned confections of the city are the desirable things. In a great many years of fairly close observation, I can only keep a settled conclusion that has been slowly crystallizing for a long time. If you want to get the real joy out of life, you have got to live simply, you have got to find your work and love it, you have got to love your neighbors and be interested in what they are doing and willing to help them, and the very happiest people I know in all this world are the people who have truly made their peace with their Creator, who believe in God and worship Him. It does not matter to me in the slightest how my neighbor worships God. That is a question between him and his Creator. The only thing which concerns me personally is whether I, and every one upon whom I can have the slightest influence, combine in getting the greatest joy there is to be had out of living our lives each day.

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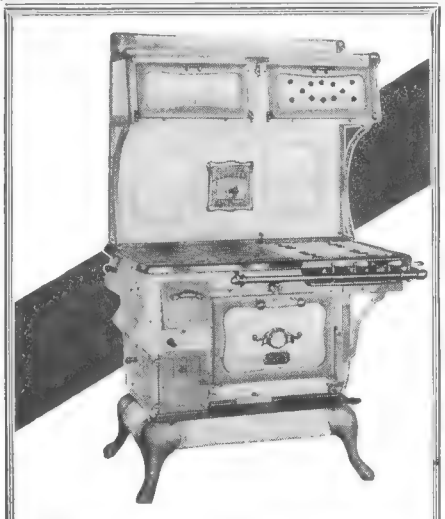

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Nameless River

[*Continued from page 45*]

"Oh, Bud—don't, don't!" said Nance, her lips beginning to quiver. "He who—who is guilty of damn—and damnation—shall be in danger—danger of hell fire."

But the boy's blue eyes were blazing, and he did not even hear her. He jerked his sagging shoulder up, for a moment, in line with its mate and shut his hands into straining fists. "Gimme a gun—" he rasped, "Pappy's gun—"

But the mother spoke. "No guns, Bud—I've seen feud—in Missouri. There's land an' sunlight in other places beside Nameless. With life we can—" The boy shook his head with a slow, savage motion.

"Not for us," he said, "I'd die first." Nance straightened by the door. She lifted her head and looked at his grim young face. Some of its grimness was in her own.

"Right," she said, "so would I. We belong to Nameless River—where our Pappy left us—and here we'll stay. Only—I pray God to keep me from—from—" she wet her lips again, "from what is stirring inside me."

"He will," said Bud, "but I'm not so particular. We own this land—and we'll fight for our own."

"Amen," said Nance, "we will. We've still got the hogs to sell. Mammy—let's have breakfast. I'm going down to Cordova—it's right McKane should know."

It was a bitter ride for Nance. The day was sweet with the scents and sounds of summer. Birds called from the thickets, high up in the pine tops, while she could hear far back the voice of Nameless, growing fainter as she left it. At another time she would have missed nothing of all this, would have gloried in it, drunk with the wine of nature. Now a shadow hung over all the fair expanse of slope and mountain range; an oppression heavy as the hand of death sat on her heart. She rode slowly, letting Buckskin take his own time and way, her hands folded listlessly on her pommel, her faded brown riding skirt swinging at her ankles. She had discarded her disfiguring bonnet for a wide felt hat of Bud's, and her bright hair shone under it like dull gold. She was scarcely thinking. She had given way to feeling. The hand of an intangible force seemed pressed down upon her.

And she had to face McKane and tell him she could not pay her debt. That seemed the worst of all. They could go without their necessities, her Mammy's shoes and Bud's new underwear and as for the luxuries she had planned, like the blue dress and the carpet—why, she would cease thinking about them at once, though the giving up of the carpet did come hard. But to fail in her promise to pay—ah, that was gall to her spirit!

Cordova lay sleeping under a late noonday sun when she rode into the end of the straggling street. A few horses were tied to the hitch rack in front of the store, and a half-dozen men lounged on the porch. Nance went hot and cold at sight of them. She had hoped all the way down that McKane would be alone, for no conversation inside the store could fail to be audible on the porch. It would be hard enough to talk to him without an interested audience. She felt terribly alien, as if these people were allied against her, and yet she could not discern among the loungers anyone from Sky Line.

As she drew near she did see with a grateful thrill that Sheriff Price Selwood sat tilted back against the door-jamb, his feet on the rung of his chair. At sight of him a bit of the distress left her, a faint confidence took its place. She knew his way of understanding things and people. She dismounted and tied Buckskin under a tree and went forward. As she mounted the steps the sheriff looked up, rose and raised his hat.

Nance smiled at him gratefully and she stepped inside the door—face to face with Kate Cathrew just coming out. McKane was behind her carrying her mail and some few purchases. The two women stopped, their eyes upon each other.

At sight of this woman whose unproved, hidden workings had done so much to her, Nance Allison's face went white. She stood straight and quiet, looking at her in silence. At her prolonged scrutiny Cattle Kate flung up her head and smiled, a conscious, insolent action.

"If you don't want *all* the door, young woman!" she said. "Please!" She made a move to pass, but Nance suddenly put out a hand with a sort of last-stand authority.

"I do," said the girl, "want it all. I have something to tell McKane and you may as well hear it." The imperious face of Kate Cathrew flushed darkly with the rising tide of her temper.

"Get—out—of—that—door," she said distinctly, but for once she was not obeyed. The girl standing on the threshold looked over her head at the trader, her blue eyes colder and narrower than anyone had ever seen them.

"McKane," she said clearly, so that the hushed listeners behind her caught every

[*Turn to page 59*]

You wouldn't drink from your saucer

It's NO CRIME to pour tea into the saucer to cool. It doesn't harm anyone. Quite likely George Washington did it in the privacy of Mount Vernon. And yet today a girl might be pretty, sweet, rich and good—and be socially counted a total loss if she did that just once.

It just isn't done. It's one of those things that "place" its perpetrator instantly. It's not good breeding. It's one of those all-important trivialities that mark the ranks of society. No girl can afford to overlook them. No girl can afford to defy them. Society is much too strong and much too merciless for any individual to go contrary to its dictates.

* * *

It's just as bad form to write carelessly on slovenly paper as it is to drink tea from a saucer. Only you don't have an opportunity to see the effect of your "break" mirrored in surrounding eyes. You never know the impression your untidy note makes on the mother of your school friend, or the leader of your club, or the well-set-up young chap you met at Gwen's dance.

Many a girl has cut herself out of a circle of delightful people whom she would have enjoyed, by just being clumsy or careless—once. It's so easy to leave a name *off* an invitation list. It's so easy *not* to call. She doesn't know why. And perhaps she goes on making the same careless writing mistakes for quite a long time.

It is the easiest thing in the world to have a correct writing paper—and use it always. It soon becomes a habit. And nothing goes farther in making a good social impression than a letter or acceptance written on the proper paper at the right time.

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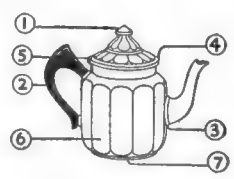

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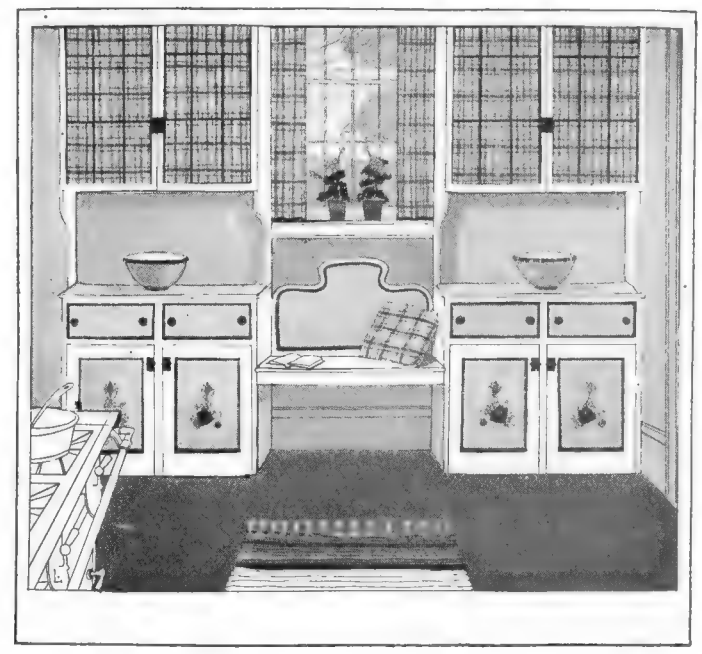


Here Is Homely Charm

In this Fifth Article of Our Series, We Reach That Room of Happy Necessity—the Kitchen

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

UNHAPPY is the woman whose house is so large, whose life is so full, as to preclude a pride in her kitchen. There is something about a kitchen that is very appealing, very homelike, and if this something is not appreciated there is little chance of building a comfortable home.

We who live in the city have learned to be content with very small kitchens, but we comfort ourselves with the reflection that the Pullman cars have even smaller ones, and yet manage to serve a tremendous number of people. In some of the new apartment houses there are kitchenettes built into the wall, like wardrobes, where cooking has to be a very careful and accurate art. I am not recommending these little boxes—I love big, old-fashioned, country kitchens—but I think they are excellent examples of what we may do without. Elimination is just as important an art in the kitchen as in the drawing-room. It is a good thing to banish every article that is not in actual use, and see how many uses one good saucepan can be put to. It is more fun to take care of a few plants than to polish a lot of pots and pans that are seldom used.

Many women believe that any old thing is good enough for the kitchen. Use the old chairs and tables here of course, but give them an annual coat of paint, and keep everything up to the mark of freshness of the foods you prepare.

I like strong, crude colors in the kitchen, because the vegetables and fruits with which we work are brightly colored, and because the black of the stove, the white of porcelain, the strong yellow of mixing bowls—all these definite colors are best with other strong colors. A bright sky blue is a clean, pleasant color for paint, and a fresh apple green is another. Beware of dingy colors—gray and tan and such. Pastel shades have no place here. The kitchen walls should be as gay and sunshiny as they are clean. A black, white and bright pink kitchen was done recently for a bride in a fresh, new cottage. Black linoleum floor, white walls and trim, black painted chairs and tables, quantities of plain pink chambray for curtains and actually for aprons, and crockery of white with bright pink flowers on it—all these simplicities were as easy as possible to accomplish. This girl said when in doubt, she used white—white paint, white enamelware, white linen, and then she was sure of the values of her bright pinks, and her necessary blacks of pots and pans.

I wish you could see the little apartment kitchen illustrated here. It is so fresh and colorful it makes you hungry just to walk into the room. One sunny window is placed between two built-in cupboards, one of which holds the china, the other the pots and pans, of this small establishment. The cupboard doors and the window are curtained with yellow and black and white Scotch gingham. The floor is covered with a plain black linoleum, the woodwork is painted white, the walls yellow. The panels in the lower part of the cupboards are yellow, outlined with a black line, and on each is painted a group of fruits—an eggplant, a pineapple, a banana, and plums. This colorful mass was first stencilled on, and then painted in flat color. The design was copied from a piece of chintz.

USUALLY, where two cupboards enclose a window, there is a workshelf, or a sink, connecting them, but this kitchen had a sink under another window, so here a broad shelf was built to serve as a window seat. The back of it is not a separate back, it is simply an outline painted on the wall. This is an inviting spot for the busy cook, who wants to steal a few moments for a novel or a cook-book!

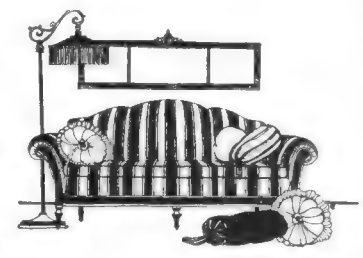
The same gingham used to make the curtains is used for tablecloth and napkins in this little kitchen. One does not tire of a lot of gingham, somehow, though too much cretonne gets very tiresome.

I recently furnished a house where the kitchen opened into a small backyard, through two long French windows. This kitchen was long and narrow with no closets, so we built a series of open and closed cupboards in all the available wall space. The floor was covered with a green-and-white check linoleum, the walls and ceiling were painted apple green, and the curtains and shelf ruffles were made of plain green chambray. A few pots of ivy and geranium, and the kitchen lost its hot, enclosed atmosphere.

Whatever may be said of a comfortable amount of disorder in the rest of the house, in the kitchen everything must have a place, and must be kept in its place. It is like a shop in miniature, and the only way to work comfortably is to have the orderly shelves of a shop, and to stick to established places for things. The intimacy of a woman with her own kitchen is delightfully rewarded when a Sunday night supper-time comes, and she knows just where to find everything. One should know one's kitchen as one knows one's library—to put out a hand and find the thing desired.

All the despised things seem to be coming into their own again; oilcloth may now be had in all plain colors and also in fascinating designs. There is a plain red oilcloth that I used in a little country kitchen with excellent effect. This kitchen was all whitewash and white paint, so I made the curtains of red and white check tablecloths and made the

[*Turn to page 63*]



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Folly's Gold

[*Continued from page 22*]

Two days after the meeting at Bradley's, Clifford saw Mary having tea in the dimly lighted Chinese room with a well-dressed, well-mannered, sharp-featured man of early middle age, who several times reënforced his ginger-ale from a silver flask. Clifford knew him at once: James Fletcher, one of the cleverest burglars out of jail, whose specialty was stealing valuables for whose theft he could not be legally touched.

Presently Mary and Fletcher went out and disappeared into an elevator. Clifford followed in the next, and stepped out just as the two entered Mary's suite. From the opened transom of his own door Clifford watched Mary's door, wondering what the pair were talking about. Twenty minutes later Clifford saw the two come out and enter an elevator. He watched until the corridor was empty, then swiftly crossed and with his duplicate key opened Mary's door. Rapidly he surveyed the suite: a sitting-room, with a large wardrobe closet, a bedroom, a bathroom. Carefully and swiftly he went through her belongings, thinking he might find the letters, or some clue that would involve Bradley inextricably. He found nothing, however; but when he slipped out he had an idea suggested by the wardrobe closet.

There followed days of routine, in which he learned nothing new, although every day added to his conviction of the correctness of his theory.

All this while Clifford made no effort to have Bradley watched. He felt certain that Bradley was lurking safely behind the scenes; that all this intermediate work was being done by agents and that only through the agents could he hope to reach Bradley.

One morning two weeks after Clifford's visit to Green Manors, Mrs. Fownes appeared in Clifford's office. The wilted little butterfly was more distracted than at any time Clifford had seen her. She showed Clifford a note in backhand she had just received. The note was an ultimatum: unless by noon of the following day the fifty thousand was paid over in the manner prescribed, the letters would inside an hour be in the hands of her husband.

"I suppose you have also shown this to Mr. Bradley?" Clifford asked.

"Yes. He said he hoped to get the letters for me. But he said that as a precaution I'd better be prepared to pay the money if I still wanted my husband not to find out. I'm going to tell my mother everything. Perhaps she'll help me with the money. But you, Mr. Clifford," she cried with a new outburst of frenzied appeal, "do you think there's a chance you can still do anything?"

"A chance, yes. But I cannot promise anything more." Unless intuition was all wrong, this affair was nearing its climax.

The rest of that day he haunted the Stanwood Hotel. Toward seven o'clock his patience was rewarded: Mary and Fletcher came into the half-empty dining-room while the dance orchestra was in its first number. Directly above their table was a booth, like a box at a theater, intended for small dinner parties. Clifford slipped up into this, keeping himself from view, and strained to hear what the two were saying. Fletcher plainly had been drinking and was in an ugly mood. From their tones Clifford knew they were in bitter argument, but their voices were kept so low that Clifford could hear nothing of what was said, until he caught these words in Mary's voice:

"Don't talk like that here, you fool! Since you must talk, come on up to my room."

At these last words Clifford was away. Two minutes later he was locked inside Mary's big wardrobe closet that he had marked out for such emergency use. After what seemed an age to him, he heard the two enter and heard the outer door close.

"We're safe enough here." Mary's voice sounded sharply. "Now, just what is it you've been trying to tell me you want?"

"You know what I want," rasped the ill-humored Fletcher. "I want my five thousand before this thing goes any further."

"Get it out of Bradley yourself!" she retorted.

"You know Bradley won't see me. Since he sent me word that I'm to deal with him through you, then it's up to you to get me my money."

"How? You know Bradley is out at Green Manors."

"Then go out there and get it. He always has a big roll handy. And be back with that money by midnight."

"And if I refuse? Or Bradley refuses?"

"Then I'll blow the whole works!" Fletcher's voice was harsh with menace. "And a swell chance Bradley will have to collect from the Fownes dame after I've told—and a swell fix he'll be in!"

"Your word will not count for anything against Bradley's. And you can't prove a thing—not with him having the letters."

"Perhaps I can't prove anything, but I know my best chance to collect is while

[*Turn to page 64*]

This Kitchen Designed by Wm. Berg, New York City

Don't Let Kitchen Work Wear You Out

YOU don't notice the extra steps you take and the needless motions you make in your kitchen, because you only take them one at a time. But —unless you own a HOOSIER—you walk over two miles a day in the stuffy kitchen atmosphere. You do much needless stooping and reaching. No wonder the average woman is too worn out to enjoy her evenings.

HOOSIER

Will Make Your Work Easy

When you own a HOOSIER you get through your work in half the usual time.

You are saved miles of steps each day. Needless backaches are eliminated, because there is not nearly so much stooping and lifting to do—and because the HOOSIER is the one kitchen convenience which adjusts your work-table to suit your height.

All your necessary tools and utensils are scientifically arranged about a big uncluttered work-table. You do your work seated before this big, clean working space, entirely at your ease.

There Is No Substitute For the HOOSIER

HOOSIER'S most important conveniences are protected by patents. It is these exclusive improvements which make the HOOSIER so superior to anything else that you could buy or build.

And because of the tremendous economies effected in the HOOSIER factory, which is the largest plant in the world producing nothing but labor-saving conveniences for the kitchen, you are able to secure a genuine HOOSIER at much less than the cost of any substitute which a carpenter or contractor might attempt to build into your kitchen for you.

A HOOSIER For Every Home

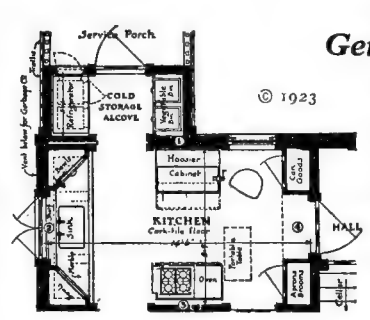
No matter what kind of a kitchen you now have—there is a HOOSIER to fit it. Special models have even been designed to fit in under the kitchen window.

The HOOSIER HIGHBOY, illustrated in this ad, and the latest addition to the HOOSIER line, was especially created for use in the kitchen which is equipped with built-in storage cupboards. It harmonizes particularly well with such an environment, and adds to the usefulness of mere storage-equipment the greatest labor-saving conveniences that can be put into any kitchen.

HOOSIER Is Available On Such Easy Terms You'll Never Miss the Money

There is no longer any reason to go on doing your work in the difficult old-fashioned way.

Let us tell you where you can buy the HOOSIER on such easy terms you will never miss the money. Write for illustrated folder.



Home Builders— Get This FREE BOOK

It contains selected plans of model kitchens submitted in competition by 343 architects and architectural draughtsmen. Each kitchen is shown complete with detailed floor-plan, wall-elevations and perspective. Just mail the coupon.

To the HOOSIER Manufacturing Company, 523 McCook Street, Newcastle, Ind.:
I will appreciate receiving FREE your book of model kitchen plans.
Name.....
Address.....

Ready for the first born

IN THE sacred days anticipating the greatest event in any woman's life, it would be reassuring if everything provided was as high in quality as Johnson's Baby Powder.

This pure, safe powder has been made for over thirty-five years by Johnson & Johnson.

Give your baby the best baby powder, for a new baby's skin is so soft and absorbent that no thinking mother would apply anything but the purest powder—cooling, soothing and restful.

Johnson's is used on more babies than any other powder, because it is *best.* And since Johnson's *is* best, it is the powder to use on *your* baby.

Johnson's Baby Powder

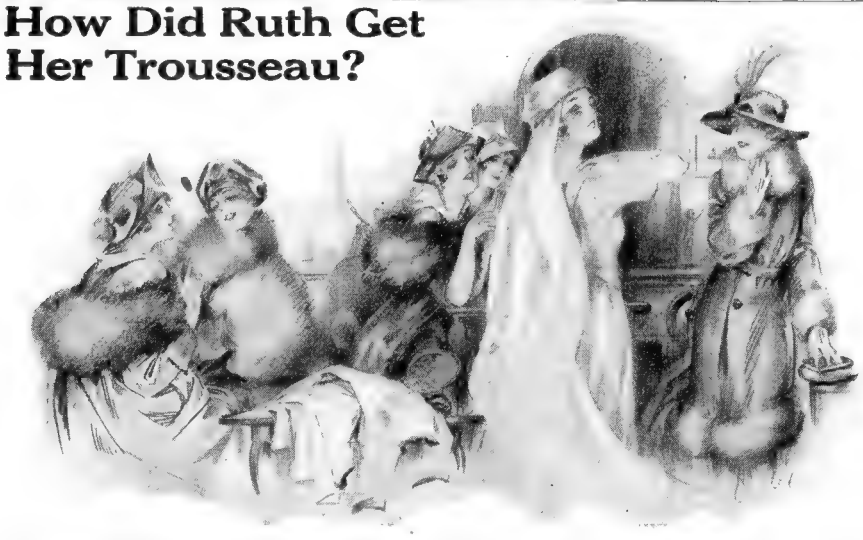
Best for Baby-Best for You

Try the Drug Store First

There is a certain satisfaction in buying at a drug store—you not only are sure of quality but are helping a worthy institution.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON
New Brunswick, N. J.

How Did Ruth Get Her Trousseau?



Had She Found a Fairy Godmother?

For half an hour Ruth had been showing us such a trousseau as we girls had all read about and dreamed of—but thought we could never hope to own.

There was the daintiest lingerie, all wee hand-run tucks, embroidery, and ribbon rosebuds. Sue sat stroking a blue satin negligee, while Eleanor had seized upon two adorable breakfast caps, declaring that they should never again find their way into Ruth's trunk.

And now dainty, wavy-haired Ruth appeared from behind the screen in what she called "Exhibit B." We all gasped, then sat like statues as she trailed prettily toward us in a shimmering mist of moonbeams and frost flowers and dew on a white rose—her wedding gown.

Where *ever* had she gotten it? She was just one of the stenographers at Barnaby's—and we all knew what her salary was, because we worked there, too.

"Ruth!" gasped Eleanor—"who—"

"Me," answered Ruth, too happy to be grammatical.

How She Did It

Then she told us what we'd been dying to know. A year ago, when she'd started planning her trousseau, she'd been so discouraged. The money she had saved out of her salary would buy only a few of the plainest, ready-made things.

But one night the girl next door asked her to help hang a skirt she was making. And that was where Ruth found her Fairy Godmother! Before she went to bed she had written to the Women's College for the interesting booklet "The Power of Dress," which told how she could have three pretty dresses for what she then paid for one. Inside of a week she was learning by mail to cut, fit, and make her own clothes.

The Women's College taught her everything, from how to make the simplest house frocks and blouses to how to design and complete the entrancing wedding gown she had on. It taught her how to study her own type, just what things she ought to wear, and how to copy the lovely frocks shown in the smartest French shops. It taught her not merely to "make clothes," but to add a hundred and one distinctive touches.

The Women's College taught her to select infallibly the best color combinations for any costume or complexion.

And the most wonderful thing is that six months ago Ruth couldn't sew a stitch!

Eleanor and I are enrolled with the Women's College. We're both saving almost two-thirds and getting lovely clothes. We are urging all our girl friends to write for the fascinating booklet, "The Power of Dress," which is sent free upon request.

Why don't *you* get a copy? The convenient coupon will bring it to you without expense or obligation.

Women's College of Arts and Sciences,
Dept. 142, 15th and Wallace, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me your free booklet "The Power of Dress," and tell me how I can have three pretty dresses for what I usually pay for one.

Name.....

Address.....

Fair Play for Our Children

Habits of Proper Sleep, Eating and Play Mean More Happiness for Them and for You

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

IF I seem to lay much stress upon right growth and normal development of children, it is because the type of adult that will be fashioned from a given infant depends on his management during the formative period of his existence—from birth until the sixteenth year.

It is during this time that men and women are made.

Of first importance in the processes that make vigorous, strong bodies, is food—suitable food, but not food alone. Every year a great many children of well-to-do people are brought to me showing various phases of malnutrition and stunted growth because of a general lack of knowledge as to the proper use of food and its administration.

The digestive organs constitute a complex mechanism. From the time the food is taken into the mouth until the food residue passes into the large intestine it is subjected to various digestive enzyms that prepare it to be utilized by the various body structures. Thus the fats are digested by one process; the carbohydrates, such as sugar and starches, by another; and the proteins—meats, eggs and fish—by still another.

A peculiar feature of the entire process is that nature insists on carrying it out in her own way. The fact that time is a requisite to digestion is not appreciated; neither is it generally recognized that rest periods are necessary for the organs that deal with food assimilation. If this were understood, we would not have children brought to us who are fed every hour or two during the day.

The very bad habit of irregular meal hours and of eating between meals supplies me with many ill or defective growing children. Most children after the eighteenth month—and practically all humans after the second year, except the feeble young and feeble old—should have but three meals a day. The habit must be established and adhered to if people are to remain well.

Further, the three meals must be separated by a considerable interval—at least four hours and better four and one-half or five hours from the completion of a meal until another is given. The average meal of a normal child does not pass completely out of the stomach in less than four hours. In those who are overfed or who have habitual constipation the time required for emptying the stomach is longer. The stomach requires rest, and there should be an inter-digestion period of thirty minutes to one hour between each meal, during which time the stomach is empty.

Coaxing, bribing and forcing children to eat is a bad and entirely unnecessary habit—all well children will eat regularly if they have become habituated to the proper time. The child who finishes breakfast at nine o'clock and is given his midday meal at twelve or half-past twelve, is riding for a fall. He has little or no appetite for the midday food, for the very good reason that his stomach still contains a portion of his breakfast. He has an habitually poor appetite, must be coaxed and forced or bribed to eat, and in due time he becomes the patient of some physician because of acute digestive disturbance or defective food assimilation—which means malnutrition, anemia and defective growth.

SUITABLE hours for feeding after the second year are as follows: Breakfast, 7:30 a.m.; midday meal, 12:30 or 1; evening meal, 5:30 or 6 p.m. If this schedule is maintained, if sensible meals are provided with nothing given between meals except perhaps, a little raw fruit in mid-afternoon; and if there is a free, daily bowel evacuation there will be little occasion for medical assistance because of digestive disorders brought about by bad feeding habits.

Children in institutions never have poor appetites or indigestion—they get good food at regular intervals. Children in private life have innumerable digestive disorders—they get good food, usually well prepared, at frequent and irregular intervals, and I have treated thousands of them because of bad habits—bad *family* habits.

Sleep is another very important habit to establish—that is, of sleeping at the right time. Every child from the second year to the sixth should be in bed asleep by half-past six. From the sixth to the tenth year of age he should be asleep at seven in the evening. *Under the tenth year there should be twelve hours of unbroken rest at night.* Many children awaken early and if they do not retire early the requisite hours for sleep are not established; they do not become habituated to it and they pay the penalty. Until the sixth year every child should have the midday after-dinner sleep of one to one and one-half hours. Insufficient sleep is the great cause of so-called nervousness in children.

Insufficient sleep develops the whining, grouchy child. It produces the fretful, the quarrelsome and the disobedient.

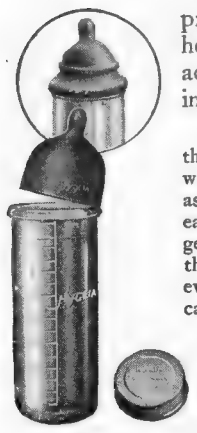
There are few factors in child-management that will put him so thoroughly out of tune with his environment as curtailed sleeping hours. Whether he is a good or a poor sleeper depends on the family discipline.

To children who come to me because of nervousness, irritability, disobedience and anti-social attitudes, I give a rest cure as a part of the treatment. They are kept in bed until half-past nine in the morning and have a two-hour after-midday-meal rest.

For older children of the school age who show nervous exhaustion of a mild degree I establish the above regulations for Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Much that passes for a bad disposition in children is nervous exhaustion due to too strenuous an existence.

Hygeia -the SAFE Nursing Bottle

How an Alaska Indian Guards Her Baby's Life



THE Alaska Indians have learned to protect their babies' health against the menace of the unclean nursing bottle.

They have learned to use the Hygeia Nursing Bottle, whose sides are as straight as a drinking-glass, and as easy to clean. There are no germ-harboring curves, and the mouth is so wide that every inch inside the bottle can be reached.

The mother-like Hygeia breast makes it easy to wean your baby.

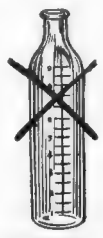
The new, improved Hygeia Nursing Bottle (in circle) will soon be ready for the market The Breast goes over the Cell easily—without effort The circular rib midway in the Breast prevents collapse.

The new food-cell cover is now on sale. Easy to adjust.

Write for free booklet, "*Healthy Babies*"

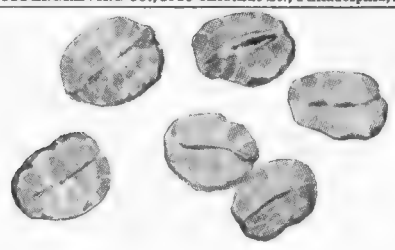
The Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.
1205 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

Mothers—Don't use the old-fashioned, dangerous, narrow-necked bottle



The opening is too small to permit thorough cleansing. So every time you use it—over 2000 times a year—you put baby's health and life in danger.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $3.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.00
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1046 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



See the Bran
Hidden in a dainty

You can see the bran in Pettijohn's, but one can hardly taste it.

That's the purpose of Pettijohn's. To hide the bran in soft rolled wheat—the most flavory wheat that grows. And to bring the bran to those who need it in a delightful form.

All folks need whole wheat and bran. You know that. Here we combine them in delicious flakes—a very tempting dish. This will solve your bran-food problem if you try it. Do so now.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

The Guest of Honor

[*Continued from page 5*]

I didn't exactly lose mine, but I waited for 'im till 'e got his breath back, an' then we was so fur behind the parade that we had to hot-foot it, an' we didn't ketch up with 'em till we got 'most to the cemetery. But now, since the influenza got Al, I'm the last remainin' veteran in this town!" And the "last remainin' veteran" held his withered chest up, puffily.

"Well; but are you goin' to walk all alone in the parade?" asked little Lois, anxiously.

"No, sir! I ain't!" was the very decided answer. "I could of, and I expected to, in spite of my rheumatis' an' the pretty bad limp it gives me. But I won't haf to! Cause this is why: The new mayor himself is goin' to send an ottomobile for me!" The eyes of the audience grew round with awe.

"Just for you?" breathed Elsie.

"You bet it's jest for me—an' for no one else. I'm the last remainin' veteran left!"

"And you'll ride in the parade, all alone—in an automobile—in your blue soldier coat an' brass buttons!" cried Lois excitedly. "Oh, won't that be just fun! I wish I could ride with you!"

"Well," said the old man thoughtfully, "I'll tell you what you do! You an' Elsie get yourselves all dressed up in your white dresses, an' just before the parade is due to start, you come over here—an' I won't say nothin' to nobody about it beforehand, but when the ottomobile comes, you both jump in quick after me, before they get a chance to shut the door, an' I'll take you with me in the parade!"

Almost stunned at their good fortune, the children lingered to talk about it excitedly, until their mother called them home to supper. The old man tightened his last button. Then, his sewing finished, he hung the coat with loving care, on its accustomed peg in the closet. He wouldn't bother to eat tonight, he thought, and he sat down in his old rocking-chair by the window, and closed his eyes. He did not remember that he had ever felt so tired before. Then, suddenly, his eyes flew open. For just a tiny moment, he had forgotten all about its being Decoration Day tomorrow, and that he was to ride in state, in "an ottomobile sent by the new mayor!"

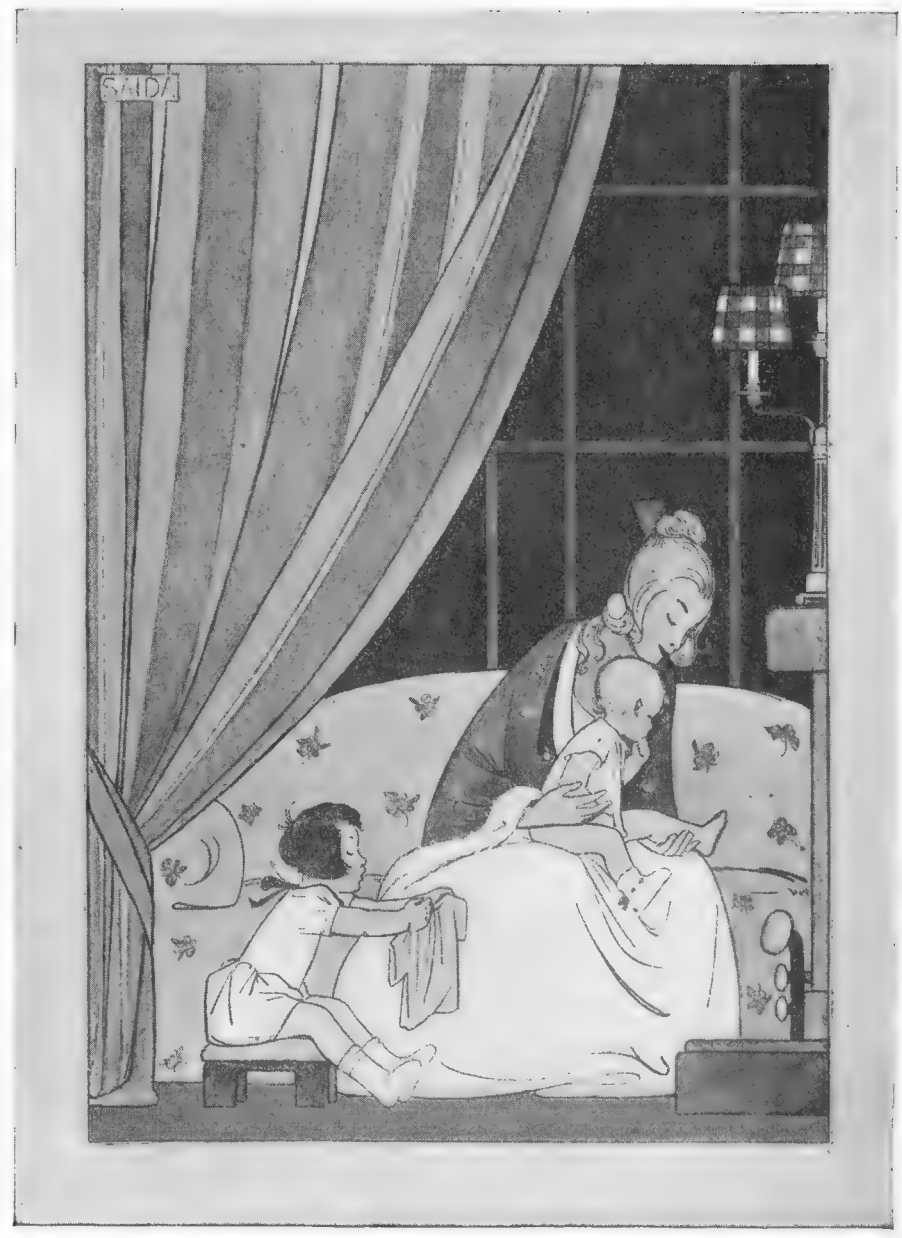
This would never do! He must get himself some supper; or he would not have strength to polish up his brass buttons, and the brass cord around his hat! Wearily, the old man got up, and set about preparing his simple meal. For two months, now, he had been living entirely alone—ever since his wife, Maria, had died. Two long, long months! But, for several years before that, he had been housekeeper and cook and nurse as well; for Maria had been bedridden, and in her sweet old voice she had taught her husband how to do everything about the house.

There were times when his heart cried out so for Maria that he called her name loudly and peremptorily through the neat, empty kitchen—to be answered by nothing but the smug, nasal twang of the eight-day clock, ticking imperturbably on the narrow mantel. Tonight, the stupid, heartless ticking became too much for him, and opening the glass door with a trembling hand, he stopped the clock. After trying a bite of supper, he pushed the rest away untasted. "I guess I ain't hungry, after all," he said to himself, as he gathered up the few dishes. He washed them and put them away without conscious thought; and then, lighting his lamp, set to work to polish the buttons on his Grand Army coat.

AT last, his work quite finished and the coat and hat carefully brushed, the old man put out his lamp and went to bed. Decoration Day dawned radiantly clear, and very, very hot. Decoration Days are prone to be hot; but this was the most torrid that James Ely could remember in all his many years of celebrating.

They had not told him precisely at what hour the "ottomobile" would be at his door; but he knew the procession was to start at nine-thirty from the Public Square, so he thought it best to be ready by nine. He did not want a veteran of the Grand Army to keep these young whippersnappers waiting! For ten minutes he sat happily in his rocking-chair by the window, watching the neighbors go by toward the Public Square. Soon they would be looking at "The Last Remainin' Veteran," as he rode by them in his ottomobile! Presently he became restless, and began to shuffle up and down the small kitchen. He remembered poor old Al again, and wished Al might have lived to ride with him in the ottomobile. He decided that if there were time he would go out and pick some flowers to put on Al's grave. Of course Al ought to have flowers on his grave on Decoration Day. They would decorate his grave anyway, doubtless; but it would be nice to put something of James's own there—Maria would have liked him to do it for Al; she never forgot those things.

[*Turn to page 53*]



As you slip on the warm little shirt

Is it comfortable to Baby's tender skin? Is it soft and unshrunken?

Each day the wee shirts must be washed. If you wash them in Fab-suds for a year and a day, they will still be soft—not matted up or scratchy. For Fab is made of cocoanut-oil.

Cocoanut-oil—you know how pure and white it is. It makes Fab completely soluble. No bits of soap stay in Fab-suds to stick to the wool and shrink or mat it.

Cocoanut-oil is put in Fab to make every freshly washed shirt soft and comforting to the tenderest baby skin.

Over 115 years' experience in making fine soaps has gone into the production of Fab. No effort has been spared to make these cocoanut-oil flakes safe for washing baby shirts and flannels.

For knitted sacques, bootees, night clothes, day clothes—all fine things—you can be sure of the cleansing suds of the cocoanut-oil flakes.

COLGATE & CO.
199 Fulton Street
NEW YORK

FAB

A color print of this Saida (H. Willebeek Le Mair) painting for six cents in stamps. Address Dept. F. L.

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Tomatoes 1 hour at 250°

Angel Food Cake 1 hour at 300°

Roast Ham, rapid cooking: 15 minutes to the pound at 325°; slow or "Whole Meal" cooking 5 hours at 250°

Pumpkin Pie 1 hr. at 375°

Parker House Rolls 10 minutes at 400°

To Cook without Ever a Failure!

To Cook without Ever a Failure—that's what every woman would like to be able to do. No more burnt foods to throw away. No more underdone foods to spoil the appetite. No more waste of fuel, time, labor.

To Cook without Ever a Failure—to be able to roast meats, boil vegetables, bake pies, cakes, biscuits, all in the oven of a gas range—and without *ever* "peeking in to see if *it's* done," without *ever* fussing with the burners, without *ever* a worry about the final results—*remarkable!*

To Cook without Ever a Failure—to be able to place a Whole Meal in the oven at one time—a roast of meat, several kinds of vegetables (some to be baked, others boiled), a pudding or a cake—then to go miles away for the entire afternoon, and when you return find everything deliciously done and ready to serve—*wonderful!*

To Cook without Ever a Failure—to be able to pack glass jars with delicious fresh fruits and vegetables, place them in the oven, light the burners, turn a Red Wheel to a certain temperature, and in an hour return, tighten the lids and have your canning done, better, quicker and easier than you ever did it before—*glorious!*

Now, if you'd really like to be able to do *all* these things "without ever a failure," you must know the *exact* Time and Temperature* required to cook each article and BE ABLE TO REGULATE AND CONTROL THE TEMPERATURE OF THE OVEN AT THE CORRECT HEAT—and that's just what the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator enables you to do.

Wherever gas is used, you'll find dealers who sell gas ranges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. Ask the nearest dealer to prove to you by demonstration that the above things can be done by any housewife who owns one of these wonderful gas stoves.

**The leading Cookery authorities now give exact Time and Temperature in all their recipes. For information of this kind see women's national publications and Direction Book which accompanies each Lorain-equipped Gas Range.*

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 155 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these

Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 155 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free booklet, "An Easier Day's Work."
I have checked my favorite stove.

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Regulator:

[ ] NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
[ ] DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
[ ] DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
[ ] QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
[ ] RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
[ ] CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

1923

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Don't Be Afraid of the Cost!

Modern Household Equipment Is an Investment Which Pays Big Dividends in Happiness

By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough

WHENEVER I have advocated the purchase of the more expensive household equipment to the woman whose husband's income is small, I have met with the response—"We can't afford it."

This comment always sets me to asking myself, "Can she not afford to be a better wife and mother? Does she appreciate the importance of her business?" And I generally end my philosophizing by the optimistic conclusion that whatever a woman's financial condition, all things are possible to her if she has the will and the pluck.

In her effort to make her husband's salary go as far as possible, a woman may feel that she has not the right to spend his hard-earned money to make her own work easier. It does not strike her as a square deal. She therefore stints herself in the matter of household appliances, and before she realizes it, the practical things begin to swamp her. The cooking and dishwashing and cleaning occupy all her time and thought, yet she continues in the old ways, conscientiously believing that by so doing she contributes in the greatest degree to the well-being of those for whom she is responsible.

Now the woman who clings to this antiquated view has the wrong conception of her job. She doesn't realize that she is the head of the most important business in the world. She does not know that her work is the creation of healthier, more intelligent, more honorable, more efficient men and women of the future. Nothing could be more tremendously vital than that. Helping her husband to a happier, more successful, more satisfying life, and training her children to be good useful citizens is the highest attainment possible for any woman.

But today, to attain her aim, a woman must conform to the new order. As the manager of a big enterprise, she must govern her home on a scientific basis. And to do this, there is no better way than to pattern her methods after those of the successful business man who adopts every means to release his own time and energy so he may employ these assets in the furtherance of the big things of his business. This is good business policy—that is all. He knows that the more help he has in the operation of the material concerns of his work—the mechanism of it—the more chance he has to push it to greater success. He looks upon all expenditures that further this as valuable investments. While he may have to make sacrifices to install new inventions, new systems, new machinery, he knows that all the money, and much more, will soon come back to him in the opportunity for expansion. A man I knew started to manufacture down quilts by employing two or three women to tie them by hand in his home. He is now the head of a tremendous concern operating many mills. Where would he have been if he had kept to the old tedious way of tying by hand?

Surely the modern housewife's enterprise is not of less consideration. If she is the manager of the most vital calling in the world, the mechanism of her enterprise should progress with that of all other world interests.

A TREMENDOUS load may be lifted from her shoulders by the wise purchase of good standard equipment. This, today, is the last word in the solution of her problems. And her right to it is indisputable. Not just to make work "easy," to get time to "play," to provide hours for "idling," does she purchase a vacuum cleaner, a washing machine, an electric iron and ironer, an electrically driven sewing machine, a kitchen cabinet. She spends her husband's money for these things because they are a real investment in her business—in health, strength, mentality, joy, satisfaction, not only for herself but for her entire family.

The initial cost of a washing machine, for instance, is inclined to loom high in the mind of the woman of small means. She looks upon it as an extravagance. But face the facts. She must spend in the neighborhood of $150. Now if she employs a weekly laundress at $3.60, this means that the wages saved for about forty-two weeks will pay for a washer that will last almost indefinitely. These appliances, also, may be bought on the installment plan which eases the expenditure. Right in your own home town you can probably make the arrangements, as it is always best to deal with nearby agents when possible. Repairs may be made easily and parts procured when accidents occur. In all this again, you are following the precedent of the business man's policy. He buys on credit and he buys in the nearest market.

The loss of time and waste of energy in laundry work occur principally over that back-breaking contrivance, the washboard. By eliminating it and letting electricity do the work, the process is speeded and your muscles and nerves are spared.

A vacuum cleaner is another device that you should purchase by weekly payments, saved by hook or crook from the "house money" or other funds. Your lungs are saved from irritation, your strength is conserved for the long walk into the woods with the children, and an hour or two may be added to your reading time.

DO you want to give to your home the same intelligent care that your husband gives to his business? Send for our booklets: "The Modern Home, How to Equip and Manage It;" and "Spending The Family Income." Ten cents each. Address: Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th St., New York City.

A Gift for Baby

This offers a free test of two important aids to baby's health and happiness. A trial can of Bauer & Black Baby Talc and cake of Bauer & Black Baby Soap—scientific comfort creators which embody new principles in infants' skin care. They overcome the *cause* of rash and irritations. Less crying, more laughing—new comfort for your baby. Results are amazing. Simply send your name and address. Trial packages will come postpaid. Or, you can obtain a supply at your druggist.

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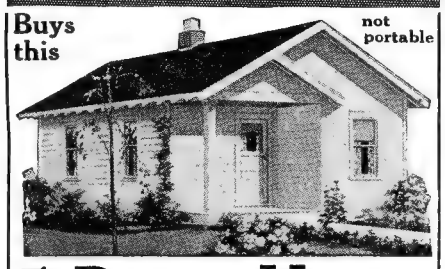

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The Guest of Honor

[*Continued from page 51*]

With nervous haste he stumbled down the front steps and around to the side of the house, where bloomed his small flower garden of perennials. The old man fell to picking flowers as fast as his stiff back would let him. His grayish, wrinkled hands fluttered weakly among the fresh, gay blossoms, until he had gathered a large bunch of rich red peonies—all he had time for, he thought. Clutching them tightly in both hands, he sat down on his little porch. A moment later, Elsie and Lois, crisp and starched in their white dresses, came running over.

"It's time to go, Mr. Ely!" cried Elsie. "Where's the automobile?"

"Oh, it'll be here in a minute," answered the old man. "You better come up an' set on the steps; you'll get your shoes all dirty if you stand down there with so many people passin' by an' kickin' up the dust!" So the children came and sat down, and all three of them waited.

"Goin' to the parade?" a neighbor called as he went by.

"Come along with *us*, won't you?" shouted another.

"Can't," the old man said. Then he added, with a proud ring in his voice, "the mayor's goin' to send an ottomobile for me to go in the parade in!" Presently music was heard in the direction of the Public Square. Nearly everybody seemed to have gone past, and the little street was almost deserted.

Elsie jumped up and shook out her fluffy skirts.

"I don't believe you're goin' in an ottomobile at *all!*" she cried indignantly. A surprised look—the look of hurt, helpless old age—came into the bright blue eyes of the last remaining veteran. But he said nothing. The child went on stormily: "I believe you made it all up! Grown people are always makin' things up!"

"Oh, Elsie! How mean of you!" protested little Lois, reaching a tender arm around the neck of the Grand Army coat. "I believe every word Mr. Ely told us!"

"Well, *I* don't believe it," repeated Elsie, "an' I won't wait another minute. Everybody's gone, an' there's Mama comin' out of the house. I'm goin' with *her!* So there!"

And by the time the words were out, Elsie was already half-way across the street.

Lois cuddled up to her elderly friend. "*I* don't care," she said, comfortingly. "*I'll* stay, anyway—an' we'll have all the more room in the automo—"

"Lo-*is!*" called her mother's voice, firmly. "You come right over here to me this minute! Everybody's gone! Come on, quick!"

The tone was of one accustomed to being obeyed without question or comment. So, reluctantly, and with a painful, backward-gazing smile, Lois was drawn across the street by a force of habit that she did not know how to combat. "Everybody's gone!" she called over her shoulder in a small, pitiful, apologetic voice. Still the veteran sat on his little porch, clutching the fast wilting peonies in his knobby hands. The street was quiet, except for the martial music not more than two blocks away. At last, a belated neighbor came by in a car loaded to the doors. "Hello, Jim," he called, stopping short with a sudden lurch that threatened to land his passengers on the pavement. "Ain't you goin' to the pe-rade?"

"Yes," cried the veteran. "The mayor's goin' to send an ottomobile for me." His voice trembled ever so slightly, but he smiled a little, and kept time to the music with one square-toed foot.

"Oh, ferget it!" cried the well-meaning neighbor. "The marchin's started already! You better not wait! *Everybody's gone!* Come along with us—always room for one more, you know. We can squeeze you in somehow. Glad to have you!"

"No," said the veteran firmly, getting up out of his chair at last. "The mayor said he'd send an ottomobile for me. I'm much obliged to you; but I *won't go no other way.*" (The bright red spots flamed on his cheek bones again, and his eyes snapped). "Not if I stay here the rest o' my life!"

WHEN the car had gone, he still stood there, alone in the deserted street, waiting. Waiting and listening to the music, which presently began to grow fainter. At attention he stood, till the last thin strain had melted into nothing. Then there crept into his eyes the look of a heartbroken little old child.

"It's so hot—I guess I'll go in an' rest a while, till they come," he mumbled to himself, good soldier as he was, and game to the last. Forgetting that he still held the wilting peonies, he tottered into the house with them. Meanwhile, the procession wound its way through the little town, as such processions have from time immemorial. But, in this case, there were innovations. It was the young mayor's

[*Turn to page 54*]

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Seven hundred thousand women now do their housework with Eureka Vacuum Cleaners. They no longer beat rugs and carpets. They no longer pull down portieres or tear up stair runners. They are spared the drudgery of taking down beds and pounding mattresses. They don't have to upset the whole house for days at a time, to make it fresh and clean.

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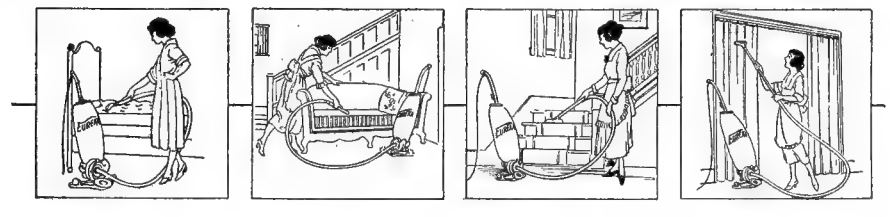

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The Guest of Honor

[*Continued from page 53*]

first Decoration Day in the capacity of local political leader, and he was anxious to make a hit. Therefore he bustled about, very full of business. It was his idea to have Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts in the parade—also floats, with statuesque girls in Greek robes, standing shakily on them. Then there were cars full of councilmen, cars full of firemen, cars full of a great many people and things that could hardly be said to belong to Decoration Day.

The mayor's mind—never very capacious—was on a hundred matters at once, chief of which was the speech he was to make when they should reach the soldiers' monument at the other end of town. Before he quite realized it, they were there. The procession halted and a voice—presumably his own—began:

"Fellow townsmen! We are called together to commemorate," etc., etc. The mayor spoke unfalteringly, until he came to the inevitable phrase in every Decoration Day speech:

"Our distinguished veterans of the Civil War . . ." There, without volition, he came to a dead stop. He had suddenly remembered something. All too late there flashed to his mind his lightly given invitation to old James Ely, to ride in the parade in an automobile. He had certainly meant to do it, but—

"Friends," he cried, abandoning his carefully thought-out speech in a rush of words, "a dreadful thing has happened. I promised our only real Grand Army veteran, James Ely, he should ride in the parade, and I *forgot* him. I forgot to send for him. I'm—I'm awfully sorry; but it—it isn't too late, even now, if someone will volunteer to go get him. We'll wait right here, as we are." Instantly there was a whirr of motors. Apparently it was going to be a race to see who could get to James Ely first.

"Wait a minute," called the mayor, above the racket. "We've got to make it worth his while to come, now, after forgetting him like this! Let's give him something! Somebody pass the hat!"

"Better still, beggin' your pardon," interrupted the fire chief, "we men got a silver lovin' cup at the fire house we was goin' to have for a prize in the games this afternoon. 'Tain't bin inscribed yet—just says, *'The Best Man Wins. Decoration Day, 1923. From the Town of Winchester.'* We was goin' to put the name of the fireman who'd win it on afterwards. We can buy more cups, but we can't buy more veterans. Old Ely c'n have it—can't he, boys?" A roar of "sures" and "you bets" rose from the crowd.

"He'll never know the difference," went on the inspired fire chief, "an' we'll tell him there wasn't time to put his name on, or somethin'!"

"Great!" cried the mayor. "I won't forget this, boys! I'll make good to you on it. One of you get the cup, while we're sending for the old man."

THE leader of the race to find James Ely called gaily, as he ran up the steps, and in through the open door of the veteran's little house:

"Where are you, Mr. Ely? Hidin'? Thought we'd *forgotten* you, did you? Not *much!* Couldn't have the parade, 'thout *you!* The mayor sent—" Then he stopped. On a small sofa in the kitchen lay the Last Remaining Veteran, the gay red peonies still clasped in his hands, his snow-white hair and his blue army coat completing the colors of his country. His eyes were closed. At first they thought the old man was dead. But the wilted red peonies rose and fell with slow regularity on the blue army coat. And beads of perspiration stood out in a damp little semicircle below his carefully brushed white hair. With awkward tenderness they shook him awake and bundled him into the waiting car. With absurd contradictions they hurriedly told him they had to leave him till last "on account of the *surprise,*" "'cause you're the most important person," "'cause you're oldest an' best," "'cause" anything at all that came into their not very brilliant heads to offer as excuse. But they need not have been so anxious. Mr. Ely was simple-hearted. Also he was old. When they came for him after all, in an "ottomobile sent by the new mayor," his cup of happiness was quite full. Then, suddenly, when they were within a block or two of the soldiers' monument, his huddled old figure sat up very straight. The band was coming toward them, blaring joyously. As the musicians reached the automobile they turned quickly around and began to retrace their steps, playing more triumphantly than ever. With startled eyes, the old man looked quickly from one to another of those who were with him in the car. There was an agony of questioning in his blue gaze, but he could not speak.

"Yes sir," answered one of his escort huskily. "It's in honor of you, all right, I guess. They're—they're givin' you a guard of honor up to the soldiers' monument, where the mayor's waitin' for you." The old man rose shakily and tried to stand at salute; but anxious hands pulled him down again.

"You'll fall out, sure as guns, if you do that," somebody said. So perforce he sat, his hand held stiffly to his hat-brim, the slow old tears trickling steadily down his face. At the edge of the crowd, someone cheered. Then, as the car wove its way through the mass of people and the tear-swept face of the old soldier became visible to everyone, the mob cheered madly and wildly to hide their own emotion from each other. The car came to a halt before the mayor's stand.

"Mr. Ely," began the mayor, with a queer catch in his voice, "perhaps you thought we had forgotten you; but—you—you see we were arranging a little surprise for you—a silver loving cup from the town of Winchester which no one deserves better than you, who fought so bravely—so bravely years ago—and who are now our Guest of Honor. Your name is not yet on the cup as the jeweler did not send it in time, so I am going to suggest that we have it inscribed, 'James Ely, The Last Remaining Veteran.'" Amid more cheering, the old man rose to his feet to accept the shining cup. Grasping it in awed fingers, he tried to thank the mayor and the people. But no words would come. For a moment he could only smile rather quiveringly. Then, still with the smile about his lips, he cleared his throat and with tremulous jauntiness said: *"I* knew you'd never forgit me! *Course* not! But I didn't know you was goin' to give me this here handsome cup.

"I—I thank ye—the Grand Army thanks ye—I wish Maria an' Al could see it. I'd like all my friends to see it; but they're all dead—I mean the old ones. You—" Just then his eye was caught by the flutter of a white dress on the opposite edge of the crowd. "I've got one friend, though, I'd like to show this cup to. It's that little girl over there"—pointing a shaky forefinger toward the fluttering white dress which seemed to be dancing gaily up and down. "I've got one little friend I'd like to show this cup to—cause she b'lieved, same as I did, that you'd never forgit to come for me. Mr. Mayor, if it isn't askin' too much, couldn't those two little girls over there ride in the ottomobile with the cup an' me?" When at last all the exercises were over, and the procession started on, it is hard to say which sat the most stiffly at attention; the "Last Remainin' Veteran," or the white-starched little figures on either side of him—or the huge silver cup shining proudly on his knee.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
2963..45	2986..30	3009..30	3032..30	3055..45	3078..45	3101..40	3124..45	3147..30	3170..20
2964..45	2987..45	3010..45	3033..45	3056..45	3079..45	3102..30	3125..45	3148..45	3171..45
2965..30	2988..25	3011..45	3034..45	3057..25	3080..45	3103..25	3126..20	3149..30	3172..45
2966..45	2989..45	3012..45	3035..45	3058..45	3081..45	3104..30	3127..20	3150..20	3173..40
2967..25	2990..45	3013..40	3036..35	3059..45	3082..45	3105..25	3128..40	3151..45	3174..45
2968..40	2991..25	3014..40	3037..30	3060..45	3083..25	3106..25	3129..45	3152..45	3175..45
2969..40	2992..45	3015..40	3038..35	3061..30	3084..45	3107..30	3130..40	3153..45	3176..45
2970..30	2993..25	3016..30	3039..45	3062..25	3085..45	3108..30	3131..45	3154..45	3177..45
2971..25	2994..45	3017..30	3040..45	3063..35	3086..45	3109..25	3132..40	3155..45	3178..35
2972..25	2995..45	3018..45	3041..45	3064..25	3087..45	3110..25	3133..45	3156..30	3179..25
2973..30	2996..45	3019..35	3042..40	3065..35	3088..35	3111..20	3134..45	3157..45	3180..15
2974..25	2997..45	3020..45	3043..45	3066..35	3089..45	3112..25	3135..45	3158..30	3181..40
2975..25	2998..45	3021..40	3044..45	3067..45	3090..45	3113..30	3136..45	3159..25	3182..45
2976..25	2999..45	3022..45	3045..30	3068..45	3091..45	3114..25	3137..45	3160..45	3183..35
2977..25	3000..45	3023..45	3046..30	3069..45	3092..45	3115..25	3138..45	3161..35	3184..25
2978..25	3001..45	3024..45	3047..30	3070..45	3093..45	3116..15	3139..45	3162..35	3185..20
2979..25	3002..45	3025..45	3048..30	3071..45	3094..45	3117..45	3140..45	3163..35	3186..35
2980..25	3003..30	3026..45	3049..35	3072..45	3095..45	3118..45	3141..45	3164..35	3187..25
2981..25	3004..25	3027..25	3050..30	3073..45	3096..40	3119..15	3142..25	3165..45	3188..25
2982..35	3005..45	3028..25	3051..30	3074..45	3097..45	3120..30	3143..30	3166..45	3189..45
2983..30	3006..30	3029..45	3052..45	3075..30	3098..40	3121..45	3144..30	3167..45	3190..45
2984..45	3007..30	3030..45	3053..40	3076..25	3099..25	3122..45	3145..30	3168..45	3191..45
2985..45	3008..30	3031..30	3054..40	3077..45	3100..40	3123..45	3146..45	3169..45	3192..40

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LOOKING one's best all the time—wearing the years with gracious charm. That this might be possible to every woman was the ideal which inspired the creation of Armand's wonderful Cold Cream Powder.

Armand is bringing the happiness of a lovely appearance to thousands of women the world over. For Armand Cold Cream Powder is truly ideal. It gives you all the qualities you most desire in a face powder. Because of the Armand process of blending cold cream with a wonderfully delicate powder, Armand Cold Cream Powder is marvelously adherent. It is smoother and softer than ordinary powders. Its tints are much more natural. And it blends into the skin, giving it the charm of a beautiful complexion.

Armand Cold Cream Powder is always $1, everywhere, in the little pink and white box. It is important to get the genuine—the original cold cream powder. You can only do this by asking for Armand by name.

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Now is the time to wash your blankets. A clean blanket is practically moth-proof

To wash your blankets at home without shrinking or matting them~ *Laundered this way they last for years*

This very month, before putting them away, is the time to wash your blankets. They must be put away clean, of course, to protect them from moths.

It is the soiled places on wool and wool nap that moths attack. A clean blanket is almost moth-proof.

Try washing your blankets at home this year. Lux makes the laundering of even your big, handsome ones safe.

Blankets will last for years if washed according to the directions given below. A single careless washing ruins them, for wool is as sensitive as a baby's skin. Strong soap or rubbing will shrink and felt wool so that it becomes harsh and scratchy.

Lux won't shrink your blankets. It is absolutely pure—there is no free alkali or any other ingredient in it to hurt the delicate wool fibres.

Great blanket manufacturer tells why he recommends Lux

The manufacturer of the finest blankets in America, expert in the care of blankets, says "Extra care must be taken in the choice of soaps used to wash wool. Harsh soaps shrink and mat it, turn it yellow and weaken the fibre.

"The tests and experiments we have made have demonstrated that Lux is an ideal product for washing blankets. It will cleanse the finest woolens with entire safety."

This blanket manufacturer's experience has been repeated by each one of the makers of fine fabrics listed below. All had thorough washing tests made by a famous university.

Sheer fabrics and colorful garments were given the number of washings they would normally receive. There was no loss of color when Lux was used, no coarsening or shrinking of any fabric.

As a result all of these manufacturers are recommending Lux to their customers. They say that if a fabric is safe in pure water it is safe in Lux

The safe way to wash blankets

A rich, live suds throughout is essential. Use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water.

Dissolve Lux in very hot water; whisk to a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Souse blankets up and down and squeeze suds through. If suds die down, add more Lux. Never rub blankets. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters of same temperature as suds. Fold evenly and run through loose wringer or fold and hang dripping. Stretch and pull blanket into shape at intervals during the drying process

The new way to wash dishes

Won't roughen hands

Lux for washing dishes! *At last* there is a way to wash dishes without coarsening and reddening your hands.

Even though your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won't irritate them—won't make them rough and scratchy. These pure, gentle flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! It sounds incredible—but try it! A single package of Lux does at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes for almost three weeks.

Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux.

MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF FINE FABRICS SAY "WASH THEM IN LUX"

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Send today for free booklet of expert laundering advice—"How to launder silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens." Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 48, Cambridge, Mass.

Eris

[*Continued from page 32*]

knees and framed his drawn face between his hands. "No, I'm not in love," he said as though to himself.

They discussed other matters. But now and then Annan drifted back to love, and his ignorance of it.

"I suppose every fellow stands a chance of landing there sooner or later."

"You write about it. Don't you know?"

"Certainly. I'm familiar with some phases of it. The phenomena are well known."

"The various sorts of love and its aftermath that you write about are enough to scare any man off that stuff," remarked Coltfoot.

"Those are the sorts I've seen. . . . Or the cut and dried hypocrisy of my own kind and kindred. I've seen darned few cases of satisfactory and enduring love—darned few, Mike."

"Why not write about one such incident?" After a silence Annan lifted his eyes and gave him a haggard look.

"I'm afraid of Christmas-card stuff, I guess. . . . Mike, I've always been afraid of it. I've had a morbid fear of weakness. And do you know I believe *that* was the real weakness? I *am* weak!"

"Barry, you've merely had things come to you too easily. You've had your own way too much. You're persuasive; you get it. You've been, perhaps, a little self-complacent, a bit smug, a trifle cocksure. All strength is in danger of such phases. But weakness never is. Weakness *must* assert itself or silently acquiesce in its own visible inferiority. For the bragger is the weakling, not he who does not need to assert himself. And always there lies a danger in the reticence of strength that, unawares, complacency and self-satisfaction may taint it, and strength go stale."

AFTER a silence: "My stuff has been pretty narrow, I guess," muttered Annan.

"Narrow calibre, perhaps; but powerful. You can shoot a bigger gun and bigger projectile, Barry. I don't know what your limits may be, but I know they're wide—if you care to range them."

"That's nice of you, Mike. I guess I'll feel like working, pretty soon. As for falling in love, I suppose I'll know it if I do. Don't you think so?" Coltfoot took his hat and stick.

"I'm not sure. I don't believe the thing conforms always to specific gravity or Troy weight or carats or decimals. I don't believe there's such a thing as love in elemental supply. I think it's always found in combination—endless combinations. And how you're to recognize it, candidly, I don't know."

"By the way, how is your little waif, the Goddess of Discord, getting on with Smull?"

"All right, I fancy."

"Well, the gossip is that she's sure fire. Frank Donnell believes in her. I've heard that Smull is crazy about her and stands to back her to the limit. I'm sorry—rather."

"About what?" asked Annan sharply.

"Well, in Frank Donnell she had a gentleman. But Creevy is a vulgar fellow. His staff isn't so much, either. Too bad the little girl couldn't have remained in Betsy Blythe's company. It was a decent bunch."

"Isn't hers?"

"Oh—I guess it's endurable. Creevy is a rat. So's Emil Shunk. Marc Blither and Harry Quiss are just common and harmless. Of course if anybody offends your little protegée Albert Smull will do murder."

"You don't like Smull, I see," said Annan.

"Neither do you."

When Coltfoot had gone Annan went to the telephone. And sat there for an hour without calling anybody. He had done this every day for two weeks. Sometimes he did it several times a day.

Mrs. Sniffen knocked and asked him what he wished for dinner.

"I don't know," he said absently.

She stood waiting for a while. "Will you ring, sir, when you decide?"

"Yes, I will, Xantippe. Thank you."

After she had been gone for some time, "Well," he breathed, "I—I can't call her and keep any self-respect. I simply can't do it. She's through with me anyway. I suppose I acted like a cad. She wasn't the girl to understand such affairs. She is better than such things. Or too stupid for them. What a hiding she gave me for my book! But the other was worse—I haven't any self-respect when I remember that. If I call her now, she can't take any more away from me, as she's got all I had."

He came back to the telephone. He could feel the painful color hot in his face as he unhooked the receiver. In a hard voice he called her number.

"Now," he said with an oath, "she can do her damndest!" She did.

Hattie's voice answered him: "Who is it, please?"

"Mr. Annan. Is Miss Odell at home?"

"I'll inquiah, suh. Please to hold the wiah." He could hear her fat feet clattering away along the corridor. An endless, endless wait, almost a quarter of a minute. Steps again on the tiled corridor—not Hattie's; then the composed voice of Eris:

"Mr. Annan?"

"Yes. Do you—are you quite all right?" he faltered.

"Quite, thank you. Are you?"

"Yes, I'm fine. I'm so glad you're all right. Do you mind my calling up?"

"I hoped you would," she replied calmly.

"D—did you?—really?" he stammered, unable to believe his ears.

"Naturally. I've wondered whether you have been too busy to call me. Have you?"

"Not exactly—busy. Do you—suppose I—I could see you, Eris?"

"Did you suppose you couldn't?" she asked in a low voice.

"I didn't know. . . . When may I?"

"Probably," she said, "you have an engagement this evening—"

"No! I'm not doing anything at all!"

"Then, will you come?"

"Yes. What time?"

"*Any* time."

"Do you—do you mean *now!*" he cried, enchanted.

Her reply was slightly indistinct. "Yes, as soon as you possibly can—if you would be—so kind—"

AGAIN the low-hanging sun at the western end of Jane Street, cherry-red in the river mist, washing out all shabbiness and squalor in a rosy bath of light.

Annan ran up the stairs; knocked.

"Hello, Hattie," he tried to say, scarcely conscious of voice at all, or sight or hearing.

"Go right in, Mr. Annan, suh—"

He was already going, not knowing any longer what he was about. The sun-glare on the windows dazzled him a moment before he saw her. She was standing at the further end of the room. He went slowly toward her, not knowing how they were to meet after ages of dead days. Then, still knowing nothing, he took her into his arms. Her mouth warmed slightly against his.

As his embrace tightened, her hands hovered close to his shoulders, touched them, crept upward.

Suddenly the girl strained him to her with all her strength. In the silence of passionate possession, her lips melted to his, then her head dropped on his arm with a sob.

"I was lonely—you made me feel lonely. Where have you been?"

"I've been in love with you—" She released herself but clung to his hand. They came together again, sank down on the lounge together.

"I've been lonely," she repeated. "It's been deathly lonely without you. I'm tired—of the pain of it. . . ."

Dusk in the room turned golden with a rosy tinge. They had not spoken. His gaze never left her face. At intervals she rested her head against him, confused by the dire ruin that once had been her mind before love burst in, disordering everything. And, as this man now was to know everything that she knew, Eris prepared to bare her untried heart. She offered her lips first; looked into his eyes with a vague and virgin curiosity.

". . . . And after you went out," she continued, "what had happened seemed suddenly to demoralize me. I was exasperated. I tore your rose from my belt and threw it after you. I slammed the door and bolted it—as though I could bolt out what had happened to me!" She laughed and looked happily into his eyes. "Barry! As though I could bolt it out!"

He kissed her hands; her lips caressed his bent head.

". . . . And, do you know," she went on, "I even swore at you?"

"Swore at—" Laughter checked him.

"Yes, I damned you. I knew how to. They swear hard on farms. Oh, Barry, I swore at you like a hired-man!"

"You dear," he said, "you dear!"

"You say that now, but you nearly drove me mad that evening. You *did!*"

"I was half-crazy myself, Eris—"

"Were you!" she pleaded with swift tenderness.

"Oh, Barry, you are *thin!* You look *ill.* I was frightened when you came in this evening—" She drew his head to her again, caressed it, tender, penitent.

"You are *not* well. Can I do anything?"

"You're going to feed, me, presently—"

"You make a joke of it; but you're *ill,* and I did it!"

"Blessed child, I'll be so fat in a week that I'll waddle like Hattie!"

[*Continued in the June* McCALL'S]

They Did This

To find the way to prettier teeth

This is how millions found the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. You see glistening teeth, as one result, wherever you look today.

The same free test is at your command. If you don't know this method, try it now. Watch the changes that it brings. Then judge by what you see and feel if you and yours should use it.

Remove the film

It is film that makes teeth dingy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The film absorbs stains, then forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old-way brushing left much film intact, so beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. Tooth troubles were almost universal—most of them due to film.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film.

Two methods now

Two methods were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

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Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Today careful people of some fifty nations employ it, largely through dental advice.

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Pepsodent brings other effects which modern research proves essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents. There has come a new era in dental hygiene.

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The way to know these benefits is to make this ten-day test. Then judge by what you see and feel. Let your own mirror tell you if this new way excels the old.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film coats disappear.

The effects are quick and convincing. Give to yourself and your family this chance to see and know them. Cut out the coupon now.

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What About Canned Foods?

They Are Wholesome and Nutritious, but Add to Them Salads, Milk, and the Leafy Vegetables

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

TEN or fifteen years ago there was considerable prejudice against canned foods. Even today, one hears them spoken of in slighting tones.

At the outset we want to state that canned foods, provided, of course, they have been properly treated, as is usually the case, are highly wholesome. They have an established place in the American diet. The idea that they are necessarily inferior has found no support in modern research by perfected methods.

Canned fruits and vegetables, as well as canned meats, have been so skilfully handled by the modern canner as to preserve the attractiveness of appearance, as well as the delicious flavors of select articles as they come from the farm. Formerly this was by no means so generally true as it is now.

Everyone knows how frequently illness results from eating unwholesome food. Formerly this was called "ptomaine poisoning." Today it is the usual practice to speak of such attacks as "food poisoning." The condition is not due to the ingestion of chemical substances called ptomaines, but is, in its most common form a bacterial disease caused by eating infected, spoiled foods or food which has become contaminated by the hands of some carrier of disease. The most common forms of food poisoning are due to two strains of the typhoid organism, which are called paratyphoid A and paratyphoid B.

It is a curious fact that whenever anyone becomes ill soon after eating, and investigation leads to the conclusion that the person suffers from food poisoning, the blame is laid invariably upon the canned food if any has been eaten recently. This practice has been responsible for the suspicions with which many still look upon this class of preserved foods. But such accusations are almost invariably unjust, for canned foods are among the safest foods which we eat. It has been rare indeed that a case of one of these paratyphoid infections has been traced to a canned food.

In most cases food poisoning is due to eating food which has been handled in cooking by a person who is a "carrier" of paratyphoid infection. When food is contaminated by such a person, and then escapes being thoroughly cooked, the germs may continue to grow and render the food dangerous to health. A number of persons who subsequently eat of this dish may soon be taken ill at about the same time. Such experiences have not been rare. Sandwiches made from remnants of cold meat or fowl have been among the worst offenders in making people ill. Roasts which have not been thoroughly heated and are allowed to remain, until they are stale, in a refrigerator which is not very cold, are foods of which one should be suspicious. It is best to cook thoroughly, before using, any articles which one may suspect to have grown slightly stale.

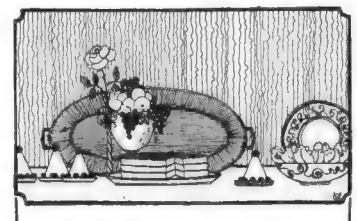
Under our present conditions of living, where the population is large and near the limit which the tilled land of the nation is capable of feeding under the present system of agriculture, we must preserve much food so as to make it available at seasons of the year when the fresh articles are not on the market. For this purpose canning has been the most successful method. Certain foods are well preserved when dehydrated and are sufficiently attractive to establish a good demand for them. Many vegetables are, however, not nearly so palatable nor so attractive-looking when restored to a form suitable for cooking by soaking in water as they are when canned.

THE problem of food preservation is extremely important. Without such measures a great amount of food materials which can be grown in large amounts per acre either could not be grown profitably, or would be lost through spoilage, since the crops are in excess of the immediate market demand. Canning offers the most successful method yet devised for the preservation of such foods for use at the time of year when they are not in season. We are enabled thus not only to have more food available in winter, but a greater variety. The abundance of canned and preserved foods in itself tends to stabilize the market price of all foods in winter.

Many persons have asked us whether the vitamins are destroyed by the treatment to which foods are subjected during canning. The answer is simple since we have a great deal of experimental data to guide us. Of the four vitamins which we now know to exist in natural foods, one, the vitamin C, is very easily destroyed by heating, and is present in a very small amount in any cooked or canned food. This is the one vitamin of which many people probably do not get a sufficient amount when they limit their diet to cooked foods. It is found in abundance only in fresh fruits and vegetables, in raw milk and in raw glandular tissues of animals.

We have stressed these points in earlier articles: First that everyone should have every day a quart of

[*Turn to page 63*]



RIGHT eating means more health, more strength, more beauty and happiness. We all want that. Here is an easy way to try out in your own home the rules of diet advanced by the writers of this article. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for "Menus for Two Weeks," and "Plan of Internal Bathing," to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

KNOX

Something Interesting About Prunes!

MOST people grow tired of the things that are good for them. Take prunes or canned fruit, for instance. Just serve them in either a delicious dessert or a salad, and the children, as well as the grown-ups, will look upon them as real treats.

PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ¼ cup scalded milk
½ cup sugar Whites of two eggs
½ pt. heavy cream or evaporated milk
2/3 cup cooked prunes or apricots, cut in pieces 1/3 cup milk
1/3 cup chopped figs, if desired Salt

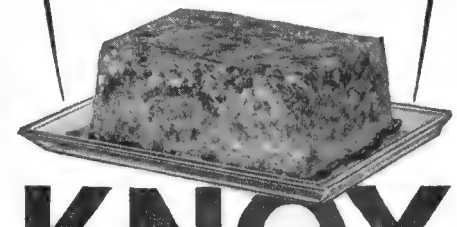
Soak gelatine in cold water 10 minutes, dissolve in scalded milk; add sugar. Strain into a bowl, set in pan of ice water, stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; add egg whites, beaten stiff, heavy cream, (diluted with milk and beaten until stiff), prunes and figs. Turn into wet mold, garnishing bottom and sides with halves of cooked prunes, and chill.

KNOX

PEAR SALAD

1 envelope Knox Acidulated Gelatine (*or one envelope of Sparkling Gelatine and ½ cup Lemon Juice.*)
½ cup cold water 1 can pears
¼ cup sugar 1 pimiento cheese
Few grains salt ¼ cup nuts, chopped
½ envelope Lemon Flavoring

Soften gelatine in cold water 10 minutes. Drain pears and allow enough hot water in addition to pear syrup to make 3 cups in all. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add pear syrup, ½ the lemon flavoring found in separate envelope, or ¼ cup lemon juice, sugar and salt. Make cheese balls of pimiento cheese and chopped nuts. Pour a little of the jelly into wet cups or individual molds and when it has started to congeal, place a cheese ball in center of pear halves. Fill molds with pears and jelly. When firm, turn out on crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with whole nut meats and mayonnaise. Other fruits may be used instead of pears.



KNOX

Sparkling Gelatine

Send for Mrs. Knox's free recipe book, "Dainty Desserts," enclosing 4c postage and mention your grocer's name.

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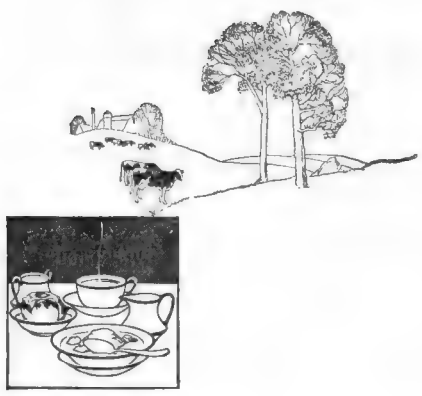

coffee fruit cereals

CARNATION is universally used for creaming coffee—just as it comes from the container—for it is just the consistency of rich, country cream.

Fruit for breakfast has much more nourishment when Carnation is added. On cereals, too, it gives the creamy richness and genuine food value.

Nothing can be more wholesome, for Carnation is pure cows' milk, with about 60% of the water removed by evaporation, hermetically sealed and sterilized. Write for Recipe Book.

Cinnamon Buns—3 tbsp. sugar; ¼ cup raisins; ¼ tbsp. cinnamon; ⅔ cup water; ⅓ cup Carnation Milk; 1 cake compressed yeast; 1 egg; ½ tsp. salt; ¼ cup sugar; 2 tbsp. shortening; 3¾ to 4½ cups flour. Soak yeast in a small amount of luke warm water. Put the sugar, salt and shortening in a mixing bowl. Add the scalded milk and water and cool to luke warm. Add the yeast, mix well, then add the well beaten egg and flour. Turn dough on a floured board and knead until smooth and elastic Put in a bowl and let rise in a warm place about 1½ hours or until double its bulk, then turn on lightly floured board and roll about ½-inch thick. Spread with soft butter, sprinkle with mixture of ½ tbsp. of cinnamon and ¼ cup of sugar, and scatter ½ cup of raisins over rolled dough. Roll and cut in slices. Put in greased pan and set in warm place about 1 hour or until double its bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven about 15 minutes. This recipe makes 32 rolls.

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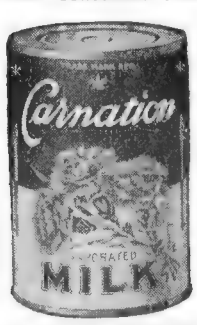
"From Contented Cows"



The Label is Red and White

Women and the Law

[*Continued from page 18*]

children who had come into court, faces clean and eyes shining, at the beginning of the case. I questioned the police officers in the neighborhood. They said that Mrs. Martinkevic kept a clean house, and that her physical care of the children was very good. Mr. Martinkevic admitted that if the children were given to him he would have no one to care for them and talked vaguely of "some old woman" that he might get to look after them while he worked. I therefore decided that if Mrs. Martinkevic would not see Alex any more, that she would be the best person after all to have the children. So I talked to Mrs. Martinkevic as severely as if I had ten children of my own, and she promised solemnly not to see Alex again and, therefore, I left the children with her. Then she broke her promise. She met the boarder, and Mr. Martinkevic found them standing together by the gate and he shot and injured Alex. (The jury later acquitted him for the shooting on the ground of provocation—not legal, but human.) I called Mrs. Martinkevic into court and told her that she must now choose between the children and Alex, and to prove that I meant what I said, I arranged to have the Humane Society take the children. The children had been gone several days when something happened to Mrs. Martinkevic. She was confronted with the prospect of losing her four little children for good and she realized now that she cared more for those small boys and girls than for any boarder in all the world, so she shipped Alex off to Lorain or Ashtabula and she remarried Mr. Martinkevic. It is not the desire of the husband or wife which settles such problems today—it is the welfare of the child. It is, if you will, a less personal rule, a more social rule than the old one which made the children the property of the father. And so the laws with regard to women are becoming less personal and more social. And when the majority of women have slipped into line we shall no longer have the old phenomenon of the individualistic, anarchic, anti-social woman, to whom all laws are null and void when they affect her own family. We shall have instead, the finely integrated woman unhampered in her emotional and intuitive powers, developed in logical and analytical thinking, pitting her native capacity and her training not *against* modern society but **using them for its progress.**

Nameless River

[*Continued from page 47*]

syllable, "you know what a fight I've made to hold my own on Nameless since my father died. And I've always managed to keep even, haven't I? Up till six months ago when I had to go in debt for a new harness. That put me in debt to you for the first time." There was the sound of someone rising on the porch, and she knew Price Selwood had moved in behind her. "I told you when I bought it that I'd pay you when my corn was ripe. But this morning that field of corn was gone—cut to pieces like my harness—pounded into the dirt by a band of cattle that had been driven—*driven*—over every foot of it. That's all—but I can't pay my debt to you." She stopped, and a sharp silence fell. Kate Cathrew took a quick step forward. "What for did you tell this drivel before me?" she said. "What's it to me?"

"Nothing," said Nance, "maybe a laugh—maybe a hope. My big flats on the river'd feed a pretty bunch of cattle through, and homesteaders have been driven out of the cattle country before now."

"You hussy!" Cattle Kate flung up the hand which held the braided quirt. The lash snapped viciously but Nance Allison was quicker than the whip. Her own arm flashed up and she caught the descending wrist in the grip of a hand which had held a plow all spring, forcing Kate's hand straight down to her knee, so that the flaming black eyes were within a few inches of her face.

"Woman," said Nance clearly, "I'm living up to my lights the best I can. The hand of God is before my face and you can't hurt me—not lastingly. Now *you*—get—out—of—that—door." And turning she moved Selwood with her as she swung the other woman, whirling like a dervish, clear to the middle of the porch.

Kate Cathrew's face was terrible to look upon. She ran the short distance to the end of the platform, leaped off and darted to her horse, her hands clawing at the rifle which hung on her saddle. Selwood pushed Nance inside the store and flung the door shut. "That woman's a maniac for the moment," he said; "you're best in there." When Kate came running back with the gun in her hands he faced her before the closed door, his hands in his pockets. "Kate," he said quietly, "put up that gun. If you make a blunder you'll hang just like any murderer, even if you are Kate Cathrew."

[*Continued in the June* McCALL'S]

FLAVOR *and* CRISPNESS THRILL YOU SO — EATING *Kellogg's* CORN FLAKES

Amazingly delicious, these sunny-brown sweet hearts of rich, ripe corn; and so appetizing to look upon and to eat—big and generous bowlfuls—that you marvel how Kellogg's make such *extra*-goodness possible!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only taste-fascinating, but they sustain the workers and the aged, as well as the little folks, who love them dearly.

More and more Kellogg's are becoming *the ideal breakfast,* together with one's favorite beverage—for, it's the good-health-idea to eat lightly but substantially in the morning so as to give the stomach a chance to get-going! *Just prove how much better you feel breakfasting on Kellogg's!*

For any meal or any time—it's such a treat to eat Kellogg's Corn Flakes—crispy and crunchy and wonderful in flavor—with fresh fruits in season—and plenty of milk or cream. All grocers.

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"My BOSS OVEN is dependable—

"My pies are always uniformly browned both top and bottom.

"After all, tempting pastry is usually due to right baking. My Boss Oven gives me the proper degree of even heat that I need. And the baking is always in full view—I know just when to remove it."

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Heat circulates evenly throughout the Boss Oven. Asbestos lining saves fuel. A style and size to meet every requirement. More than two million sold.

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BOSS OVEN

FINDINGS OF THE FOOD WORKSHOP

Chocolate—Food Favorite

How to Add It or Cocoa to Your Tested Recipes for Richness and Flavor

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

HAVE you ever noticed that when assorted cake is served at a party, the chocolate usually "runs out" first? A good chocolate cake recipe is copied and handed around the neighborhood as a cooking asset. But it is often overvalued because practically any plain cake can be turned into a chocolate one by a few simple variations.

One ounce of chocolate for each cup of flour in the recipe gives a cake the rich color and the chocolate taste that we like. The first thing to vary is the shortening. Analysis shows that each ounce of chocolate contains about one tablespoon of fat. Therefore, when you add chocolate to your plain cake you are putting in more shortening. Unless you make allowance for this by omitting one tablespoon of butter for each square of chocolate added, you will make your cake so rich that it will be crumbly.

The richness of the chocolate is not the only thing which has to be considered. Chocolate also has thickening properties. When added to the ordinary cake batter it is liable to make it so stiff that the cake will crack or "hump" in the middle. Hence, for every square of chocolate added to the cake, one extra tablespoon of milk should be put in.

Because chocolate burns easily, you must watch your cake during the baking. The oven should not be so hot as for a plain cake—about 350 to 360 degrees Fahrenheit.

This table shows how we changed our plain cake to a chocolate one. By following the above directions you can change your own.

PLAIN CAKE		CHOCOLATE CAKE	
Flour	1⅞ cups	Flour	1⅞ cups
Baking-powder	3 teaspoons	Baking-powder	3 teaspoons
Sugar	1 cup	Sugar	1 cup
Eggs	2	Eggs	2
Salt	½ teaspoon	Salt	½ teaspoon
Vanilla	1 teaspoon	Vanilla	1 teaspoon
Butter	½ cup	Butter	⅜ cup
Milk	½ cup	Milk	⅝ cup
		Chocolate	2 squares

There are many special chocolate cake recipes using sour milk and soda. These cakes are usually of a darker color than those in which sweet milk and baking-powder are used; but for the inexperienced cook there is always the difficulty of knowing how sour her milk is and how much soda she needs.

In candy-making the property of chocolate we have to reckon with is its acidity. This is what often makes the milk curdle when fudge is cooked. Of course the curds can be beaten out, but the fudge is liable to be less creamy than where curdling is prevented. Stir the fudge constantly during the first part of the cooking, or, better still, let the milk and sugar begin to boil before adding the chocolate, then stir until the candy is done. (Stirring fudge during cooking does not make it granular, as many believe.) Similar precautions must be taken wherever milk and chocolate are combined—whether in a candy or in a sauce.

If you do not have chocolate in the pantry you can use cocoa if you make allowances for the difference in composition of the two. The chocolate contains much more fat than the cocoa; therefore, if you use cocoa in one of your tested chocolate recipes, you will not have such a rich cake or cookie, unless you add some extra fat. The equivalent of an ounce of chocolate (an ordinary square) is three level tablespoons of cocoa and three-quarters of a tablespoon of fat.

If you want to add cocoa instead of chocolate to your plain cake recipe, you can see that for every cup of flour you would add three tablespoons of cocoa and omit only one-fourth tablespoon of fat. Cocoa has a thickening property (just as chocolate has) so you should make the same allowance for liquid—an extra tablespoon of milk with every three tablespoons of cocoa. And the oven must be watched too!

Some persons prefer cocoa for ice-cream making as it gives a smother texture, and freedom from bits of undissolved chocolate which often appear when chocolate is used. However, these particles are unnecessary. They are just the result of another failure to understand the characteristics of chocolate. It melts, but it hardens again quickly when cold; hence, if, when melted, it is poured into cold milk or cream it immediately forms many tiny hard lumps. But if it is added to hot milk, or a hot custard foundation it blends perfectly.

A reverse of the substitution—using chocolate for cocoa, can be carried out, but sometimes this is not so easy because it is a more difficult matter to take out fat than to put it in. For example, in beverages, a cup of chocolate is often so rich that there are globules of fat floating on the top. If a little flour is added to the recipe (one teaspoonful to each cup of milk) the fat does not separate, but even then chocolate is more suitable for afternoon tea. Cocoa makes a better breakfast drink.

With this exception, cocoa and chocolate can be used practically interchangeably. The cost of the cocoa and extra fat is almost the same as the cost of the chocolate, so there is small choice on economic grounds.

The addition of cocoa or chocolate to a cake or dessert gives the most economical recipe a certain air of richness. To change our plain cake into a chocolate one costs about three and one-half cents. This is not much to pay for such a popular transformation.

To make a delicious fudge, use: 2 ounces of chocolate; 2 tablespoons of light corn sirup; 2 cups of sugar; 2/3 cup of milk; 2 tablespoons of butter; 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Cut the chocolate into small pieces so that it will melt more easily, add the sugar, milk and corn sirup. Cook, stirring until the chocolate and sugar melt. Boil, stirring occasionally, until the temperature of 234 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. At this stage the fudge will form a soft ball if dropped into cold water. Remove from the fire, add the butter without stirring, and set aside to cool until it is lukewarm, about 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Add the vanilla and stir until a small amount dropped from the spoon will hold its shape. Pour into greased pans.

You can use cocoa instead of chocolate, if you prefer, by following the rule for substitution outlined above.

Compare the formal hostess—

And the informal hostess!

The Hospitable Home

Hang Out the Latchstring on Sunday For an Informal Gala Time at Supper

By Sarah Field Splint

WHEN I was very young one of my pleasantest day-dreams was of the time when I should grow up and do much formal entertaining. Of course, I intended to marry a duke, and I saw myself in evening dress with a coronet upon my brow presiding at the head of a glittering table while at the other end sat the duke, saying never a word, poor dear, because my brilliant conversation so enthralled him. Between us sat rows of guests, dumb too, while in the background hovered a solemn butler and at least six footmen!

Not until I was quite grown up—in high school, in fact—did I discover that the most successful way of entertaining your friends is to let them entertain you. If they can be made to feel they are giving *you* the best time you ever had—that your party for them has turned out to be *their* party for you, then indeed, are you in the way of becoming a popular hostess.

The children, too, ask their friends

It was the great lady of our town who taught me this. Quite often she asked us to her house, and as I look back now I realize how much thought must have gone into the planning of those seemingly simple parties. But then they appeared just "to happen." When we bade her good-by, she actually *thanked* us for coming. This was one secret of her charm—that everyone, young or old, clever or a bore, left her hospitable roof sure that they had added vastly to her happiness. Probably you are one of the women who would like to keep open house all the time. You'd like to be able to invite the unexpected guest to dine. You'd like better than anything else, never to refuse permission to your children to ask their young friends to share your hospitality. But in this day of high food prices and scarcity of help it isn't practical.

Don't pretend you're the Duchess!

What *can* you do then? Why it seems to me that Sunday night at supper is the pleasantest time in the whole week to hang out the latchstring. One woman I know who does this is the wife of a doctor and the mother of five children. Her time is too full to see her friends or meet her children's playmates during the week, so she hit upon the idea of giving Sunday-night suppers, delightfully informal at-homes, when she invites her own and her husband's friends and the children's, too. Eight to eighty is the age limit, and even that is elastic. Everyone has a good time.

She doesn't spend all day Sunday preparing for it either. Everything is planned ahead of time. She devotes part of Saturday to getting ready every dish that can be kept in the ice-box until just an hour or even a half hour before supper. Then she starts things to cooking their final bit, adds finishing touches, and before anyone realizes it she announces supper for six or eight or ten people. Everyone has a good time at these parties because they are so off-hand and friendly. My friend follows only three rules: she serves plenty of a few delicious foods, she is rested when her guests arrive, and she asks only people who are fairly congenial. She doesn't, for instance, ask a man or woman who insists upon monopolizing the conversation every minute when she invites other people who like to make themselves heard once in a while. She saves them for a time when she has a dumb circle invited!

A Sunday night supper menu should consist of one main dish, such as cold meat, sliced and garnished, served with a crisp, well-flavored salad in summer or perhaps with scalloped potatoes and spicy pickles in winter. A cold baked ham studded with cloves and served with sweet potato soufflé; cold corned beef and hot baked potatoes; veal loaf and hot scalloped tomatoes; or in summer a jellied chicken loaf, are excellent supper dishes if carefully cooked and seasoned.

If there is some dish that you prepare especially well—that folks will go to any church supper to eat or walk to a county fair to buy—serve it. The secret of the successful Sunday night menu is to give people something unusually good—better than they get anywhere else!

You can serve with little trouble plenty of hot baking-powder biscuits, pop-overs, or—if you have an electric toaster—piping hot, buttered toast prepared at table. Welsh rabbit, creamed chicken, lobster Newburgh, and many other delicious dishes can be cooked right at your elbow after your guests are seated if you have an electric grill or chafing-dish. For dessert there are endless fruit or gelatin dishes, Bavarian creams, rich home-made chocolate or coconut cake, and I have a recipe for a marvelous rice pudding which I shall be glad to send you on request. All of these can be prepared on Saturday.

If you find the group too formal round a large dining-table, try setting small tables about and letting the guests seat themselves congenially. Have dishes, silver, linen all laid ready to be used. Clever, comic, interesting place cards add to the jollity of the occasion.

And when it comes to clearing away the supper dishes, perhaps you can persuade the children to take care of them as their contribution to the evening's pleasure.

Prepare, Saturday. Rest on Sunday

If they are big enough they can put the food away and stack the dishes for you to wash next morning. They *might* even wash them for you.

But if you cannot rely on any of these short cuts, just place the dishes on the kitchen table, shut the door, and forget them till Monday.

"Oats are Oats"

Some people say

But taste them—mark the difference

Oats are not alike. The difference is enormous.

Just as apples differ—just as melons do in flavor so do oats.

Most oats are puny, underfed, insipid.

Some oats are rich and plump and flavory.

So in Quaker Oats we flake those queen grains only. And we get but ten pounds of these premier flakes from a bushel.

That flavor has won the world.

Millions of oat lovers, of nearly every nation, send to get these flavory Quaker Oats.

These are facts for mothers to remember.

The oat is for children the greatest food that grows. It supplies 16 elements needed in the building of young bodies.

As a vim-food, oats have age-old fame.

In a food so important, that difference in flavor becomes very important.

Then why not always get it? Quaker Oats, despite that quality, costs but one-half cent per dish.

Five cents' worth of Quaker Oats supply as many calories of nutriment as a pound of steak.

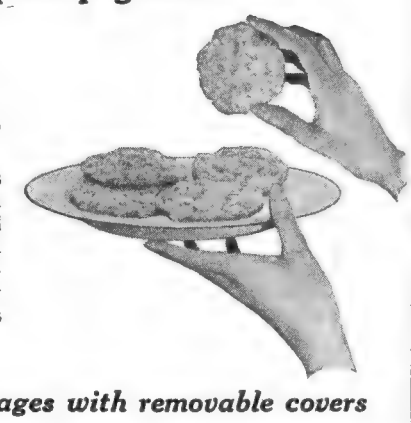
Quaker Oats

Just the rich, plump grains

A Quaker Oat Confection

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



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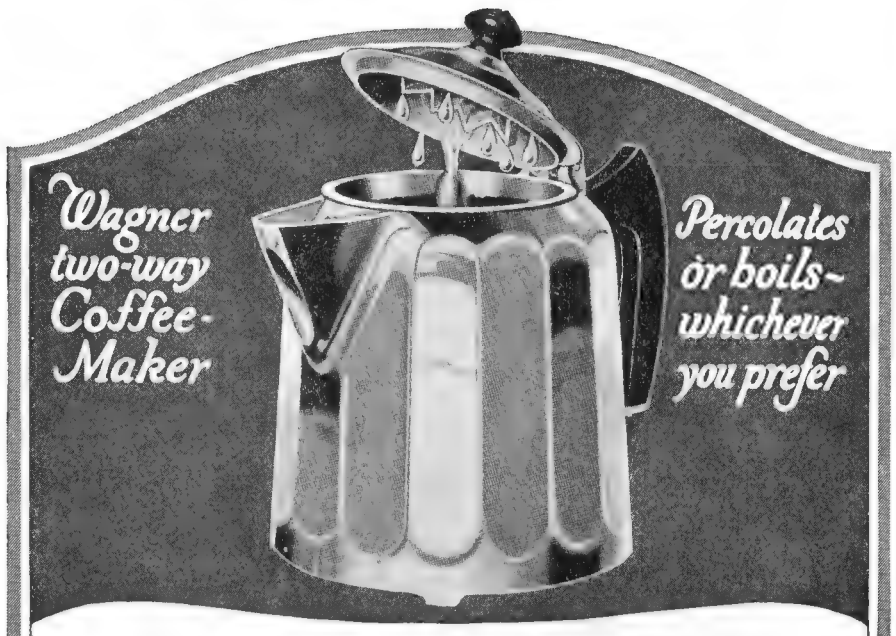

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Try this—Macaroni Sauce

Melt in frying pan 2 tablespoonfuls butter, adding equal quantity of flour and 1½ cupfuls of milk, stirring till thick. Then add 2 STEERO bouillon cubes dissolved in ½ cup of boiling water.

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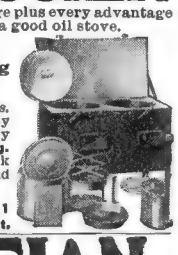

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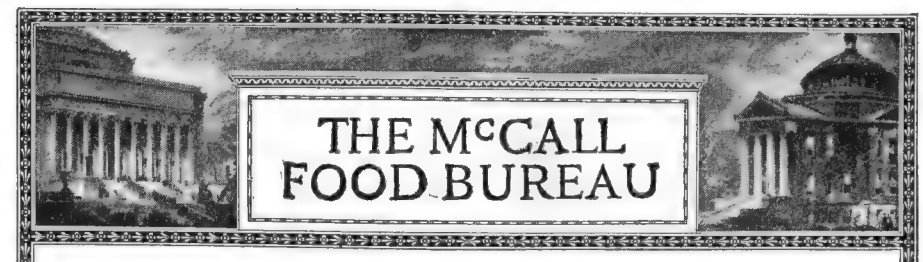

Several Unusual Meats

Many of the Cuts Less Generally Used Are Delicious, Economical—and Different

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

HOW often do you wish for some new meat to have for dinner—some change from the inevitable round of beef, lamb, veal and pork?

Of course there is no new animal, but there are many parts of these meats not used as generally nor as frequently as the other cuts, which make dishes so delicious in flavor, so different in taste that they seem entirely new. These are the hearts, kidneys, liver, tongues, brains, heads, tails, feet and portions which we know as sweetbreads and tripe. It is true that few women know how to prepare these parts, and this keeps them from our table. But the preparation is not difficult, and takes no more time than that required for the larger, more expensive cuts.

Tongues, liver, hearts, and tripe are sold by the pound; sweetbreads, brains and kidneys by pairs or portions. Beef tongue may be purchased fresh or salted, but tongues of the other animals are usually sold fresh.

Sweetbreads are a great delicacy but require special care, as they spoil quickly. They should be placed in cold water for three-quarters of an hour, then drained and cooked very slowly for twenty minutes in boiling salted water to which a small amount of vinegar has been added—one teaspoon to a pint of water. After this, they must be drained and placed in cold water until perfectly cold.

SWEETBREADS

Parboil, cut crosswise, and sauté in butter for three minutes. Serve with sauce tartare.

Parboil, and finish cooking in cream sauce to which one-half cup of peas has been added. Serve on rounds of toasted bread.

Parboil, dip in egg and crumbs, then fry in deep fat or put in a hot oven until brown. Serve with fried peppers or creamed asparagus tips.

Parboil and cut in cubes. When cold combine with mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce or some other salad plant. Brown bread sandwiches make a nice accompaniment.

POTTED LIVER

Use lambs', pigs', or calves' liver.

Cut the liver in strips and brown for three minutes in hot fat. Then cook slowly in highly seasoned stock until very soft. Use just enough liquid to keep the meat from burning. Rub through a coarse seive. Taste, and add more seasoning if necessary. Add enough melted butter to make the meat of packing consistency. Pack into jars, and cover with paraffin.

BEEF AND KIDNEY PIE

1½ cups cold cooked beef cut in small cubes	1 small onion
	1½ cups potatoes cut in cubes
1½ cups kidneys stewed and cut in pieces	Seasonings
	1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce

Mix the meat and onion, cover with water and cook for forty-five minutes. Add the potatoes, cook until they are almost soft, season, and if necessary thicken the stock with a little flour. Cool. Add the Worcestershire sauce and cover with a crust of baking-powder biscuit dough cutting several gashes in the dough to let out the steam. Bake in a hot oven until crust is brown. Lamb or veal may be used in the place of the beef.

CASSEROLE OF OXTAILS

2 oxtails cut in 2-inch pieces	Tiny bit of bayleaf
	6 pepper corns
1 onion	½ teaspoon salt
1 carrot	3 tablespoons fat
1 stalk celery	1 cup tomato
3 cloves	1 cup hot water
2 tablespoons flour	

Brown the tails in the fat, add the vegetables, cut fine and let them brown. Sprinkle on the flour and the seasonings. Put into a casserole and add the water and the tomato. Cook in the oven very slowly for about three and a half hours.

STUFFED LIVER
(Calves' or pigs')

With a sharp knife make a pocket in the liver commencing at the thick end. Fill this with a stuffing made of bread crumbs highly seasoned, adding a little onion if desired. Skewer the open end so the stuffing will not come out, and lard the upper side with salt pork using a larding needle, or cutting slashes in the liver and laying narrow slices of the pork in the slash.

Melt one tablespoon fat, add one tablespoon flour and one teaspoon salt, three cups of meat stock, or boiling water to which two teaspoons of beef extract or jelly has been added. Pour this over the liver. Bake one hour and a half, basting with the sauce about every ten minutes. Serve with fried onions or peppers.

BREAKFAST KIDNEYS

Soak the kidneys for about one-half hour; pare and leave whole, or cut in two pieces. Around each piece fasten a slice of bacon with a little wooden skewer. Dip into egg, then into crumbs, and bake in a hot oven for about twenty minutes.

CREAMED OR SAUTED BRAINS

Place brains in cold salted water for one-half hour. Peel off the membranes. Wash and cook slowly in salted water for fifteen minutes. Put into cold water; when cool keep on ice until ready for use. Cut in pieces the size of an oyster, and dip into crumbs, then into egg, and then into crumbs again; brown in a small amount of fat. These may be fried in deep fat also and drained on unglazed paper.

For creamed brains make a white sauce using two tablespoons fat, two tablespoons flour and one cup of rich milk, season with salt, pepper and a tiny dash of cayenne. Cut the cooled brains in one-half inch pieces and add to the white sauce just long enough to heat them very hot. Arrange on toast and garnish with parsley.

LAMBS' TONGUES

Wash the tongues and cook in boiling salted water for two hours. Remove the skin and trim slightly at the large end. Serve with white sauce garnished with slices of hard-boiled egg.

In following these recipes use level measurements and standard measuring cups and spoons. Each recipe serves about six persons.

This beautiful baby is but an example

This handsome young chap is Loyd Bowers, three-year-old son of Mrs. Alice Bowers, East Hopkins, Minn. Loyd was fed on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk throughout his babyhood and is today strong, vigorous, well-formed—in short a perfect specimen of what a baby should be.

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Baby's Welfare is a valuable new book on the care of babies. It will be a useful guide to any young mother. Ask for a free copy.

What About Canned Foods?

[*Continued from page 58*]

milk. Second, everyone should eat every day two salads of fresh, raw fruits or vegetables. Third, everyone should have every day one serving of some cooked green leafy vegetable.

We feel that it is highly important that everyone should eat a certain amount of raw food every day for the definite reason that if we do not we may not get enough of the vitamin C. This vitamin is the one which protects us against a diseased condition known as scurvy. Though this disease is now rare, except among infants who are fed for a few months exclusively with pasteurized milk or boiled milk, there are, we feel sure, a great many people who come somewhere near developing a condition of scurvy, although they never get the disease in a form which a physician can recognize. It seems certain that many persons eat so little raw fruit or raw vegetables that their general health must be in some measure impaired because of partial starvation for the vitamin C.

The remaining three vitamins are destroyed with some difficulty by heat treatment. Cooked or canned foods are little, if any, inferior to uncooked foods as sources of them. Canned foods are, therefore, just about as valuable as sources of all vitamins except the one which protects against scurvy, as are raw or cooked foods generally.

It is said with truth that the tomato is unique among vegetables in that it can be heated, as in cooking—even at temperatures well above that of boiling water as is necessary in canning—without the entire loss of its content of vitamin C. For this reason it has been stated that canned tomato juice may be used in feeding infants which are otherwise fed with pasteurized milk, when fresh, raw fruit juices are not available. There can be little doubt that canned tomato juice is inferior to fresh tomato juice for this purpose, but it is an interesting and valuable fact to know that the canned tomato juice is still somewhat effective as a source of the vitamin C.

Therefore, one can regard canned fruits and vegetables, and indeed, canned meats and milk as well, as essentially the equivalent of ordinary cooked foods. These cannot take the place of raw fruits or vegetables as a source of vitamin C, and so the latter must be provided as an addition to the canned foods when these are served often.

It will be remembered that we recommend that everyone take two salads a day because these provide a suitable amount of fresh, raw food. But the few extremists who advocate living on raw foods exclusively, have nothing in modern research in nutrition to support their claims that such a system of diet best promotes health. Indeed, canned foods are among the cleanest, safest, and most attractive foods which enter into our daily diet.

Here Is Homely Charm

[*Continued from page 48*]

tablecloth of plain red oilcloth with a scalloped border. It was easy to cut a scallop, and after that I made yards and yards of bands of scalloping ten inches wide and used them on all the open shelves. The little scalloped edges turned down two inches over the shelves, and the glistening red looked so jolly against the white.

A lot of people do not believe in curtains for the kitchen, but I not only believe in them—I believe in several washable sets. Calico and chambray and gingham are so cheap, so lasting, and so easily washed that the kitchen may have its curtains changed every week or every fortnight, according to the grime and dust it is subjected to.

No matter how sound the wooden floor may be, a linoleum covering will be a good investment, because one's feet will not be so easily tired, and because linoleum is more easily cleaned than a wooden floor. Gone are the days of cheap and ugly patterns in oilcloth and linoleum. Now we have dozens and dozens of designs and colorings to choose from. There are several perfectly plain colors, as well as imitations of black marble, or green marble. There are also many excellent wall coverings that may be put on like wall-papers and washed like porcelain. The expensive tiled walls and floors are out of fashion for kitchens, because they were unnecessarily expensive and absurdly sanitary.

Make your kitchen delightful to your own senses, and you will have no trouble in keeping a cook.

Remember that a clock ticking is as much a part of it as a warm spicy fragrance of some mysterious dish. A pot of geranium on the window sill is as useful as a basket of fresh eggs in the refrigerator. A comfortable chair near the lightest window, lights well placed near stove and sink, a floor not too hard for tired feet—all these make for good appetite and good digestion.

Let natural food supply you vitamin

"Select Proper Foods From the Grocer and You Won't Need to Hunt Vitamins at the Drug Store," say Medical Authorities.

Medical Authorities agree on the importance of the vitamin element in food, to build energy, promote health, provide growth.

Grape-Nuts contains vitamin from the wheat berry—brought to you as Nature intended it to be used. The addition of cream or milk gives a further supply of vitamin to this splendid food which for more than a quarter of a century has been famed for its nourishing, health-giving qualities.

The iron, phosphorus, and other mineral elements from the grain, so necessary for adequate nutrition, are included in Grape-Nuts, together with roughage to promote healthful regularity. Grape-Nuts digests quickly—without undesirable fermentation.

There's the zest of health and fitness in the nourishment of Grape-Nuts that makes it a splendid food.

Crisp and naturally sweet, Grape-Nuts charms the appetite, makes an ideal breakfast, lunch or supper, and satisfies the children's appetite between meals.

Ready to serve from the package, Grape-Nuts is truly economical because a moderate quantity provides an unusual amount of nourishment.

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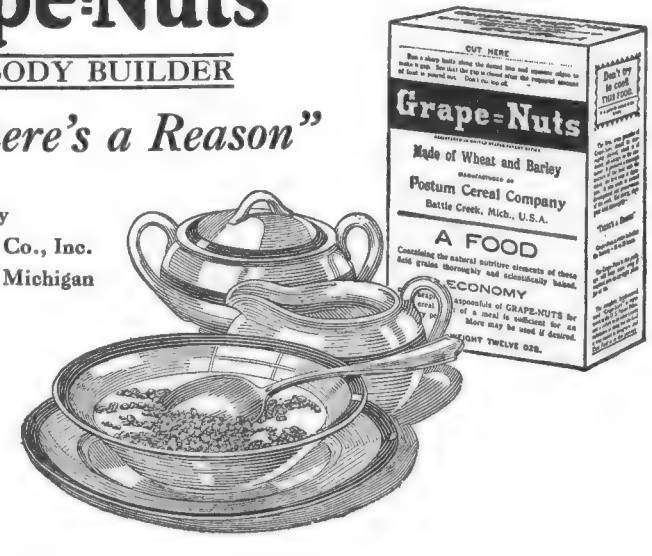

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Folly's Gold

[*Continued from page 49*]

I've still got a chance to spoil Bradley's game for him."

"All right; I'll go," she said. "Wait till I get my cloak."

Clifford heard her cross toward the closet in which he stood. Paralysis seized him as her hand fell upon the knob.

"Locked!" she exclaimed. "I guess it doesn't matter; I'll be warm enough as I am. Come on."

The outer door opened, then closed. Clifford waited for a long minute, then crept from his hiding-place, and out into the corridor. Two minutes later he was in a taxi headed for the Pennsylvania Station. Finally the train slowed down at Green Manors. Ten minutes after that the taxicab containing Mary turned into Bradley's grounds. Clifford paid off the taxi in which he had followed, and swiftly moved into the shadows of the hedged roadside. He vaulted Bradley's wall, crept through the shrubbery and scuttled across open spaces in the lawn, until presently the house bulked before him. The windows of the library sprang alight—then those of the study. The two had plainly moved into the seclusion of the study for their conference—and perhaps for Bradley's attempted love-making.

For a space Clifford stood under the obliterating shadow of a clump of lilac. If he could only hear what those two were saying! If the impossible could only be done! And then he remembered something: that night he had talked with Mary Regan, and she had led him for privacy's sake out upon the little iron balcony that opened from the study, and a draft had blown the windows closed and the spring lock had clicked into place, and he had thought they were trapped until she had shown him that secret device.

He crept across the lawn. The French windows were closed and the shades drawn. He reached up and cautiously swung himself up on the platform. He moved close against the windows and tried to use eyes and ears. But he could see nothing, and his ears caught only a faint murmur of indistinguishable voices.

He reached for the hidden knob, which controlled the lock, and pressed it. Noiselessly the doors responded, but he let them open no more than a bare half-inch. He could now see and hear.

Bradley sat perhaps ten feet away, his broad back toward Clifford. Mary, still wearing her hat, sat at an angle to the window.

"I tell you," she was saying, "you can't afford to fool with Fletcher."

"But didn't you make clear to him just how things stand?" asked Bradley.

"Yes. But in his humor arguments don't count for anything. He said he'd done a fine job in stealing those Fownes letters for you, and he wanted the five thousand he had been promised for his end. If he didn't get it tonight, he said he'd blow the whole works."

"Oh, no, he won't! He may threaten, but that bird knows I've got too much on him ever to come across with a real squeal. I haven't been paid myself yet. But Mrs. Fownes is as desperate as they get from those last threats we've sent in. She told me late this afternoon that if I couldn't recover those letters for her by noon tomorrow she'd pay the fifty thousand demanded. She's just told her mother, and her mother will raise the money on some securities tomorrow morning. So you get word to Fletcher that he'll get his tomorrow afternoon."

"I'll do my best with him," said Mary. "You have the letters here in your safe?"

Bradley laughed grimly. "My safe is no safe place for those letters. Not with such a clever man as Fletcher loose and sore—and as likely as not to try to steal the letters back." Bradley patted the right side of his thick chest. "The safest place for those letters is on me."

There was a moment of silence. Aside from the bitterness in his heart toward Mary Regan, Clifford was filled with exultation and grim hope. He pulled the windows wide open and stepped through, his automatic drawn.

"Give me those letters!" he snapped out.

Bradley sprang from his chair, whirling about, his right hand instinctively going for his pistol. But as he saw the weapon almost in his face, his right hand dropped, clenching, to his side; and as he recognized the intruder, his dark face, which he had tried so hard to mold into the face of a reserved gentleman, contorted with an amazed rage.

"Clifford!" he breathed huskily. And then: "Damn you, Clifford—I'll get your life for this!"

The man's courage was not gone; but for the moment his great self-control, his keen and daring wits, had been utterly swept away by his rage. Behind him, Clifford could see that Mary had risen, and without taking his eyes from Bradley he could see that she was very white and breathlessly tense.

[*Turn to page 79*]

Would You Be Beautiful?

Beauty has been the quest of all ages. Thousands of lovely women attribute their beauty to the use of ***Nadine Face Powder.*** The cheeks have just a tint of color, the skin can only be equalled by the soft texture of a rose petal.

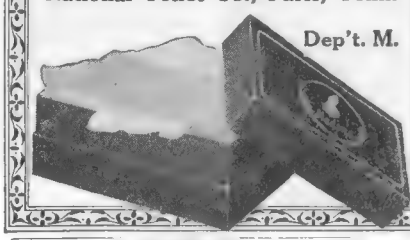
Nadine will keep the roses in your cheeks. It will adhere and protect the skin from the sun, wind and dust. It contains no white lead or other ingredient to harm the skin or the eyes. It's the same pure powder, popular for so many years—only the box and fragrance have been improved.

Money refunded if you are not pleased. At your toilet counter 50c. Miniature box sample by mail 4c.

Tints, White, Flesh, Pink, Brunette

National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn.

Dep't. M.



Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way — the Silmerine way — and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is easily applied with brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores $1.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact	$1.00
Parker-Belmont Rose Compact	1.00
Parker-Belmont Beauty Cream	1.00
Powdered Barriflower (*depilatory*)	1.00

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A Favorite in Paris Society

TO be a leader for a hundred years, a product has to have very unusual quality. This is why X-Bazin—created by a famous French scientist a hundred years ago—is still the favorite depilatory with smart women, for use on arms, underarms and limbs.

Countless new names have been advertised; countless new formulae have been offered to women. But X-Bazin is still the absolutely *safe*, and entirely *painless* way to remove hair. Sold with a "*money-back*" guarantee at all drug and department stores. 50c and $1 in the United States. Elsewhere, 75c and $1.50.

Manufactured by Hall & Ruckel, Inc.
Makers of Sozodont

Send 10c for sample and descriptive booklet

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., *Sole Distributors*
In the United States and Canada
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X-BAZIN

The French way to remove hair

Welcome News to Mothers

3161 Dress, 2 to 8—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern

These Four New McCALL PATTERNS *Include a* SPECIAL TRANSFER DESIGN *Exactly Made to Fit Each Size*

No. 3163. Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price [illegible] cents. In 4 sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards of [illegible]-inch material. The embroidery in outline- and lazy-daisy-stitch, French knots and single stitches, requires 4 skeins of delft-blue strand cotton and 1 skein each of 4 colors. Pattern gives full directions, and includes a large photographic illustration of embroidered dress.

No. 3162. Child's Dress with Pantalettes and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 3 sizes, 4, 6 and [illegible]. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yards of [illegible]-inch material. The embroidery requires 1 small ball of Shetland [illegible], or 6 skeins of silk floss. The designs are made to fit each size. Pattern includes a large photographic illustration of the embroidered dress.

No. 3161. Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 4 sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. The flower scalloped embroidery, requires 1 small ball each of two colors of wool, or 4 skeins in each color of six-strand cotton. Full directions and a large photographic illustration of embroidered dress are included.

No. 3164. Girl's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price [illegible] cents. In 3 sizes, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards of [illegible]-inch material. The embroidery in outline- and cross-stitch requires 4 skeins of six-strand cotton. The border is made to fit each size. Pattern includes a large photographic illustration of the embroidered dress.

3162 Dress, 4 to 8—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern

3161 Dress, 2 to 8—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern

3164 Dress, 4 to 8—35 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, [illegible] W. [illegible] St., New York City or to the nearest Branch Office, [illegible] S. [illegible] St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada

Paul Poiret
creates two original designs especially for The New
McCALL PATTERN
"it's printed"

These striking gowns were designed by Paul Poiret for McCall – the pattern he considers best able to reproduce them

Read His Letter

3189 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

Designed by Paul Poiret

3190 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

Designed by Paul Poiret

PAVL POIRET
COVTVRIER
FAVBg ST HONORÉ 107
ET AVENVE VICTOR
EMMANVEL III 26
PARIS TÉL. ELYSÉES 15 80 / 15 82 / 48 82
ADR. TELÉGR: PAULROB

Mr Call Company
Mc Call Building
New York City

Messieurs,

L'examen du "Mc Call Pattern" que vous m'avez adressé m'a très récemment retenu et je me fais un devoir de vous féliciter pour les résultats obtenus.

En donnant à la femme les derniers renseignements sur la mode et un plan idéal vous les permettez ainsi qu'aux couturières d'exécuter ses propres robes et vous dépassez sans conteste le but que j'ai pu jusqu'à présent dans ce genre.

Rien de plus précis, de plus facile à suivre, rien de plus sûr que vos impeccables "patterns".

C'est avec le plus grand plaisir que je vous adresse deux de mes dernières créations, destinés à être reproduites et publiées dans le "New Mc Call pattern".

Je suis convaincu que les dames Américaines auxquelles je les destine spécialement, pourront les reproduire conformes à l'original avec l'aide de vos excellents "patterns".

Very truly yours
Paul Poiret

Translation of Mr. Paul Poiret's Letter

McCall Company,
McCall Building,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

I have been greatly interested in examining the new McCall Patterns which you sent me and I feel that I must compliment you on your achievement.

Your printed patterns exceed anything I have known before for giving to the woman who makes her own clothes as well as to dressmakers the latest style information and the ideal working plan for carrying it out. Nothing could be more accurate, easier to follow; nothing could be more sure than your faultless patterns.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I send you two of my latest creations to be reproduced and published in "New McCall Patterns."

I am convinced that the American ladies, to whom I especially dedicate them, will be able to reproduce them true to the original with the help of your excellent patterns.

Very truly yours,
PAUL POIRET.

No. 3189, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch silk and 1¼ yards of 40-inch lace. Width, 1¾ yards.

3189 3190

No. 3190, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch silk crêpe and ½ yard of 40-inch figured silk to trim. Width at lower edge, 1⅜ yards.

Slip-On Blouses and Dresses Persist in Varying Forms

No. 3158, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; closing at each side of belt. Size 36 requires 1¼ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. The slip-on blouse owes its popularity in a great measure to its simplicity. Here it is developed in printed silk.

No. 3156, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Round and round the waist and sleeves and at the scalloped edge narrow bands of embroidery are worked. Transfer No. 1174 may be used.

THE TRIUMPH OF HOME DRESSMAKING

By Anne Rittenhouse

Poiret Endorses Home Sewing By Offering Designs In McCall Printed Patterns

THE number of clothes for women made at home is constantly increasing. Such is the statement of powerful factors in the dress industry who have made a survey of the conditions in this country.

Their statistics show three things: more home dressmaking is done now than at any time in decades. More periodicals devote more space to the art of making clothes in the home. More dressmaking schools and public schools give over more hours to the study of dressmaking. Acting on these statistics a nation-wide campaign by shops is arranged to facilitate such work.

The importance and dignity to which home dressmaking has risen is well illustrated by the fact that a world-figure like Paul Poiret creates designs to be applied to patterns.

Does anyone need to be told who Paul Poiret is?

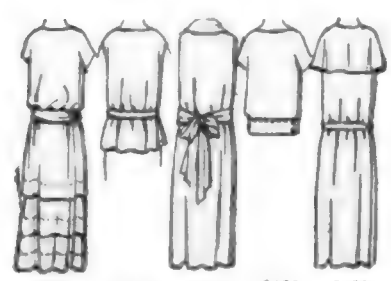
On his recent visit to the United States a young girl introduced herself with the remark: "You know my friend, Anne Rittenhouse, M. Poiret?"

"Yes. She admires me very much," he answered.

So I do. Paul Poiret's personality is amazing. If there is reincarnation he was Haroun al Raschid. He is an Orientalist. As a youth at the Sorbonne he chose Oriental classics and history. One day in Paris, he took me down the steps of his long, low stone house, led me across the garden and softly opened the door of a small stone room. It had nothing in it but a Chinese figure on a revolving pedestal. It was the figure of a woman, so ancient that museums have tried to cajole it away; a mysterious figure steeped in tranquillity.

"In front of this woman," said Poiret, "I sit for hours, sometimes a day. I seek knowledge and inspiration, yes, but I really seek tranquillity. Meditation is the source of successful action. Reflection is the adjustment of one's mistakes. No museum has been able to offer me any price for this stone personality. I might disintegrate without it." Here spoke the Orientalist.

[*Turn to page 68*]



No. 3182. MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. For the embroidery, Transfer No. 1055 may be used.

No. 3186. LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material and ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards. A simple trimming is suggested in the scallops for which Transfer No. 1139 may be used.

No. 3172. LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece tucked skirt. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅞ yards.

3152 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

3168 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

3160 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer No. 1039

3165 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer No. 1147

3151 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer No. 1039

No. 3168, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards. The front drapery formed by an extension of the skirt gives a new jabot effect. Figured and plain voile are charming for the development of this design.

No. 3160, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and 1½ yards of 18-inch contrasting for front and side insets. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards. The Egyptian touch may be acquired by using Transfer No. 1039 for the embroidery. This dress would be smart in linen.

No. 3152, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. A tunic that goes across the back and sides adds an unusual and pleasing touch to this dress of printed georgette. Plain silk would also make up just as effectively.

Embroidery On Spring Frocks Shows The Egyptian Influence

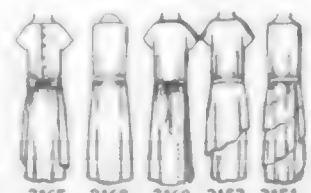
THE garden, the statue and his three spacious houses take up a large space in the heart of Paris. Over each Poiret's activities rule. His residence is something worth living in. He raised the bathroom to splendor before French houses included a bathroom. He went to Carthage for inspiration. The picture gallery gives space to the great Cubists and Impressionists, bought when the artists were obscure. The dining-room suggests a terrace, its broad stone steps leading to the garden. Here Poiret works and reads as he entertains interesting people at the twelve o'clock meal. The middle house is given over to the art of creating women's clothes, every inch of it. His atelier opens on the garden. Here he works with artists, illustrators. It is heaped with fabrics from every part of the world, carelessly thrown into colorful confusion like a basket of fruit. Here Poiret is at his best. He seizes a piece of silk from Persia, a shawl from India, a vellum book from Morocco, a bit of embossed leather from Spain, brocades from Smyrna, calicos from the Southern States, and, by the way, he said in this room: "You Southerners have produced two great originalities: calico and syncopated negro melodies."

He creates a gown on a living figure. He swirls the material about her, he catches it here and there, tying as often as pinning, getting inspiration as he works. Afterward, with that peculiar practical side which has brought him wealth, he has the power to pass this gown through his workshop as a thing that fits a woman.

The third house in the garden is called "Martine," named after his eldest daughter, for Poiret's children and wife, you may not know, are as lovely as anything he possesses.

[*Turn to page 60*]

No. 3165, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves; three-piece skirt with front panel. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch georgette and 2 yards of 36-inch taffeta for skirt. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1147 may be used for the embroidery.



3165 3168 3160 3152 3151

No. 3151, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt with circular flounces at front and back. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards. Transfer No. 1039 may be used to trim sleeves and flounces.

3148. LADIES' DRESS. Size requires 4⅛ yards of 36-inch figured material and ¾ yard of 36-inch plain material. Width at lower edge, 1 yards. A combination of figured and plain voile or crêpe de Chine makes up most attractively in this design with smart side panels falling below the hem.

3167, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt with front tunic and pointed panel. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting for panel and girdle. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. Charming for patterned silk with panel and girdle of georgette.

No. 3157, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards of 40 inch material and 5¾ yards of ruffling. Width at lower edge when finished, 1⅜ yards. Narrow lace ruffling daintily trims the front of the waist and edges the unusually shaped sleeves of this lovely afternoon frock.

3157 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3148 Dress
10 sizes, 34-52

3167 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

Spring Fashions Are Such That They Are Inexpressibly Easy to Reproduce

MARTINE is a decorating house, an overflow from Poiret's mind, which does not find women's apparel sufficient to absorb it. He also runs a summer theatre in his garden, you may have heard. From Martines' were launched primitive prints of cotton, mosaic bathtubs like those of Pompeii, illuminated glass fruit for tables, the Bagdad cluster of electric lights to hang like temple bells from the ceiling, framed pictures made of colored tissue paper pasted on a dull surface, an amazing assortment of Oriental cushions in gold and silver tissue, in metallic brocades, also black velvet divans with Chinese red lacquer framework. Martine changed the interior decoration of two continents, but few people know that Martine is Poiret.

Of such stuff is the man who considers the importance of home dressmaking such a powerful impetus in the new conditions of life that he designs patterns from which women can follow his ideas.

Why is it that home dressmaking has received such an impetus when it is easy to shop for what is desired? Why is it well-nigh impossible to get a seamstress unless one engages her two months ahead? Why is it that schools are turning out dozens of trained seamstresses, that the price has gone up year by year for their work, and yet it is increasingly difficult to persuade one to come and help?

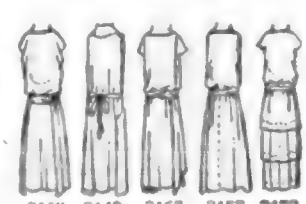
I'll tell you what I think is the reason. Americans are learning and yearning to be individualists. Clothes designers are giving them the opportunity by contributing several hundred models to the seasonal output instead of a few; by permitting women to assemble several garments into one costume. In other decades, when it was possible to wear a skirt of one kind, a blouse of another fabric and color, a jacket of still another, women were home dressmakers. Again we are permitted this license in adjusting clothes, and home dressmaking rises to power.

There's a second reason. It is economy, individual and national. The price of a gown made at an exclusive house is beyond the purses of women in mass. The cheap gown which sells at the price it costs one to achieve a gown at home is, of necessity, rather sketchy in its upbuilding. Women have to go over the cheap gown with a sturdy needle, supplying hooks and eyes, steadying weak places in the lining, neatly altering the hems, putting a fine bit of lace as substitute for a cheap piece

[*Turn to page 76*]

3169 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

No. 3169, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt with front tunic. Size 36, 5¾ yards of 40-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch chiffon for front collar, 1¼ yards of 12-inch silk for girdle. Width, 1½ yards. The back panel of the waist is in cape effect.



3169 3148 3167 3157 3172

No. 3172. LADIES' SLIP ON DRESS; two-piece tucked skirt. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅞ yards. The graceful jabot drapery introduced by Paris is cleverly placed at the side front of the skirt in this frock.

3172 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

In Gay and Easily Made Frocks She Blossoms Forth

No. 3097, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch material and 2⅞ yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, 2½ yards. For the Egyptian scarab design, Transfer No. 1039 may be used.

No. 3154, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; circular godets inserted in front. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1⅞ yards. For the smart girdle, Transfer No. 1216 is suggested.

3171 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3154 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1216

3097 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1039

3174 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 3171, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅞ yards. The low-waisted basque effect is shown here in one of its simplest and most attractive forms.

No. 3176, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅜ yards. Transfer No. 1174 may be employed to carry out the effective embroidery.

No. 3079, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; closing at shoulders. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yards of 36-inch material for upper part and 2⅜ yards of 40-inch for lower part. Width at lower edge, 2⅛ yards.

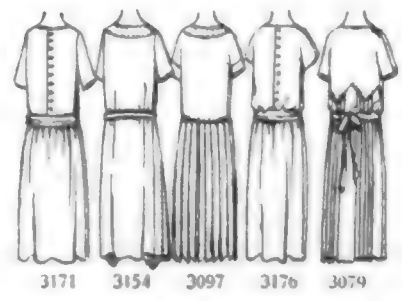
No. 3080, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; flounces attached to two-piece foundation skirt. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch for collar. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards.

No. 3174, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch figured material and 1¾ yards of 36-inch plain for skirt and sash. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards.

3176 Dress
[illegible]

3079 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3080 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



Dainty Sheer Dresses Await The Coming of Summer

No. 3155, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch checked material and ¾ yard of 36-inch plain for yoke. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards. Appliqué supplies a smart trimming. Transfer No. 1196 may be used.

No. 3166, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; kimono sleeves Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅜ yards. Transfer No. 883 may be used for the embroidery on belt and lower part of waist.

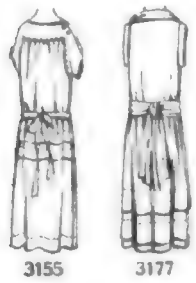
3171 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3155 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1196

3166 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 883

3182 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1039

No. 3182, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. The Egyptian note is struck by the embroidery for which Transfer No. 1039 may be used.



3155 3177

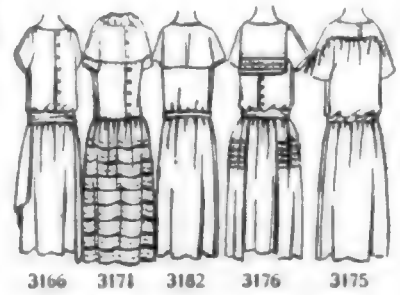
3176 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 3171, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material and ⅛ yard of 36-inch for collar. Width at lower edge, 1⅞ yards. Rows of tucks and a large collar account for much of the smartness of this dress.

No. 3176, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; kimono sleeves. Size 16 requires 5⅜ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅜ yards. For sheer material such as georgette, organdie or chiffon this design is particularly lovely.

No. 3175, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch for yoke. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. The frock of printed silk is one of Fashion's favorites.

No. 3177, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece tucked skirt. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material and 1⅜ yards of 36-inch for collar. Width at lower edge, 1⅞ yards.



3166 3171 3182 3176 3175

3175 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3177 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

Neither the Wash Tub, the Hot Iron nor the Sun can take the Color from "Pamico Cloth"

Repeated soaping, boiling, and ironing do not affect the fast colors of PAMICO CLOTH. It is fast dyed by a patented process that makes it proof against even perspiration discoloration.

Through six years of constantly increasing popularity, "PAMICO CLOTH" has now become the standard cotton fabric of the so-called "beach cloth" weave.

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The genuine "PAMICO CLOTH" is branded "P. M. L. Guaranteed Fast Color," on selvage of every yard. Do not accept any fabric without this mark on the selvage Made by the Pacific Mills, the world's largest makers of printed, dyed and bleached cottons, every inch of genuine "PAMICO CLOTH" is *guaranteed fast color.*

In "PAMICO CLOTH" you will find rich, beautiful colors—deep blues, yellows, and reds, cool pinks, lavenders and wistaria, and eleven other modish solid colors as well as black and white, and each of unequaled radiant brightness.

"PAMICO CLOTH" is unequaled for street dresses, house gowns, skirts, children's frocks, rompers, etc.

"PAMICO CLOTH" is sold by most retailers, but if you fail to obtain just the color you desire, write Mrs. Charles R. Small, 24 Federal St., Boston, Mass., for free samples and information where you can secure it.

PACIFIC MILLS

Lawrence, Mass. Dover, N.H. Columbia, S.C.

The Pacific Trade Mark is a guarantee of the excellence of every fabric that bears it

For The Merry Month of May Play Clothes And Aprons Are Provided A-Plenty

No. 3083, Boy's Tapeless Sports Blouse. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yards of 36-inch material. Linen, poplin and cotton shirting are satisfactory for this type of blouse.

No. 2219, Boy's Knicker-bocker Trousers: side closing. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Sturdy knicker-bockers for daily wear may be made of khaki.

No. 2811, Girl's Slip-On Dress. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. For embroidery Transfer No. 1103 may be used.

No. 3103, Child's Coat; convertible collar. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and facing.

No. 2750, Girl's Apron Size 6 requires 1¼ yards of 32-inch material. Gay printed cottons would be particularly attractive for a small girl's apron. Plain chambrays and checked ginghams are also appropriate.

No. 2910, Boy's Suit Size 4 requires ¾ yard of 36-inch material for waist and 1⅛ yards of 36-inch for trousers, collar and cuffs.

No. 3099, Child's Slip-On Dress with Bloomers. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards of 32-inch material and ¼ yard of 36-inch for yoke. Transfer No. 1271 may be used to trim.

No. 2967, Girl's Apron. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material. Cretonne makes a bright little apron for summer mornings.

No. 2953, Girl's Dress Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards of 32-inch check, ⅝ yard of 36-inch for insets, vest and binding and ½ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs. Transfer No. 1209 may be used.

No. 2979, Boy's Suit; knee trousers. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material for waist and ¾ yard of 36-inch for trousers. For emblem, Transfer No. 203 may be used.

Pleated, Ruffled and Collared in Various Ways are Their Afternoon Frocks

No. 3150, CHILD'S APRON ROMPER. Size 2 requires 1¼ yards of 32-inch material. If the appliqué figure on the pocket is desired, Transfer No. 1017 may be used

No. 3048, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular set-in godets. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer No. 947 may be used.

No. 3159, CHILD'S PLEATED DRESS. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Dotted voile or lawn would be as dainty as could be desired for this frock.

No. 3046, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material and 1¼ yards of 36-inch contrasting material for the bertha collar and sash.

No. 3102, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material. Charming for linen with braid embroidery for which Transfer No. 1174 may be used.

No. 3179, GIRL'S BATHING SUIT; skirt attached to garment. Size 10 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material. For the appliqué pocket Transfer No. 1198 would be appropriate.

No. 3187, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 10 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material. This ruffled dress would be equally pretty in taffeta or organdie.

No. 3185, CHILD'S ROMPER; buttoning under leg. Size 3 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material and ⅛ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and belt.

No. 3188, GIRL'S DRESS WITH GUIMPE. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yards of 32-inch material and 1¼ yards of 36-inch for guimpe. Cretonne and voile make a good combination.

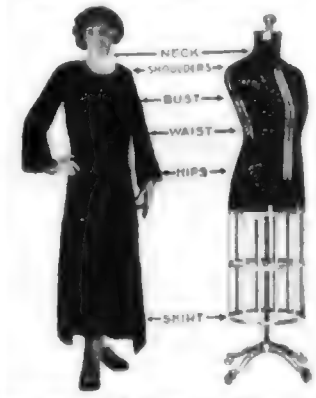
No. 3104, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting for sash and cuffs. A charming model for linen, poplin or chambray.

DRESS MAKING MADE EASY.

Makes Dressmaking a Pleasure and Satisfaction

YOU can ***easily*** *and* ***accurately*** *reproduce the most stylish fitting dresses over an* ***Acme Dress Form.*** *It makes* ***fitting*** *and* ***draping*** *the easiest part of dressmaking. It's as* ***necessary*** *as a sewing machine.*

DUPLICATES THE EXACT MEASUREMENTS OF "YOUR FIGURE"



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The **Neck, Shoulders, Bust, Waist, Hips,** and **Skirt** are each **independently** adjustable to any required measurements. More than a hundred independent "combination adjustments" *so that it will exactly reproduce any desired rise, style or figure.* When not in use it COLLAPSES ***to half its size like illustration below.***

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SPECIAL OFFER

In order to encourage **Home Dressmaking** and help you to economically reproduce the most stylish fashions shown in this magazine, we are manufacturing 10,000 improved Acme Forms to be sold on

Easy Payment Terms

Remit **$3** and we will send you our guaranteed **$15** Acme Collapsible Dress Form. Pay the balance of **$12** at only **$3** per month.

Ten Days Trial

If unsatisfactory return form and we'll gladly refund your **$3.**

Indispensable for Home Dressmaking. 300,000 Satisfied Users.

An Acme Form will *last a lifetime.* It is adjustable to any size and style change. It will enable you to reproduce quickly and easily all the latest fashions. You can have good looking dresses and be the envy of your friends.

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WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOG

When conscience guides the shuttle-

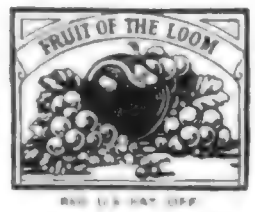
IN the mills where Fruit of the Loom is woven, conscience makes no concessions to expediency. For more than seventy years, Fruit of the Loom has retained its "count" of 172 pure cotton threads per inch and has remained free from adulteration of any kind. It is a sterling cloth—all fine, soft cotton—closely woven, beautifully finished, and bleached to a snowy, dazzling whiteness that does not yellow through years of service and countless launderings. The thrifty, capable housewife of to-day stores her linen closet generously with sheets and pillow-cases of Fruit of the Loom, as was the habit of her mother before her. She uses it also in many other ways—for undergarments, aprons, house-dresses, for all apparel that demands a durable cotton cloth. You can buy Fruit of the Loom not only in the soft muslin finish, but in the cambric finish, and in prints and plain colors. There is a new Fruit of the Loom nainsook, delightfully soft and silky, that comes boxed in ten-yard lengths.

Ready-made

Look for the famous Fruit of the Loom label woven in colors when buying ready-made articles. It identifies for you garments that are guaranteed not only as to the genuineness of the cloth, but also for accurate sizing, finish and workmanship. This label will be found on men's shirts, night wear for men, women and children; on nurses' uniforms, aprons, sheets, pillow-cases, and on undergarments for men and women. Also on umbrellas for misses and children and bias-seam tape.

B. B. & R. KNIGHT, INC.
Converse & Company, *Selling Agents*, 88 Worth Street, New York, N. Y

Fruit of the Loom
Muslin



Look for the Fruit of the Loom label, printed or woven in colors.

For Sports and Street Wear

No. 3192. LADIES' AND MISSES' SPORTS OR GOLF SUIT; knickerbockers and sleeveless jacket. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54 inch material. No. 2549, Ladies' Mannish Shirtwaist. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3013. LADIES' AND MISSES' SURPLICE BLOUSE COAT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material. The bloused coat is in every way up-to-date even to the Egyptian embroidery for which Transfer No. 1039 may be used

No. 3183, LADIES' AND MISSES' BLOUSE COATEE. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Transfer No. 1249 may be used for the embroidery. Dress No. 3055 is shown with this coat.

No. 3181, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material and 2½ yards of 8-inch ribbon for sash. Dress No. 3129 accompanies this coat

DeLeon Bandeau

Makes Any Hat Fit Any Head

Nothing else like it. Does away entirely with hat-pins, yet holds hat firmly and comfortably in the most becoming position. Dress hat—sport hat—bobbed hair—thin hair—it's all the same to the DeLeon Bandeau. Adjustable to any size hat and can be inserted in a few seconds—no sewing—no stitching.

If your milliner or dealer cannot supply you, send us 25 cents with dealer's name and we will send one promptly, postpaid. State color, black or white. 35 cents in Canada.

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Dealers: See your jobber. If he cannot supply you, write us, giving jobber's name.

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PRACTICAL HAIR CURLERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

As flexible as fairy fingers—will curl the hair, long or bobbed, while you are dressing, or can be kept on all night comfortably.
Not the slightest danger of injuring the finest hair.
Sold at notion counters. If your dealer does not carry them, write

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At this important time your appearance, comfort and health depend largely on your corset. Don't take chances. Ferris Maternity Corsets have given satisfaction for over 40 years. Choose the model best suited to your individual needs. Write for free illustrated booklet, sent in plain envelope. These corsets are highly recommended by physicians. They are scientifically designed to support and protect the baby and at the same time insure graceful, concealing lines to your figure. Adjustable from month to month. Sold in leading department stores or direct by mail. Prices $3.25 to $5.00.

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The "Last" word in Elastic

Full of pull. Live and lasting. F-A Quality Elastic carries with it the same guarantee of perfect satisfaction as women find in all F-A Quality Notion Necessities.

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FRIEDBERGER-AARON MFG. CO., Philadelphia

Our Monthly Dressmaking Hints

By Marjorie Kinney

Supervisor of Clothing, School of Household Science and Arts, Pratt Institute

Every month Miss Kinney, who is a national authority on dressmaking instruction, will write one of her helpful articles for McCall's readers. She will tell how to make the clever new trimmings and how to place the important finishing touches. Don't miss her talks! Whether you have much or little experience you'll find these lessons interesting and practical.

Bindings

THIS season's pretty dresses are so simple in line and trimming that their charm depends upon being well cut, of a becoming color and daintily finished. One of the most popular finishes for edges is a binding. It may be applied to the outer edges of the dress, to the neck, sleeve or bottom of the skirt, or used on applied trimmings, as on an apron, circular flounce, or collar. Bindings vary in width, from one-eighth inch to nearly an inch.

If one is interested in beautifully made gowns, one appreciates a dainty hand sewed binding which differs widely from the clumsy machine stitched one found on many of the cheaper ready-made dresses.

Bindings are generally cut on the true bias as the give of a bias grain allows the material to follow curved edges without puckering or reaming. The width to cut the bias strip depends upon the desired width of the finished bound edge.

For the first binding, on silk, the strip is cut one inch wide. This will make a quarter-inch binding; that is to say, cut the strip twice the desired finished width plus two seams.

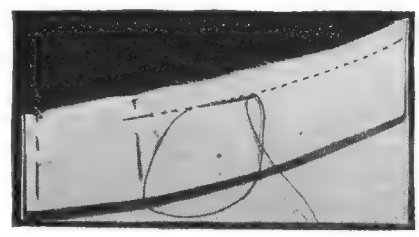


Fig. I

Pin the strip in place to the raw edge of the dress, right side of binding to the right side of the garment. Put in the pins across the strip as shown in Figure I. The first sewing may be by hand or machine stitched. Hand sewing with a fine running-stitch is always safe—one is really less liable to put the binding on too tight when sewing by hand. The next step is to fold the binding over the raw edge, basting along the fold, and holding the right side of the garment toward you that you may see that the width is uniformly even. Next turn the garment to the wrong side, fold under the raw edge to just cover the front stitching, pin it in place, and slip-stitch the fold down.

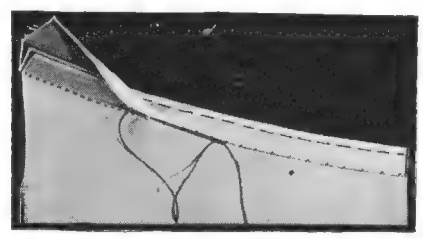


Fig. II

With a bias binding the greatest care must be taken not to stretch the bias as one sews it down the second time; if one does, the binding will look twisted—the dressmaker would say it reams.

In Figure III is shown a binding used on very sheer soft material as georgette, voile or chiffon. This binding is cut four times the desired finished width plus the seams.

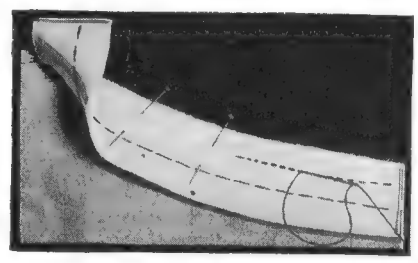


Fig. III

Baste the fold before it is sewed on. Figure III shows the binding partially sewed in place. When this binding is folded to the wrong side (Figure IV) to be sewed

[*Turn to page 76*]

The Fleisher Yarns Knitting Contest

$11,000 in Cash Prizes

$2000. *First Prize*

149 OTHER PRIZES OF $500. TO $25.

SOMEWHERE there is a woman who can knit garments of unmatched beauty. Perhaps that woman is *you*. If it is, $2000 in cash is yours.

But this first prize is not all. 150 women will win cash prizes in this great Contest. The makers of THE FLEISHER YARNS are offering over $11,000 to find America's most beautiful knitted garments.

150 Cash Prizes— Total $11,275.00

1st	National Prize	. . . .	$2,000
2nd	" "	. . . .	500
3rd	" "	. . . .	200
49 State—	1st Prizes	$100 each .	4,900
49 "	2nd "	$ 50 " .	2,450
49 "	3rd "	$ 25 " .	1,225
		Grand total	$11,275

Don't stay out of this Contest for fear you are not an "expert." A novice, with an eye for beauty, may capture the first prize.

If you have never learned to knit, now is the time to begin. Even if you don't win a prize, you will add a handsome piece to your wardrobe; for all entries not winning prizes will be promptly returned to their owners after the Contest closes.

Follow any idea or style you wish, provided you knit a useful article. Articles made of any make or brand of yarn will be eligible. The prizes will be awarded for beauty alone. In case of a tie, each tieing contestant will receive the full amount of the prize.

A Few Suggestions

Here are a few suggestions of pieces that may be submitted: sweater, blouse, dress, jacket, skirt, sacque, scarf, afghan, vest, shawl, kimono, hose, baby carriage cover, children's wearing apparel, etc.

Why not make the Contest still more exciting by forming a Knitting Club among your friends? Then all go after these splendid cash prizes!

Dealers Everywhere

Fleisher Yarn dealers will feature special contest displays during the Contest. Go at once to the Yarn Department of any store that sells THE FLEISHER YARNS. Ask for the Free Contest Blank. This Official Blank, which must be used for each entry, tells everything a Contestant wants to know.

If your Fleisher Yarn dealer does not have a supply of Blanks, write direct to S. B. & B. W. Fleisher, at the address below, giving your dealer's name.

The Judges

The Judges of the Contest will be:

MISS HELEN KOUES
Fashion Editor, Good Housekeeping

MISS MARTHA E. DODSON
Associate Editor
Ladies' Home Journal

MISS CHRISTINE A. FERRY
Needlework Editor,
Modern Priscilla

MISS CARMEL WHITE
Fashion Editor, Vogue

MRS. CHARLOTTE BOLDTMANN
Knitting and Crochet Editor
Woman's Home Companion

The Contest BEGINS on Monday, April 9th, and closes on Saturday, June 9th.

Every person in the United States, outside the Fleisher organization, is eligible. Any person is likely to win. No professional training or experience is needed.

Don't put it off. Begin today. Get your supply of yarns immediately and set your needles clicking. Resolve that one of these 150 cash prizes shall be yours. Knit a few leisure hours into a thing of beauty—and perhaps into $2,000.

KNITTING THE FLEISHER'S BEST YARNS

To Dealers:

We have mailed a broadside explaining how yarn dealers can cooperate with this Contest to obtain therefrom an unprecedented increase in Yarn sales. It also tells of $1000.00 in cash prizes for the best window displays. ***If you have not received your copy of this broadside write us at once for it.***

S. B. & B. W. FLEISHER, Inc., Dept. 108, PHILADELPHIA

Photo by Hixon Studios

Frock of Corticelli Canton Crepe designed for Irene Castle by Jesse Woolf & Company, New York

For this lovely frock Irene Castle's choice is

CORTICELLI SILK

IRENE CASTLE knows how much the success of any frock depends on the selection of an appropriate material.

And "America's best dressed woman" chooses Corticelli dress silks. She finds them a beautiful medium for expressing the soft graceful lines of the present fashions when draped effects are so important.

There is a Corticelli silk appropriate for any demand the mode may make. Corticelli Crepe Tremaine, Corticelli Crepe Denta, Corticelli Castle Crepe in new patterned designs, and Corticelli Service Taffeta are among the most popular. If your favorite store cannot show you these and other Corticelli dress silks, please write us.

On request we will send you free booklet showing Irene Castle posed in the new "Irene Castle Models"—duplicates of costumes in her personal wardrobe, all made of Corticelli silks. We will also advise you where you may obtain in your own city or vicinity a duplicate of the charming frock illustrated above.

THE CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY,
305 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass.

Please send me the new Corticelli Booklet of Irene Castle Models.

Name .....

Street ..... No Canadian requests

City.....State..... can be filled

My dealer's name is.....

Our Monthly Dressmaking Hints

[*Continued from page 75*]

down, it has a folded edge through which to slip-stitch. You will find this binding very easy to make, only be careful to cut it exact in width and take up an even seam in the first stitching, as there is no further chance to turn in any edge.

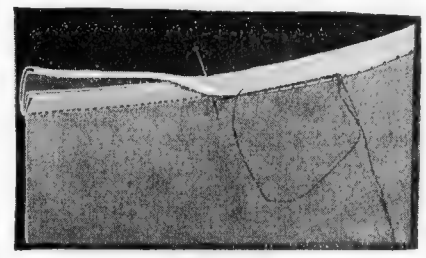


Fig. IV

The last binding shown is a simulated binding, best used on a straight edge, as for the edges of a sash, applied bands on a dress, or even the bottom of a skirt.

For a quarter-inch binding fold over the edge one inch to the right side and run

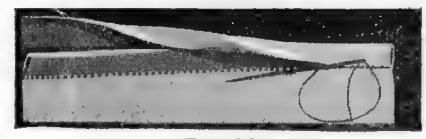


Fig. V

in a quarter-inch tuck. Fold back the one-inch allowance over this sewed line, turn in the raw edge exactly as the first binding was made and slip-stitch the fold on the sewed line.

Fig. VI

This last binding is an excellent way to finish an edge if you are rather short of material. It is an attractive finish for the bottom of a petticoat or slip.

When cutting the strips for the bias binding, all piecings must be made *parallel to the selvedge* and exactly on a thread of the material. Press the piecings carefully before beginning to sew the bindings to the dress. When planning the amount of material needed for bias strips, remember that a true bias is one and a third in length the width of the material. The fewer piecings you have to make the better the binding will look, particularly in plain material—checks and stripes can be pieced so that seams are invisible.

Many bindings this season are made of colors contrasting with the gown, or, in the double faced materials the opposite side from the rest of the garment may be used. With the popular gaily figured materials plain bindings are a suitable edge finish.

The Triumph of Home Dressmaking

[*Continued from page 69*]

There's a third reason. If there is one thing that women really like to do, something that gives them a happy glow from the heart out, it is to shop for fabrics. The richest and the wisest go snooping in shops to be beguiled by a yard of alluring brocade, a bit of metallic tissue, an odd end of Egyptian patterned silk. The shops eagerly await such women. They know feminine psychology. A woman will buy a piece of exquisite material priced at what she can afford with only the vaguest idea of what she is to do with it.

The fashions of this season aid and abet such shopping. The constant answer to the interrogative: "Where did you get that over-blouse?" is, "Bought the material in an upholstery shop for a cushion and got so excited over its beauty I turned it into a blouse." Spring fashions permit women to make cushions and blouses of the same fabric, also evening frocks and parlor curtains, also chair covers and party wraps.

There has come over the American woman a keen desire to become her own sartorial artist. She is better educated in clothes than ever. She likes to see what she can do with pieces of fabric, how near she can come to smart clothes. A débutante who swept the honors of a season into her lap had her clothes made at home. Her mother achieved the task and boasts about it with triumph and exultation. She said she had wanted to try her skill at blending fabrics since the day she was married, but had no chance. "And, mind you," she said, "all my daughter's winter clothes cost but three hundred dollars. And my dressmaker asked her two hundred dollars to make one evening gown."

It's just things like this that inspire women to try their luck at home.

Any Woman May Now Be Beautiful

By Madame Maree

The slow tedious methods now commonly employed in trying to acquire beauty should be forgotten and in their place these few formulas should be used faithfully for results which you have so long sought.

For Promoting Hair Growth

The open secret of really forcing hair to grow is the proper stimulation, not merely of the scalp, but of the hair roots. This is done scientifically, and in a really wonderful way, too, by a mixture which you can easily make up yourself at home, consisting of one ounce of beta-quinol, one ounce of glycerine and one pint of water. This makes up a full pint of the best hair grower I have ever known. The hair should be washed at least every week or so. The very best shampoo one can get is to dissolve a teaspoonful of eggol in a cup of hot water.

To Have A Spotless Complexion

You will find that the sallowness, red spots, freckles and other blemishes of the face, arms, hands, neck and shoulders will promptly disappear, and in its place you may have as exquisite a complexion as you could ever hope for, by simply mixing together one ounce of zintone, obtainable at any drug store, two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and half pint of water. Apply frequently and liberally as a cream.

You May Look Years Younger

Remarkable success has been obtained in removing crows' feet, deep and shallow wrinkles, lines of age and sagging cheeks by the use of my following formula. It makes the skin more vigorous and plump and the change to youthfulness is striking. Simply mix two ounces of eptol, which you can get at your druggists, with half pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine. Use this every day.

Removes Muddiness in Few Minutes

It sounds very remarkable to say that one may get rid of blackheads, big ones and little ones, in only a few minutes, but such is the case if the following method is used. Sprinkle some neroxin powder on a sponge made wet with hot water and rub this on the blackheads. The result is surprising, every blackhead and skin pore impurity is dissolved away instantly.

Best Way To Treat Superfluous Hair

Superfluous hair should be dissolved away, instead of burned off, as is now so commonly done. The only thing I have ever known that would "dissolve" superfluous hair is simple sulfo solution. By applying this, even the stiffest hairs on very tender portions of the body are removed without leaving the slightest mark, red spots or irritation. It is ideal.

If your druggist should be out of any of these famous beautifiers you can get them by writing to Cooper Pharmacal Co., 639 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Select the beautifier you feel the most need of, enclose $1.00 and they will send you enough to last several months and will include a regular 50 cent box of their wonderful face powder. But try the druggist first.

GRAY HAIR GONE
NATURALLY AND SAFELY

Qban
HAIR COLOR RESTORER
works with Nature—not against it
AT GOOD DRUG STORES
75¢
Book of Seven Qbans Sent free
THE HESSIG-ELLIS CHEMISTS
MEMPHIS, TENN.

We Pay $8 a Day

taking orders for Jennings Guaranteed Hosiery. Written guarantee with each pair to wear and give satisfaction or new hose free.

Year round Position
No Lay offs

Regular customers and repeat orders make you steady income. Hose for men, women and children, all styles, colors and finest line silk hose, all guaranteed. Low priced. No experience necessary. Write for samples.

JENNINGS MFG. CO.
Hose- 388 Dayton, Ohio

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

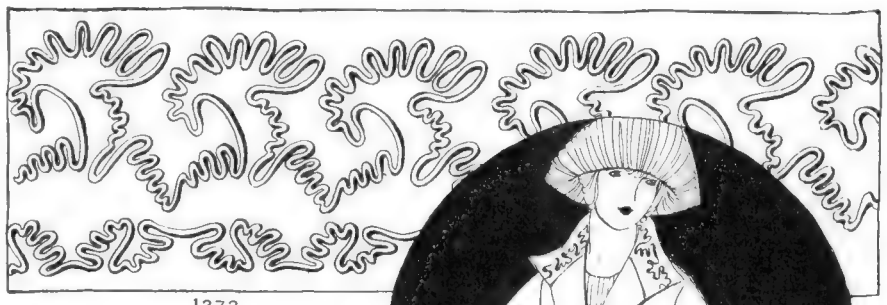
By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Designs You Can Stamp With a Hot Iron In One Minute

By Elisabeth May Blondel



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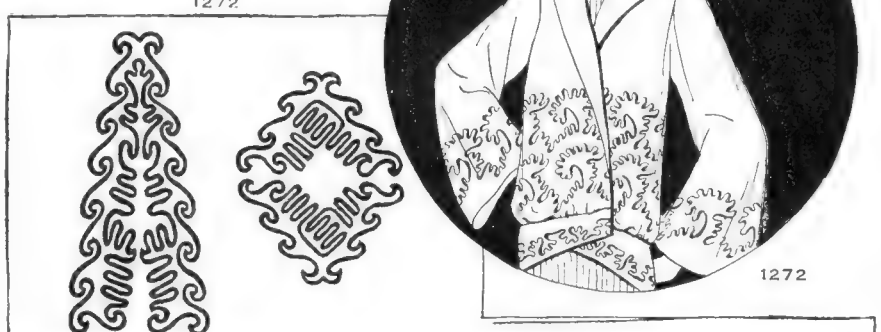

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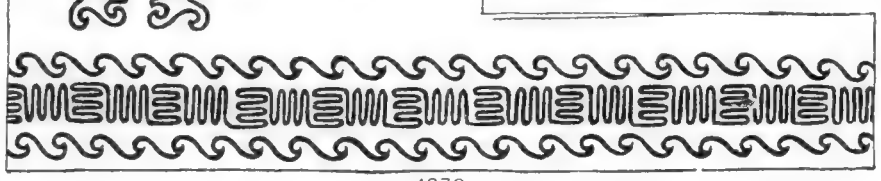

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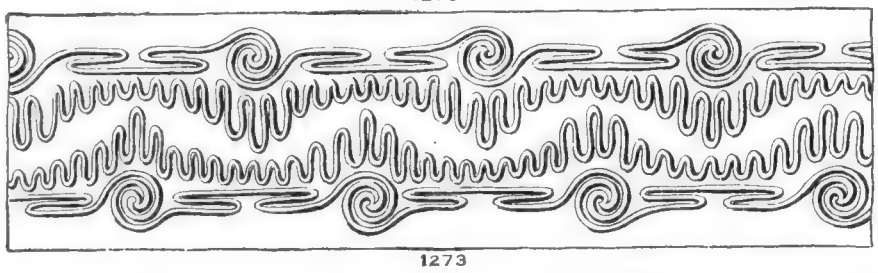


1273

1272—Transfer Pattern for Braiding. Includes 2½ yards of border 14¼ inches wide, or cut apart, 5 yards of 7½-inch border; and 3⅞ yards of border 2 inches wide. (Ladies' and Misses' Coat No. 3013 in 7 sizes, 14, 16 years, and 36 to 44 ins. bust measure. Price, 40 cents). Smart in allover effect on dresses. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

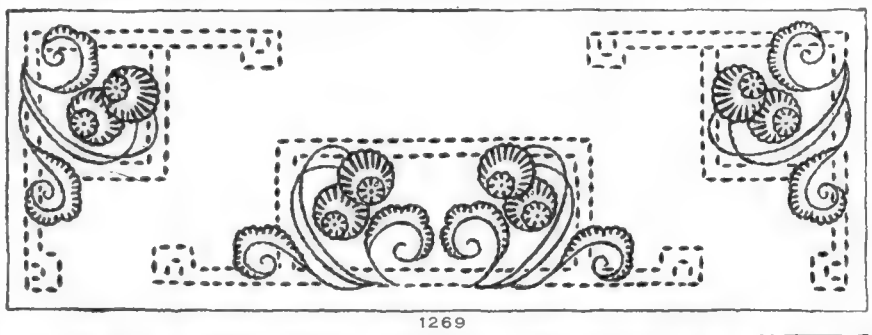
1270—Transfer Pattern for Braid Motifs and Border. Includes 4 pointed motifs 9 inches long and 5⅜ inches across at base; 4 motifs 6⅛ x 7 inches; and 7¼ yards of banding 3 inches wide. For dresses and blouses. Amount of braid stated in pattern. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

1273—Transfer Pattern for Braid Border. Includes 4¼ yards of doubled border as illustrated, 6¼ inches wide, or cut apart, 8½ yards of single border 4 inches wide. Pattern shows how to form motifs, and states amount of braid required. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1269—Transfer Pattern for Corner Motifs. Includes 4 corners 5¾ x 5⅞ inches; 4 motifs 3¼ x 11¾ inches; and 8 small corners 3¼ x 3¼ inches. For luncheon cloth and napkins, dress trimming, etc. Work in lazy-daisy-, buttonhole- and darning-stitch. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1268—Transfer Pattern for Small Sprays and Border. Includes 4 corner designs 4⅜ x 4⅜ inches; 6 each of two wreath motifs about 1½ inches across; 4 of the longest motif 8¾ x 2 inches; 24 of the smallest motif ¾ inch across, and 4 yards of same in a banding; 6 baskets 1¾ x 2⅛ inches, and 4 in larger size. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1271—Transfer Pattern for Motifs in Running-Stitch. Includes 4 yards each of ½-inch and ¼-inch border; 2 pairs each of butterfly motifs in 3 sizes; 2 large butterflies 2⅛ x 3 inches; and 28 of the smallest motifs. For children's frocks, lingerie, etc. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.



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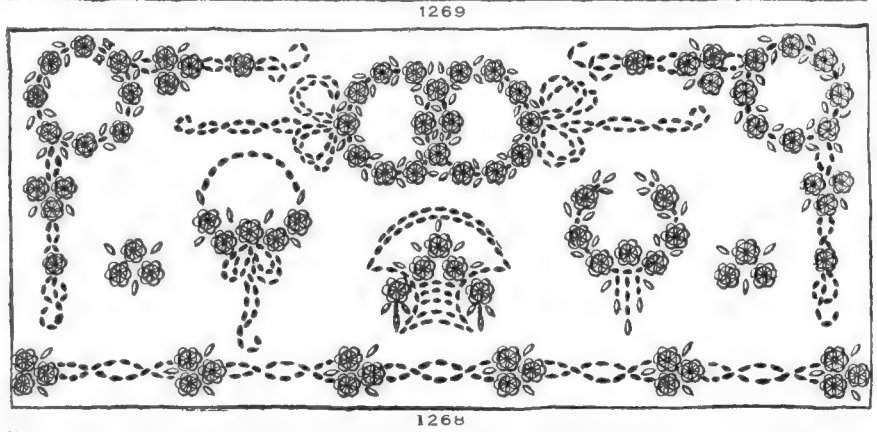

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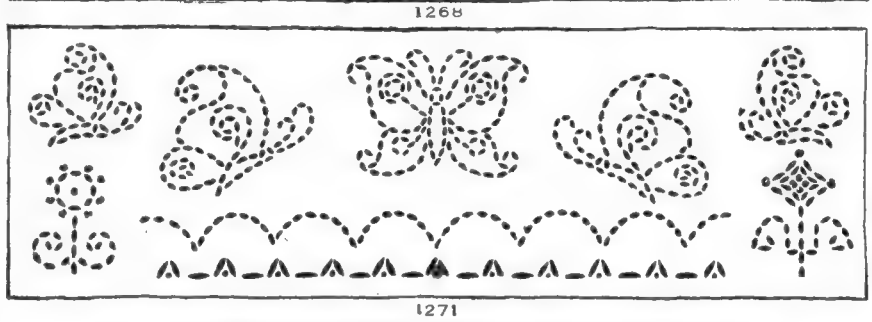

1271

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

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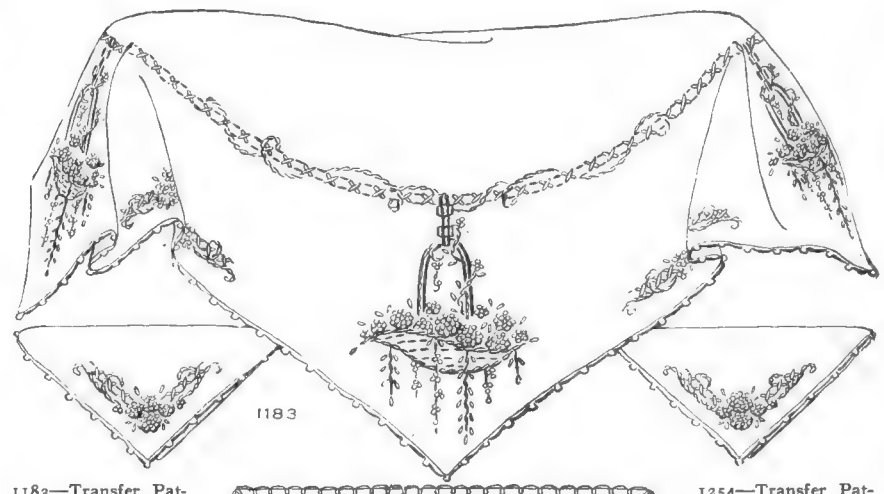
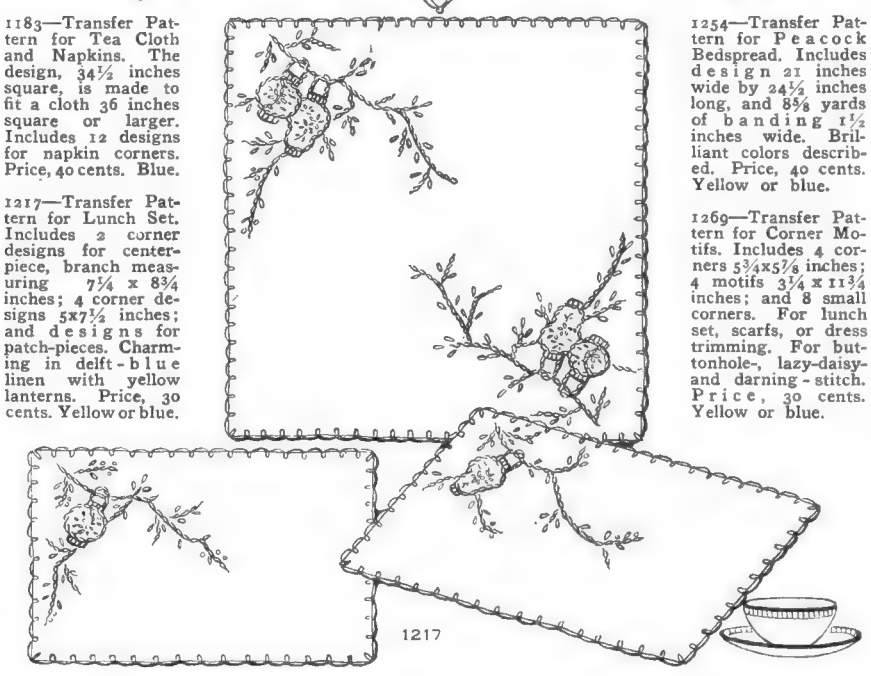


1183—Transfer Pattern for Tea Cloth and Napkins. The design, 34½ inches square, is made to fit a cloth 36 inches square or larger. Includes 12 designs for napkin corners. Price, 40 cents. Blue.

1217—Transfer Pattern for Lunch Set. Includes 2 corner designs for centerpiece, branch measuring 7¼ x 8¾ inches; 4 corner designs 5x7½ inches; and designs for patch-pieces. Charming in delft-blue linen with yellow lanterns. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.



1254—Transfer Pattern for Peacock Bedspread. Includes design 21 inches wide by 24½ inches long, and 8⅝ yards of banding 1½ inches wide. Brilliant colors described. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

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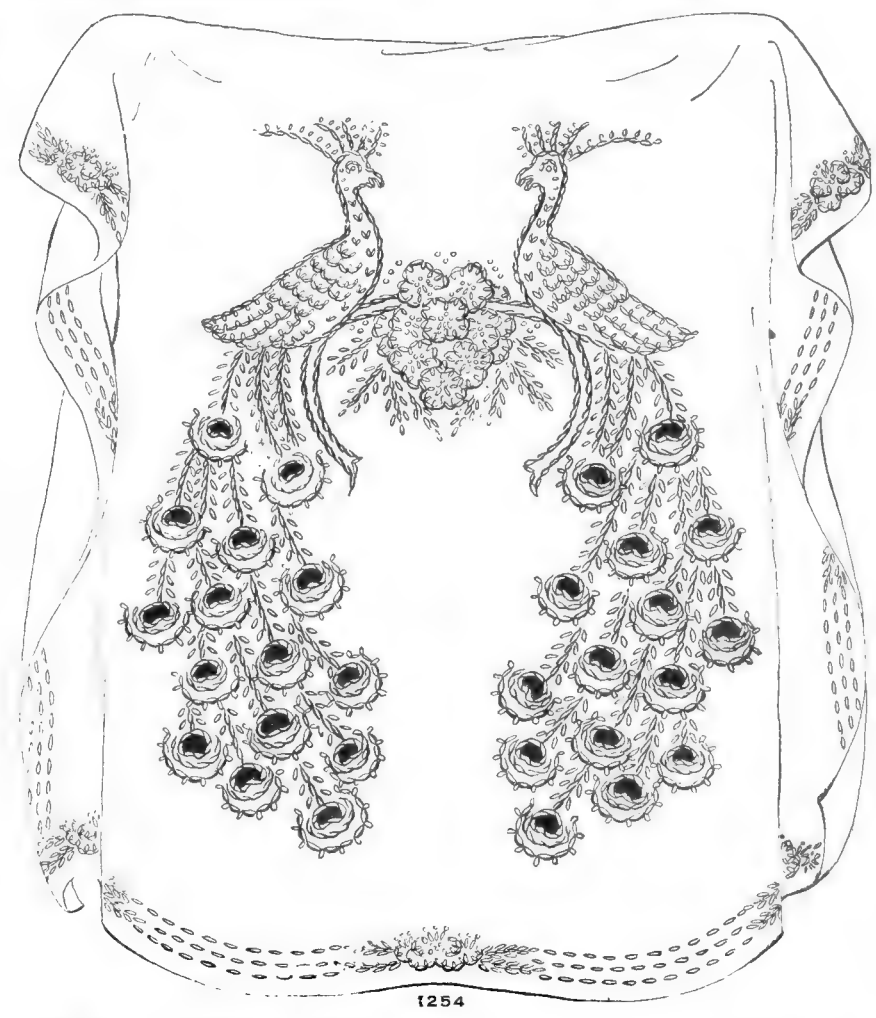

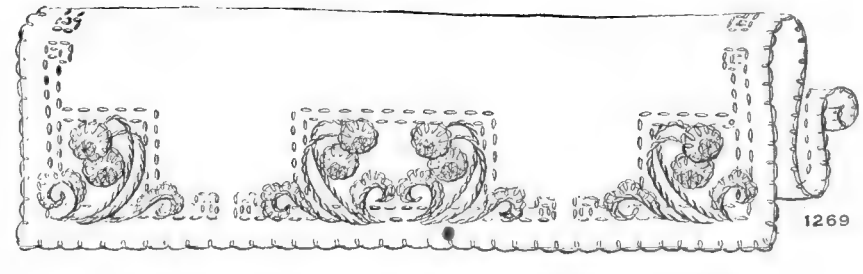

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Folly's Gold

[*Continued from page 64*]

"Give me those letters!" Clifford ordered again.

"Not to a housebreaker and stick-up artist!" Bradley gritted defiantly.

"I'll take them, then. And if you make any slightest movement to resist, this gun will blow you over the walls of kingdom-come!" His pistol pressed against Bradley's chest, watching Bradley and also the white statue, Mary, Clifford shifted a hand into the inner pocket Bradley had indicated a few moments earlier. He drew out a packet of letters, held together by an elastic band. Still keeping Bradley covered, but with some slight aid from his pistol hand, he slipped off the elastic and counted the letters. There were ten, as Mrs. Fownes had said. He drew out a single letter and glanced at the writing; the letter was in Mrs. Fownes' hand. Without question these were the ten letters Mrs. Fownes had written. Clifford slipped the packet into his pocket. Bradley had moved a pace or two backward and was now standing with his left hand resting upon his desk near a double row of pearl-capped push-buttons; though Clifford noted this change of position, he attached no importance to it at the moment. The important change was in Bradley's face: the fury and lost control of the first surprised moment were now gone, and the dark face was a grim but otherwise expressionless mask in which dark eyes played steadily.

The blood of triumph was throbbing hotly through Clifford. At last he had won! At last he had Bradley just where he wanted him! He could not keep this exultant triumph out of his voice.

"I've got you with these letters, Bradley," he cried. "You're finished, Bradley! These letters are all the evidence I need!"

Bradley's face remained a mask, and he made no response, and Clifford turned his words upon Mary.

"And you in this too, Miss Regan!" he cried with an even harsher contempt—for there can be nothing more biting than a love that believes itself wronged. "In it with a crook like Bradley! I don't know whether the law can touch *you;* but the trial will certainly show that you were involved. I once thought there was fine stuff in you; I tried to save you and help you become your better self. And the end of it all is—I find you tied up with Bradley!"

Clifford was amazed by the look he saw in Mary's pale, unwavering face—a face Bradley could not see. It was almost as if she was excitedly glad!

His bewildered wonderment was cut into by Bradley's voice, now calm, even caustic as in the days of old.

"Clifford, if you don't want to make an ass of yourself before the public, you will kindly hand me back those letters."

Clifford almost gasped at the effrontery of the man. "You admit that these are the missing letters?" he demanded.

"Certainly."

"Then I'll keep them as evidence!"

"I see I've got to make a little explanation to keep New York from laughing at you." Bradley's voice was now easy, slow, tauntingly bland. "I was engaged by Mrs. Fownes to recover those letters from certain parties who were trying to blackmail her. I may mention that my fee was to be ten thousand dollars if I succeeded. I finally gained possession of the letters about an hour ago, and—"

"That's a lie!" Clifford broke in.

"And," the bland voice went on, "since this is a very delicate case, and the telephone is not always to be trusted, I sent a note marked 'Personal,' immediately upon the recovery of these letters, to Mrs. Fownes requesting her to call for her dangerous property. I'm trying to be patient with you, Clifford. You spoke of evidence. I have a bit I'd like to show you. It's in my desk. But you might suspect a trick if I tried to move—an attempt to shoot you. I therefore suggest that you first disarm me. You'll find my gun in my right-hand hip-pocket."

Clifford hesitated. There was something a bit disquieting about this. But silently he took Bradley's flat automatic and searched him for other weapons.

"Now keep both guns right against me," Bradley continued, "and shoot at my first suspicious move. With your consent, I wish to open the top drawer of my desk and hand you a bit of evidence."

With the two pistols in his ribs, Bradley moved around to the front of his desk, opened a drawer, and drew out a single sheet of paper. This he laid upon the desk, beside his typewriter.

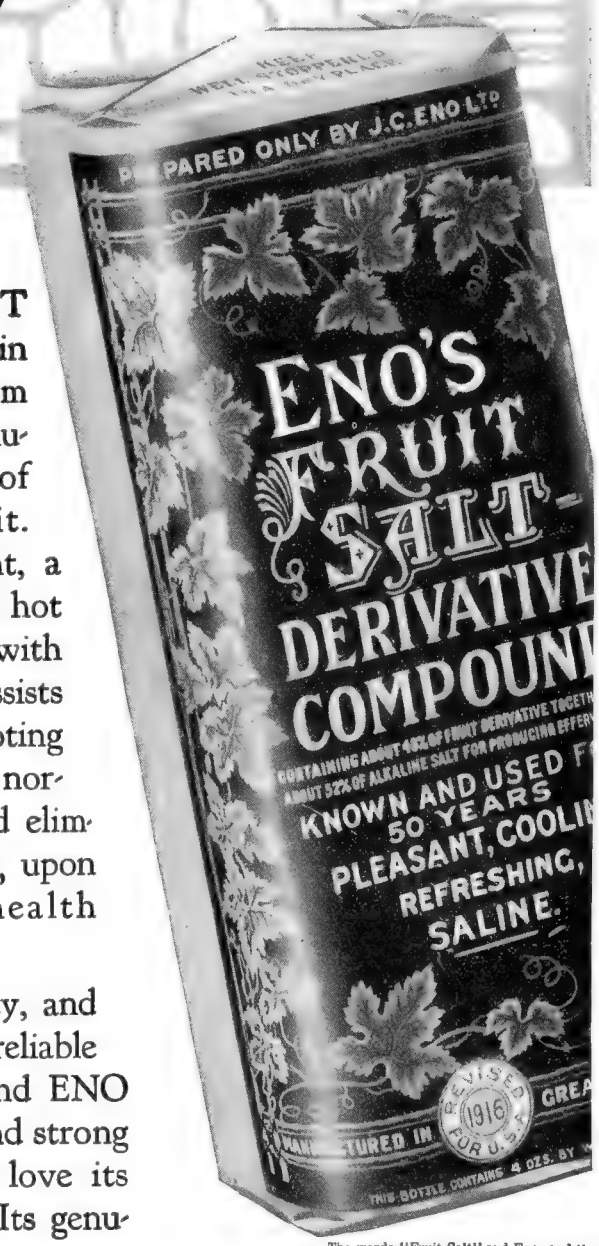
"That, Clifford, is a carbon copy of the letter I just wrote and sent to Mrs. Fownes. Kindly oblige me by reading it."

"And give you a chance to pull some stunt while reading it! I'm not to be tricked by such old stuff as that!"

"I was going to suggest, Clifford, that you order me into the middle of the room, where I'll have no chance to make a quick move, and that you further order me to

[*Turn to page 80*]

One of the Household Gods



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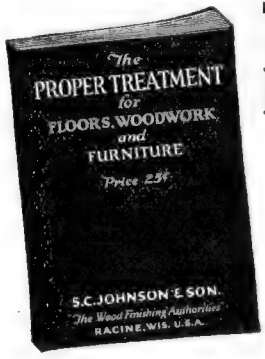

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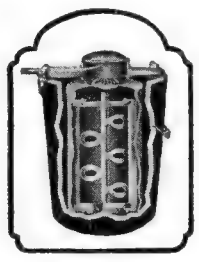

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1 PINT good cream, 1 quart fresh milk, 3 cups sugar, 1 cup pecans, vanilla to taste. Grind raisins and pecans very fine, then cover with milk and stand in warming oven or on back of range until thoroughly mixed. Mix cream, milk and sugar and flavor with vanilla as if to make vanilla ice cream. Then add the mixture of nuts, raisins, and milk, and freeze.

Send for recipe book.

THE ALASKA FREEZER CO., *Winchendon, Mass.*

THE **ALASKA** FREEZER

Folly's Gold

[*Continued from page 79*]

try to keep scratching the ceiling with my finger-nails. It won't hurt you to read that letter, you know."

"All right—obey your order," snapped Clifford.

Bradley moved to the cleared center of the room and stretched his arms aloft. Clifford glanced at Mary Regan. Whatever she might be feeling toward him, he feared no violence from her, so he laid down one pistol and took up the carbon letter. It read:

MY DEAR MRS. FOWNES:

This is to notify you that I have just secured possession of the originals of those documents you so much desired to see, and am holding them at my residence subject to your convenience. However, I shall be glad if you can relieve me of their custody at once.

Very truly,

Clifford looked across at Bradley. "That letter's pure bunk!"

"What is the letter?" Mary Regan demanded in a strained voice.

Clifford handed it to her. She glanced it rapidly through, then looked sharply at him, then at Bradley. To Clifford it seemed, for a moment, that there was again puzzlement in her look—genuine puzzlement. But she said nothing.

"That letter's pure bunk!" repeated Clifford.

"It is evidence," replied Bradley. "That carbon, and its original, would be proof in any court that I was merely engaged in a somewhat routine professional enterprise. Even if Miss Regan should come to your support—and her evidence, considering the record of her family, would count for nothing—even with her help, you would have no case. For you see there is the evidence of that letter."

"It's easy enough to fake a letter!"

"Precisely," Bradley agreed blandly. "One proof of its genuineness would be the acknowledgment of its receipt by the person to whom it is addressed. Now Mrs. Fownes lives but a few minutes away. She may not be at home; but when she does come home, her first act would be to hurry right here, would it not?"

"Yes, if the letter was actually sent to her."

"Then let whether she appears or does not appear, be the test in this matter. Suppose we wait for half an hour or so; you can spare that much time rather than make a blunder. I make just one personal request. This attitude is third-degree stuff. I'd like to take my hands out of the air and sit down. Of course you can keep your artillery aimed at me."

Clifford felt that there might be some trick in this; but the proposal was one that could hardly be denied. At Clifford's "All right," Bradley lowered his powerful frame into a chair, and Clifford sat down at the desk. He kept Bradley covered, and at the same time was on his guard against any rescue party that might try to enter by way of the balcony or through the door.

The minutes passed. There was no attempt at speech among the three. Mary's face was inscrutable; Bradley's seemed to show satisfaction with the situation. Though Clifford had the letters, held all the weapons, had Bradley as his prisoner, knew Bradley was guilty, a fear began to creep through him that something was wrong somewhere—that something unexpected might possibly have happened.

Presently there came a scurry of light footsteps through the library. Clifford trained one pistol on the door. It was flung open, and in it for a brief moment stood the agitated figure of pretty Mrs. Fownes. Clifford lowered the weapon held upon her.

"Excuse me," Mrs. Fownes gasped. "The butler said you were in here, Mr. Bradley, and I couldn't wait to be announced." She closed the door, and ignoring in her concern for herself such incidental matters as guns and other persons, she fairly ran across to Bradley. "I just got your note about those letters," she cried in her gasping voice of fear and hope, "and I hurried right over as you suggested. You really recovered the letters? You really have them?"

"I recovered the letters all right and I had them until a little while ago," replied Bradley, "when Mr. Clifford there lost his head over some crazy idea, and took them from me at the point of a gun. Clifford has them now, and you'll have to ask him for them."

The frenzied woman turned swiftly upon Clifford. "You have the letters?"

"Yes. But there's something crooked here you ought—"

"Give me the letters!" she frantically interrupted. "I don't care what happened between you and Mr. Bradley. The letters, that's all I care for! Give them to me!"

She held out a quivering, clutching hand, and her wild pleas, her wild commands, poured on. For a moment Clifford regarded the anguished face of the pretty little fool. Then he made his de-

[*Turn to page 83*]

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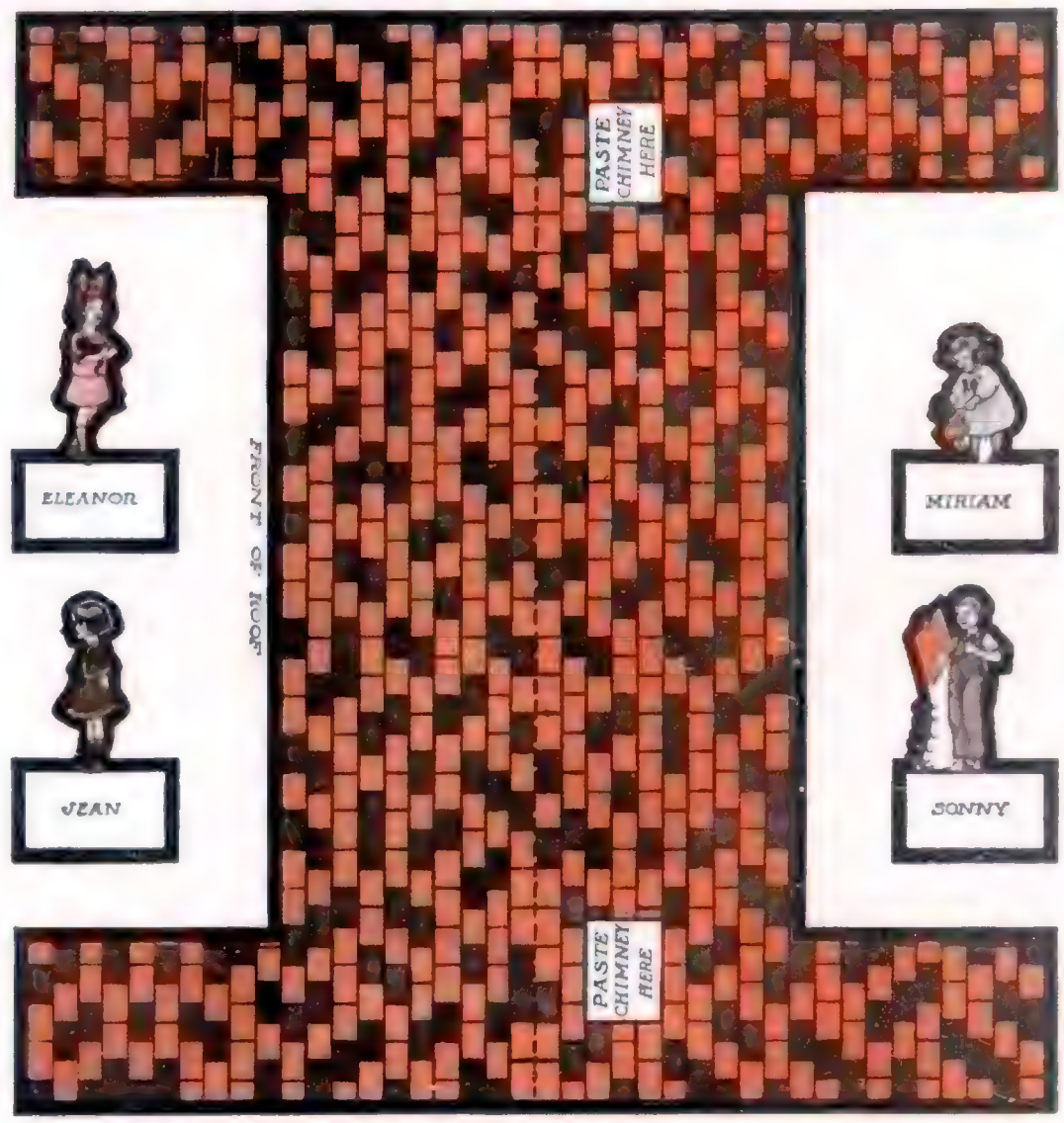
THIS IS LEFT END OF FARM HOUSE
BEND DOWN - PASTE UNDER ROOF
PASTE TAB AA HERE
PASTE TAB DD AT THIS END



THIS IS RIGHT END OF FARM HOUSE
BEND DOWN - PASTE UNDER ROOF
THIS IS RIGHT END OF FARM HOUSE
BEND DOWN - PASTE UNDER ROOF
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CUT OUT
MEL CUMMIN
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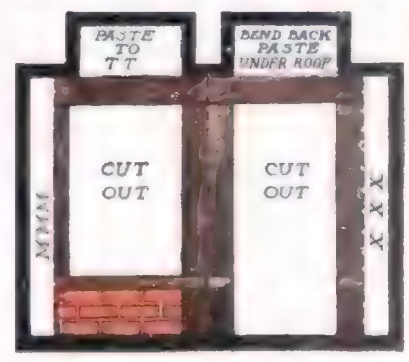


- DIRECTIONS -

CUT AROUND HEAVY BLACK OUTLINES - FOLD ONLY ON DOTTED LINES - DOORS MAY BE CUT TO OPEN.

MORE BUILDINGS ARE COMING NEXT ISSUE

This quaint little fantasy has a special appeal for Mothers' Day, since every mother knows that dread of the time when her baby shall grow up—when Playmate and Firstlove shall seek to steal her Treasure from her.

Here in our play you will find these robbers, desperate and bold for all that they wear so young a guise; the New Woman, too, most merciless of them all, and at the last, Truelove who comes to capture him and bind him fast forever.

The Treasure

A Mother-Play in One Act

By Gertrude Knevels

TIME: Early on a winter evening.

SCENE: Pleasant living-room. Door into nursery, left; door into hall, right. Open fire, comfortable chairs. Room lighted by reading lamp and two candles in silver candlesticks on mantel. A blue ribbon is stretched along the fender like a miniature clothesline from which hang two small pink socks. MOTHER reclines on a couch and contemplates them. Near her is a small table holding a book, plate of biscuit, flowers, glass of milk and a hand bell. NURSIE, a stout, square, capable old dear, puts her head in from the adjoining room. She watches Mother attentively.

NURSIE: All right, eh?

MOTHER: Yes, thank you. (NURSIE's *head disappears, but her voice can be heard crooning a snatch of a lullaby.*)

NURSIE: —"Daddy's gone a-hunting—
Gone to fetch a rabbit-skin
To wrap—"

(MOTHER *listens, smiles, then slips from her couch and kneels by the fire, fingering the socks.* NURSIE *catches her at it.*)

NURSIE: And what am I 'ere for?

MOTHER: Oh, I know, Nursie dear! I just thought they might be scorching.

NURSIE: Small loss—the silly things! (*Taking socks.*) Didn't I tell you they wouldn't be no use? Down on my knees I am 'alf my time, pickin' 'em up and pullin' 'em on. And no sooner do I get 'em on 'im nice and smooth—

MOTHER (*laughing*): Than he kicks them off again—the Treasure!

NURSIE (*affecting indignation*): Who—'im? Treasure indeed! Precious noosance he is. (*Going toward nursery door which is slightly open.*) Look at 'im now. Gooin' and gurglin' and goin' on in there, 'stead o' gettin' 'is sleep.

MOTHER: Nursie, are you sure the catch is on the front door? I am a little anxious tonight—with his Daddy away. Such dreadful things as we read in the papers every day! O Nursie, suppose—just *suppose*—some horrible gang of robbers should break into our peaceful little house tonight—

NURSIE: Your silver's in the safe and your jools—

MOTHER: Bother my silver and my jewels. Suppose they should steal my Treasure!

NURSIE (*very firm*): Will you sit down 'ere this minute and stop talkin' 'orrors? (*Places* MOTHER *firmly on couch and covers her with wrap.*)

MOTHER: No. Nursie, have you never suffered from premonition?

NURSIE: I'm a Presbyterian. Drink your milk.

MOTHER: Tonight I have the strangest feeling that inimical forces are gathing around me, coming nearer. I hear other voices than the wind's voice crying around the house; I see hands, more cold, more cruel than the white hands of the rain that beat upon the window pane!

NURSIE (*peering out*): We'll all need our rubbers tomorrer.

MOTHER (*very intense*): I believe that something is going to happen in this house tonight! This disturbance centers round *him*—little innocent victim!

NURSIE: My, you ought to be glad he ain't twins! There now, that's enough o' that. You get a real good rest. Give me that book (*takes book to a far table*) I'm goin' to turn down this 'ere lamp so's it won't hurt your eyes, and I'll take one of these candles in along with me. (*Turns down lamp.*)

MOTHER: Thank you, Nursie dear.

NURSIE: All right now?

MOTHER: You've fastened all the windows?

NURSIE: Every blessed one. I'll eat every robber that gets in 'ere.

MOTHER (*yawning*): I do believe I feel a little bit sleepy!

NURSIE: That's a good girl. Ssh now! (*She takes a candle from the mantel, makes a careful survey of the room to be sure that all is well, and then passes into the nursery, closing the door behind her.* MOTHER *remains quiet long enough to be sure that she is unobserved, then sits up briskly, throws off coverlet, and tiptoes to the outer door. She listens a moment, then locks the door and places key on the table. She gets her book, reseats herself, has an idea, drops book, goes to window, mounts chair, tries the catch, returns to couch and reads for a moment. At a very slight noise like the creaking of a distant door,* MOTHER *drops book with a start, listens, reassures herself, nibbles a biscuit, and becomes gradually absorbed in her book. Very slowly, almost imperceptibly the locked door swings open and the* FIRST ROBBER *enters. She is a little girl not over nine, in a gingham apron with a sun-bonnet hanging down her back. She carries an old rag doll under one arm and is sucking a lollipop.*)

FIRST ROBBER: Tell him I'm here.

MOTHER (*startled*): Oh! Who are you?

FIRST ROBBER: I'm Playmate.

MOTHER: But how did you get in? What do you want in my house, little Playmate?

FIRST ROBBER: Him.

MOTHER (*amused*): Oh!

FIRST ROBBER: Tell him to come out.

MOTHER (*explaining condescendingly*): But he can't. He's too little—

FIRST ROBBER: He's not so little as Alec Jones. (*A brief pause. She looks toward the nursery door. She starts toward it.*)

MOTHER: You mustn't go in there!

FIRST ROBBER (*stamping her foot*): Then tell him to come out!

MOTHER: But you don't understand, my dear. He is so little he doesn't want to play. He wants to stay with his Mother!

Characters:

In the order in which they make their appearance

NURSIE—*an Old Dear, stout, capable, firm.*
MOTHER—*very charming, very young.*
FIRST ROBBER, SECOND ROBBER, THIRD ROBBER, FOURTH ROBBER } *All desperate, dangerous, merciless*

FIRST ROBBER (*scornfully*): Then why does he cry?

MOTHER (*amazed*): Does he cry?

FIRST ROBBER (*affirmatively*): Uh-huh! (*Turns resolutely toward the nursery, and* MOTHER *makes a vain effort to leave couch and prevent her.*)

MOTHER: I won't let you go in there!

FIRST ROBBER (*making a naughty face over her shoulder*): Can't stop me!

MOTHER (*struggling*): You naughty little girl! I can too.

FIRST ROBBER (*pointing gleefully*): Haven't got any feet! Haven't any fee-eet! (*She doubles up with mirth as she watches* MOTHER's *vain efforts to cast off the coverlet.*)

MOTHER: You rude child! Go right out of this house and tomorrow I'll tell Nursie to give you a cookie.

FIRST ROBBER: Didn't come for a cookie.

MOTHER: Then what did you come for?

FIRST ROBBER: Him.

MOTHER (*desperate*): Come here. I want to tell you something. It's a secret! (*Playmate reluctantly faces about and approaches couch.*) You won't tell? Really-truly?

FIRST ROBBERS: Really-truly, black and bluely,
Lay-me-down-and-cut-me-in-twoly!

MOTHER: Listen. The truly truth is this. He is not altogether absolutely beautiful. His hair is red—fiery red.

FIRST ROBBER (*unimpressed*): Uh-huh. I know.

MOTHER: He's got a terrible temper. He cries, and he kicks too.

FIRST ROBBER: I can thpit. Want to see me thpit? Goodby! Goin' in there now. (*Turns toward nursery.*)

MOTHER: Stop! (*Wiggling vainly in her efforts to leave couch.*) Come back!

FIRST ROBBER: Goin' in there to get him *now!* See? (*She makes a naughty face at* MOTHER *and disappears into nursery, closing door behind her.*)

MOTHER: Oh, this is terrible! Nursie! Nursie! Come here this instant! (*Her attention is fixed on the nursery door and she does not at once mark the entrance of the* SECOND ROBBER *who enters from R. and hurries to the mirror where she surveys herself with great satisfaction, arranging a stray lock of hair. She is a young, innocent-looking Robber, not more than seventeen, in a filmy white dress with round neck and short sleeves. She carries a pair of long white gloves and a bunch of pink rosebuds.*)

SECOND ROBBER (*with a final pat to her hair*): There, that's better.

MOTHER: Good Heavens, who are *you?*

SECOND ROBBER: Thought you wouldn't know me with it up! I wonder how he'll like it?

MOTHER: He—?

SECOND ROBBER: I rather think he'll like it. And my dress—mm? (*Turns about to show off dress.*) Tell him I'm here, please.

MOTHER: I'll do nothing of the sort. I don't know you!

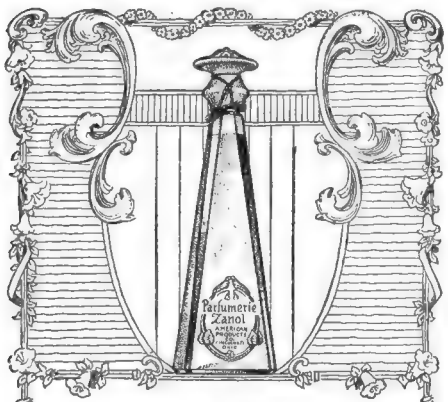
SECOND ROBBER: You did once, but you've forgotten me. (*Rather sadly.*) People do! Look at me, Mother. (*She comes close to couch.*) Oh, don't you remember me now? Why most everybody knows me—I'm Firstlove!

MOTHER (*coldly*): My dear young woman, I may have met you somewhere long ago, but that's no reason for presuming on a past acquaintance. Walking into my house like—like a thief in the night!

SECOND ROBBER (*laughing*): I am a thief in the night—and you know what I've come for! (*She looks toward the closed door of the nursery.*)

MOTHER (*stretching hand for bell and vainly trying to rise*): You sha'n't!

[*Turn to page 86*]



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[*Continued from page 80*]

cision: whatever had happened between the disappearance of the letters and the present moment, under the existing circumstances the letters undoubtedly should go to the agonized and repentant Mrs. Fownes. He drew them from his coat and silently handed them to her.

"They're all here—all ten of them!" she sobbed in wild relief. "I'm so happy—oh, so happy!" She turned toward Bradley. "I—I can't tell you how grateful I am to you for getting these letters! I'll see you tomorrow and pay your fee. I know you'll understand that—just now—I must get right home and destroy these dreadful things!"

With that she was gone. There followed a moment of silence. Then Bradley's voice broke in tauntingly.

"You see, Clifford, the whole thing is exactly as I told you. That letter is genuine; Mrs. Fownes' coming here has proved that. The whole thing, on my part, has been just an ordinary bit of professional work."

Without answering, Clifford slumped heavily into the chair at Bradley's desk. Victory in his very hands, he had lost out. He had had Bradley caught—he had no doubt that he was right at every point; but somehow Bradley had eluded him—eluded him and gained the well-paid gratitude of the woman who was to have been his victim. How had the thing happened? How had Bradley done it?

Dazed by this swift turn of events, yet struggling to think out the problem, Clifford let his eyes drop to the desk on which lay the carbon of Bradley's letter to Mrs. Fownes. Mechanically he read it through. Then mechanically, as he tried to think, his eyes moved to the desk drawer, open before him; and mechanically he noted in the drawer the carbon of another letter to Mrs. Fownes. Mechanically he read it; it was identical in wording with the first letter. Obviously Bradley had made two carbons.

And then the difference of just one detail shot through the fog of Clifford's bewilderment to his consciousness: the letter in the drawer was dated one day earlier than the letter on top of the desk. Clifford's whole being was startled by this discovery; but he controlled himself, and instantly his mind was away on the trail.

A moment later he arose, his face now hard, and stood above Bradley.

"I've told you, Bradley, that you are the biggest, most dangerous and cleverest crook in the country. I'm now going to tell you just how you worked this trick."

"I'm not interested in the least in anything you say, Clifford."

"You are going to hear just the same. As a detective you are in a position to learn a lot about family skeletons. You learned of these letters, and hired Fletcher to steal them. From the start those letters have been in your possession. Your agents then began to frighten Mrs. Fownes into paying for their return. Then luck played into your hands when Mrs. Fownes came to you to help her.

"That much we know." Clifford grimly went on. "Now we come to a new set of facts. Every clever crook, when he plans a crime, invariably spend as much time in planning his alibi and getaway. You saw there was danger of there being a slip-up and the letters being found on you before they had been turned over to Mrs. Fownes. So to protect yourself, you made this plan: Every day you, with your own hands, have typed this identical letter"—Clifford tapped the carbon in his hand—"and have left the sealed original in the hands of a trusted accomplice who is a servant in this house. Then if ever anything broke wrong for you, a phone message from New York, a code telegram, a signal—and within two minutes your letter would be in Mrs. Fownes' house, proving your success and good faith.

"Before I came through those windows you had no intention of handing over those letters yourself. But you were trapped; things had broken all wrong for you. So you thought of your alibi. Leaning against your desk—I remember the business clearly now—you signaled your accomplice with those push buttons, and an instant later your letter was on its way to Mrs. Fownes. There you are! That's how it was done!"

Bradley yawned mockingly up into Clifford's face. "A fantastic theory. But even if true, I've earned Mrs. Fownes' gratitude and a little fee of ten thousand for professional services."

"And I have saved her from paying you forty thousand more!"

"And even if true," Bradley mockingly continued, "you'll have hard work, my son, in proving the thing to others."

"I'm not even going to try! It's enough that you have proved to me definitely just what I've believed, that you are the most adroit, resourceful and ruthless criminal in the country. I'm going to get you, Bradley! Before the end, I'll get you!"

[*Turn to page 87*]

Treasures You Never Can Replace

A cherished silver heirloom—would you scour it with grit? Any treasure you can not replace deserves careful cleaning—and the precious thin enamel of your teeth is one of the greatest treasures you have. Once scratched or worn away by gritty dentifrices even Nature can never replace tooth enamel or restore its beauty. Choose a safe dental cream now—one that does not scratch or scour—and avoid years of regret later on.

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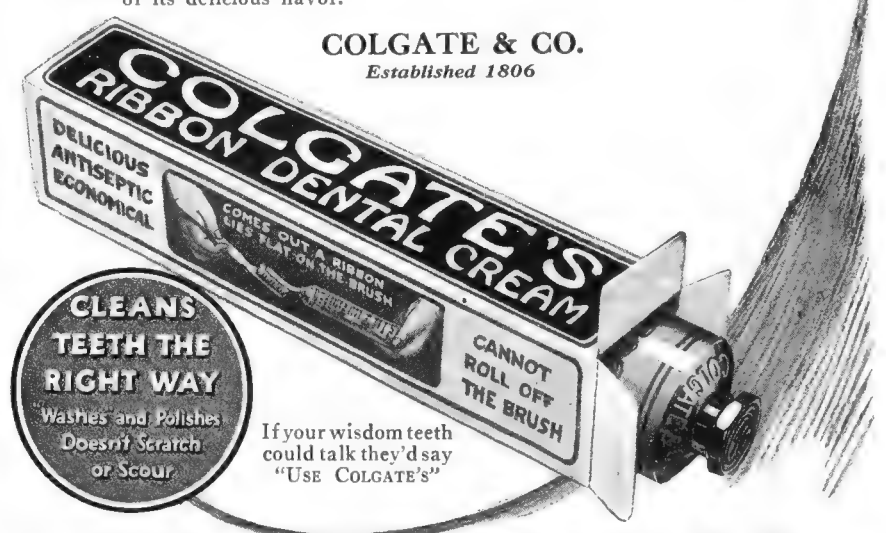

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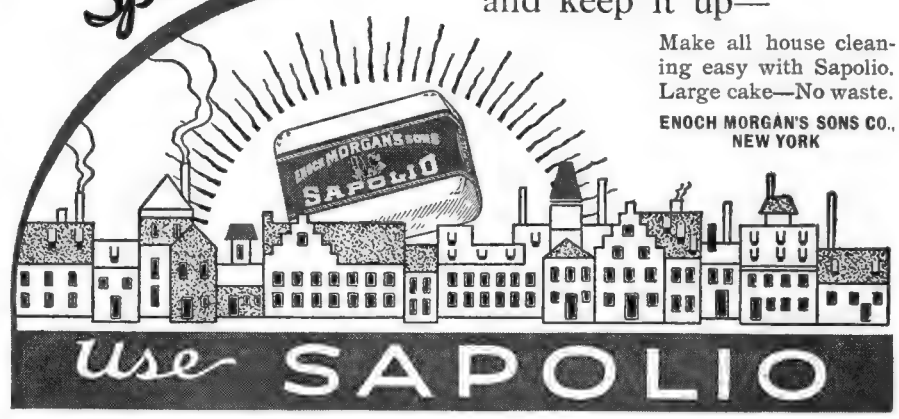

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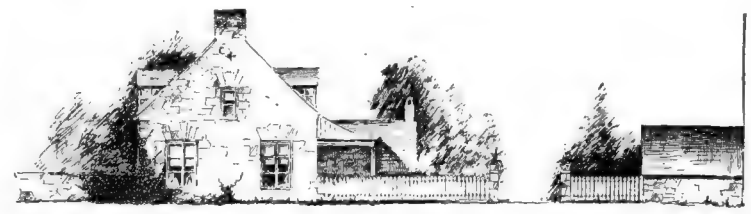
By Ernest Flagg, Author of "Small Houses"



I AM going to build a house!" Is there any other sentence of seven words fraught with more pleasurable anticipations than this? Perhaps some would place, *I am going to marry*, before it, but the former is a more peaceful proposition, and often more lasting.

In building a house one feels he has accomplished something tangible, has left his mark; and if, in doing that, he has been able to smooth away difficulties in the path of other home builders, he has certainly done what is worth doing, for homes are the foundation stones of the nation.

I am going to build a house for the benefit of the readers of this magazine and in so doing hope to show how to overcome some obstacles which usually lie in the way of the home builder. Personally I expect to have a glorious time in this operation and it shall be my endeavor to explain as clearly as possible how others may have the same sort of a time when they build.

The greatest obstacle in the way of the home builder, usually, is lack of funds; his needs are more than his means will supply. One object here is to show how he may obtain more than he generally gets, both in quantity and quality, by the practice of economy, efficiency, and the avoidance of shams and affectations. Economy in building does not consist in reductions. To reduce *in quality* is to skimp. To make a poor thing is not economy, but often extravagance. The poorer article will not give such good service and is, generally, more expensive in the long run. True economy in building consists in obtaining better results for a given outlay; in augmenting the means by the help of the brain; in doing great things in simple ways; in the employment of more direct methods and better taste.

Building in general is not done efficiently nor well. There is great room for improvement. Men are creatures of habit and do things in certain ways simply because they are in the habit of doing them in those ways. If one wishes to improve he must leave the beaten track, but as soon as he does so finds himself beset with difficulties, for he is running counter to custom and finds doubt, hesitation and prejudice in those whom he must employ.

It is the intention to build the house here presented for the purpose of illustrating certain departures from common methods—departures which have been found to produce better results. The building is to be a demonstration; the idea being to explain the various steps in the process as they occur, so clearly that the reasons for them may be understood and appreciated. The new way of building is really very simple; the only difficulty lies in its novelty.

It had been the intention to build the house illustrated in the April number, but upon further consideration it was thought a somewhat larger house would be likely to interest a greater number of readers. The house, here presented, consists of five rooms with a storeroom above ground instead of a cellar. It will be built on the Richmond Road, Staten Island, a main thoroughfare, easy to find, where all may see it who take the trouble to come. It will be open for inspection by readers of McCall's Magazine, both during the building process and after completion, for as long a time as it excites particular interest. After the house is finished, each process in its planning and construction will be described as fully and clearly as may be, by the writer, in a series of six articles in McCall's Magazine.

It is only fair to warn the reader, however, that the way will not be so easy as it may appear. It is not the intention to mislead nor to excite false hopes. If one shows a contractor how to save fifty per cent. by doing a certain thing in a new way, the chances are he will charge twenty-five per cent. extra for doing it in that way simply because it is new!

It is necessary to explain fully and clearly, just how this McCall house is to be built, for unless the readers understand the methods they will not benefit from them. It is hardly to be expected that intending home builders can avail themselves

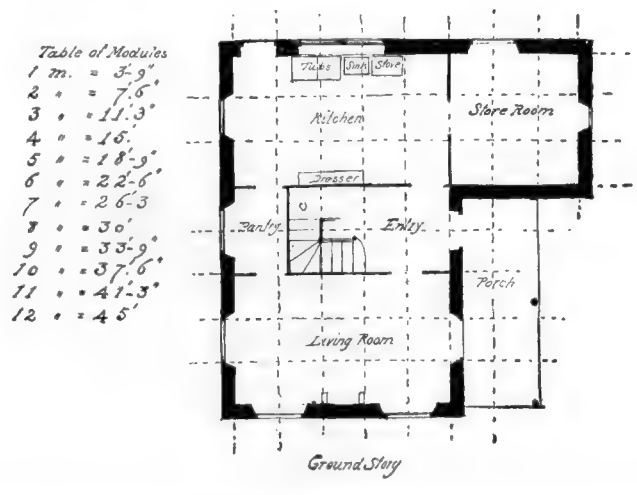
[*Turn to page 88*]

NEVER before has a magazine effected so great a service for its readers, as that which McCall's, cooperating with the distinguished architect, Mr. Flagg, is now preparing for you.

To prove his theory that beauty and honesty of design, coupled with convenience for the housewife, can be achieved in small-house building at half the usual cost, Mr. Flagg is building and will keep open for inspection to any McCall reader who desires to see it, the charming house pictured in this page. It is being erected at Dongan Hills, Staten Island, on the Richmond Road, the great highway between New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. Flagg will keep process-photographs and schedules of costs. After the home is completed, a special series of articles by Mr. Flagg, in McCall's, will describe the processes, step by step, so that your local contractor or builder wherever you may live, will be helped, by following his directions, to erect just such a home for you.

Mr. Flagg's articles will be offered to you, when the present series of small houses, begun in McCall's April issue, is completed. This current series presents the ideals of other eminent architects who, like Mr. Flagg are designing houses especially for McCall readers.



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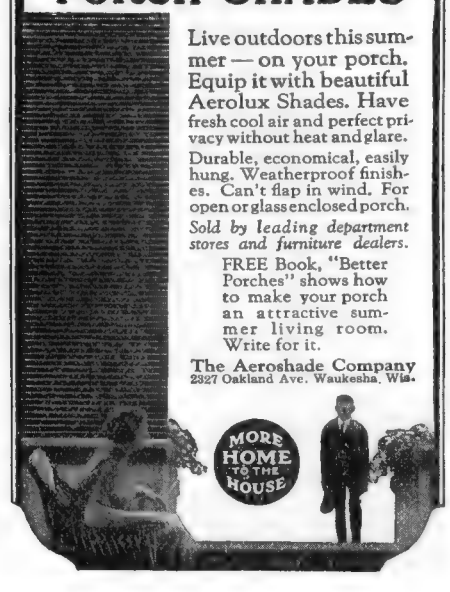

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Help Us Plan McCall Street Homes!

OF COURSE you intend to build someday. Does not everyone of us cherish that hope and look forward to the time when our house of dreams shall take on material substance?

Perhaps you have a definite picture in your mind of how you want your house to look; you have pet ideas about the arrangement of the rooms, plans for closets that shall be the last word in convenience.

We ask you to tell us about those plans.

Because we believe that an America of more beautiful, more comfortable homes will be a happier and better America—McCall's has arranged with the foremost architects of the country to design for you a series of small houses planned not for beauty of design alone, but for the convenience of the homemaker as well.

McCall's offers you the architect's working plans and specifications for these houses for a nominal fee of a few dollars, a price which merely covers the cost of preparing them and mailing them to you. The architect's usual fee is about one-tenth the building cost of the house. Through our arrangement with the architects, McCall's is able to save you many dollars in expense, beside giving you the services of expert craftsmen, a luxury usually open only to the wealthy few. But expert as these specialists are they want to know *your* ideas—the special features about your home that you particularly enjoy, or that you would change if you could. We ask you to answer these questions, presented last month, in our article, "The House of Your Dreams:"

Where do you live? Farm, town less than 25,000, city over 25,000?

How much do you feel you can spend for your house?

Do you employ a servant either all the time or part of the time?

How many rooms will you have?

Do you want a one-story, one-and-a-half story, or two-story house?

What material do you prefer for the exterior—wood, brick, stone, stucco?

LIVING QUARTERS

Do you want wall lights, ceiling lights or an arrangement for connecting movable lamps?

Do you want your walls painted, papered, or with some other special covering or treatment? Floors of hardwood, or ordinary flooring? Woodwork painted, stained or otherwise finished? (Living-rooms, bedrooms, kitchen.)

Do you want a fireplace in (a) living-room? (b) dining-room?

What size do you want your main bedroom to be? Your smallest bedroom?

How many closets other than clothes' closets do you want? A sleeping-porch?

Do you want the water-closet in a separate room from the one containing the bathtub?

FOR HOUSEWORK

How large do you want your kitchen? (Length and breadth.)

Do you want a pantry between your dining-room and kitchen?

What provision will you make for doing laundry-work—do you want your laundry separate from the kitchen? If so, in the cellar, or on the same floor with the kitchen? Or do you want stationary laundry tubs in the kitchen?

What kitchen cupboards do you need?

How will you dispose of your garbage?

Name the ten most important labor-saving devices you desire in your home. Do you want a rest-corner for yourself in the kitchen? A breakfast alcove?

Indicate any special feature in the construction or equipment of the house of your dreams, not referred to above.

CONCLUSION

To all persons who answer the questionaire we shall send free, a complete set of McCall's service booklets.

All replies will be confidential. Send them to the Service Editor, in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Write your name and address clearly, and enclose six cents in stamps to pay postage on the booklets to be sent to you. Mail your answers not later than May tenth.

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For your Draperies, Furniture, Walls

Beautify every room with KAPOCK. Its rare colors, its distinctive decorative charm, lend an atmosphere of elegance and refinement. KAPOCK is sunfast and tubfast and the double width for splitting cuts the cost in two.

Send 6c in stamps for window drapery "KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK" beautifully illustrated in colors.

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Be sure it's KAPOCK. Genuine has name on selvage

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WHAT a product—this medium gloss, waterproof enamel known to thousands of satisfied users as KYANIZE *Celoid Finish.*

Like magic it flows from brush to surface. In twenty-four hours it's dry—a delightfully even, washable coating. The fine texture of a hand rubbed effect in tints or Pure White.

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Try it today on a piece of your oldest bedroom set.

Write for our free booklet, *"The Inviting Home"*

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"Save the surface and you save all" *Paint & Varnish*

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Cleansing

JUST one shampoo with Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo leaves the hair clean—yet fluffy and easy to arrange. And it keeps the scalp white and healthy. You'll love its delicate fragrance and abundance of creamy lather.

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for 50¢
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COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO
DIRECTIONS
Wet your hair with warm water. Apply a small quantity of Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. Massage thoroughly into scalp and hair with fingertips. Rinse with warm water. Rub dry with a warm, dry towel. The slight cloudiness of this shampoo is essential to its high quality.
Manufactured and guaranteed by
WILDROOT CO., Inc.
Buffalo, N.Y.

The Treasure

[*Continued from page 82*]

SECOND ROBBER: I shall!

MOTHER: I'll ring for Nursie!

SECOND ROBBER: Do. (*Returning for a moment to the mirror and mocking at* MOTHER *over her shoulder.*) Ah, you've no chance with me at all, Mother!

MOTHER: You—*child!*

SECOND ROBBER: Me? I'm just as grown up as it's possible to be! Look! (*Turns all the way round to show off her dress.*) My hair is up! I'm going to my first *real* party! (*Listening.*) Oh, I can't wait! I think I hear the music now. (*Very soft music begins. She runs to nursery door and knocks.*) Come! Hurry!

MOTHER (*imploringly*): Oh, not yet—he isn't ready for you yet!

SECOND ROBBER (*pausing with her hand on door*): Is he fighting his first dress tie?

MOTHER: I—I suppose he is.

SECOND ROBBER (*listening*): Yes, there's the music! Don't you hear it? (*Music grows a little louder.*) Oh I'm so happy, so happy! (*She begins to dance lightly about the stage.*) Look at my feet, Mother, thye're so happy they're running away from me and dancing by themselves!

MOTHER: Gather your roses, Firstlove. I know a secret about you!

SECOND ROBBER: About me? (*Comes close.*)

MOTHER (*turning on her sharply*): Sneak-thief! Very high and mighty you think yourself because you can break into my house and steal what I love best! But, what you take you shall not keep!

SECOND ROBBER: Oh, don't spoil my party! (*Begins to cry.*)

MOTHER: There—*I* didn't mean to make you cry.

SECOND ROBBER (*gathering up gloves and roses and turning resolutely toward nursery.*) I don't care. *He* won't mind.

MOTHER (*imploringly*): Firstlove, must you really—

SECOND ROBBER (*importantly*): You know he is waiting for me.

MOTHER: Then I'll tell you the rest of the secret. Come! (SECOND ROBBER *runs to her and kneels by couch.*)

MOTHER: You must lose him, but you shall have him back some day, just for a little while. When he's quite, quite old and gray, you will still be young and beautiful. When he has forgotten his Mother's face, he will remember yours! (MOTHER *sinks back on her couch,* SECOND ROBBER *rises and walks slowly to the nursery door.*)

SECOND ROBBER (*smiling*): He will remember me! (*She goes softly into the nursery, closing the door behind her.*)

The outer door swings still more widely open, and the THIRD ROBBER *enters, a most impeccable young woman. She wears handsome street clothes, shell-rimmed glasses, and carries a Boston bag and an umbrella.*

THIRD ROBBER (*politely*): Good evening.

MOTHER: Heavens! You are—?

THIRD ROBBER: Most suitable, I assure you. All our set have agreed on that.

MOTHER: Tell me, are you in—

THIRD ROBBER (*quickly*): The Blue Book? Most certainly! My family tree—(*She makes a motion as if to produce it from her bag, but* MOTHER *protests.*)

MOTHER: I meant to say are you in—(*She hesitates.*)

THIRD ROBBER: Boston for the present, but we are thinking of building in—

MOTHER (*sitting up straight and very indignant*): Are you in *love?*

THIRD ROBBER (*amused*): My dear woman! How quaint of you! But really, you know, that sort of thing isn't done, you know—love and all that! Too utterly bourgeois! What is wanted in the modern alliance—I am sure your good sense will agree with me—is perfect understanding on both sides and liberty to terminate the affair at will. But really—(*glancing at her wrist watch*) you will pardon me, I know. I have so much to attend to that I must be on my way. (*Gathers up bag and umbrella, bows, and starts toward nursery door.*) Good evening!

MOTHER: Stop! Not there—you don't belong in there!

THIRD ROBBER: I should advise you to collect your thoughts. Relax. Take a long breath. There.

MOTHER: What he wants is—Love!

THIRD ROBBERS Really! (*Humoring her.*) But what makes you so very sure you know what he wants?

MOTHER: I happen to be his mother. (*Appealing.*) Oh, don't you see—can't you understand? He is so little, so very little—he has to be taken care of—

THIRD ROBBER (*coldly*): I am a woman of property.

MOTHER: You are a woman of stone.

THIRD ROBBER (*looking back as she is about to enter nursery*): *Too* quaint! What you say may have a certain appeal, but believe me, it is quite Old Stuff! (*Exit.*)

MOTHER: Oh—if I—(*As she looks indignantly toward the nursery door, a strain of cheerful music is heard outside. As she listens to this and to the voice that follows,* MOTHER'S *expression changes from acute annoyance to real perturbation. After a moment a girl's voice is heard singing.*)

VOICE: *"Can you bake a cherry pie,*
Billy-Boy, Billy-Boy?
Can you bake a cherry pie, charming Billy?
I can bake a cherry pie quick as a cat can
wink its eye,
I'm a young thing, but I could leave my
mother!"

MOTHER (*frightened*): Oh, I am afraid—(*Enter the* FOURTH ROBBER. *She is a young girl about twenty, in a pink bungalow apron. Her pretty hair is rumpled, her bare arms floury. She carries a freshly baked pie which she holds aloft.*)

MOTHER: Go away—I know you!

FOURTH ROBBER: Oh, good evening.

MOTHER: Go away—you are terrible!

FOURTH ROBBER (*with tremendous pride.*) I am terrible. There's no denying that, Mother. I am the Robber Invincible, I am the Arch-Thief. I am THE ONE!

MOTHER: I—I knew you were coming. I heard your footsteps a long time ago.

FOURTH ROBBER: But how did you pierce my dark disguise? Was it because of—(*She nods toward the pie which she has set down upon the table.*)

MOTHER (*dreamily*): He always did like cherry best.

FOURTH ROBBER: (*runs to the nursery door and beats on it playfully, singing.*)
I can bake a cherry pie, Billy-Boy, Billy-Boy,
I can bake a cherry pie, charming Billy!
(*Comes down stage to Mother.*) Mother, is he ready for me?

MOTHER: As ready as most men are.

FOURTH ROBBER: What is he like?

MOTHER: Like? Like a king and a clown and a puppy and a giant—and a very little boy!

FOURTH ROBBER: I'll take him!

MOTHER: But—if I give him to you—what will you do with him?

FOURTH ROBBER: I will build him a high throne in my heart and tie him to it with my apron-string. He shall laugh with me and cry with me and eat cherry pie with me all the days of our life.

MOTHER: Take him.

FOURTH ROBBER (*snatches up the pie and runs with it to the nursery door*): I am coming, my little boy! (*Exit.*)

MOTHER (*very softly*): She is coming, my little boy!

(*Enter* NURSIE, *carrying the night-light and half closing the nursery door.*)

NURSIE: Just dropped off. Smilin' yet. Told ye 'e must a' 'ad' some little joke all his own.

MOTHER: Yes, all his own.

(*Curtain*)

How about your photograph?

WHEN she is being photographed, lovely hair means everything to a woman.

For your complexion may be perfect, your teeth pearly white, and your eyes deep blue. But the camera will not tell that.

If your hair is fluffy, wavy and attractively arranged, you will be proud of the finished picture—and your friends will be proud to have it.

Thousands of women have found that Wildroot Hair Tonic brings out the hidden charm that is the key to loveliness.

After your Wildroot shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair *Tonic* into the scalp. Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

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Maybelline

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Are You Familiar with the Summer Styles

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It is now possible for every woman to have this privilege through the medium of the McCall Quarterly in which are shown the cleverest of the new styles. Just out this month.

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25 Cents

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Blue-jay

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EASY! Any one can make beautiful hand painted shades by following plainly printed instructions sent with each outfit.

SEND NO MONEY Simply write us stating whether you want the 7 shades for $1.98 or 7 shades and coloring outfit for $2.98. On arrival pay postman, plus few cents postage.

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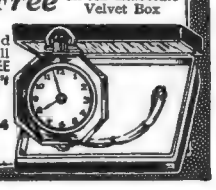
RUSH your name and address and we will send you our wonderful FREE Bracelet Watch Plan. **Don't delay, write at once.**



HOME SUPPLY CO.
131 Duane St., Dept. 784
New York City

Folly's Gold

[*Continued from page 83*]

Bradley had risen; his taunting smile had changed to blazing menace.

"See here, Clifford," he grated, "you've butted into my affairs enough! Keep out, or you'll suffer! Oh, I'll not kill you—nothing so soft and quick as that! I'll just"—his arms crooked and his big hands clenched crushingly—"fix you so the world won't mean anything to you, or you to the world! Now get out of here!"

Clifford did not move. The two men looked at each other unwaveringly; defiance gazed at defiance. Both knew there was to be no quarter and no truce.

Clifford turned to Mary Regan, now pale, expressionless. "Miss Regan, after what you've just learned, I'm certain you are through with Bradley. I am going to take you back to town with me."

Clifford half thought he saw a light of impulse flash into her dark eyes; but before she could reply Bradley was exclaiming:

"Mary Regan is through with you! Was through with you long ago! On your way!"

Clifford paid no heed to him. "You will let me take you back to town, Miss Regan?"

She seemed to hesitate; then that brief strange look was gone again, and her white face was again expressionless. "No, thank you. Mr. Bradley will see me to my train."

"That should be enough for you!" Bradley cried, pushing his dark face nearer Clifford's. "I've beaten you out in this Fownes matter! And I've beaten you out with Mary Regan! Mary Regan and I—I guess you understand! Now get out of here!"

A furious desire possessed Clifford to drive his fist into that outthrust, triumphant face—to cry out the truth, that Mary Regan was his wife. But he held himself in check, and glanced across at Mary. She was standing tensely erect, fingers biting into palms, staring breathlessly at the two: the figure of one who can barely control herself. But she said nothing.

Clifford turned and walked through the library out into the night, his whole being a turmoil of determination, of wonderment. Oh, he'd get Bradley, as he'd said! Somehow, somewhere—no doubt of it! But those strange looks he had caught in Mary's face—particularly that strange look, almost of triumph, when he had taken the letters from Bradley—what could those looks mean?

The Story of the Bible

[*Continued from page 20*]

which the ancestors of all of us have committed and which are in no way typical of one particular race of men.

As time went on, the war along the frontier became increasingly violent, and even the women were called upon to do their part. The little cities of Canaan were no longer a menace. One by one they had been conquered and destroyed. One enemy, however, remained as dangerous and as threatening as before. That was Philistia.

The Philistines had occupied a narrow slip of land between the Mediterranean Sea and the hills of western Judea which had just been conquered by Joshua. Of course, the Jewish tribes would have liked to possess a few seaports of their own, and the Philistines wanted all the land up to the river Jordan. This led to everlasting warfare between the land-locked Jewish states and their seafaring Philistine neighbors.

Many of the most famous battles of the Old Testament occurred during eight centuries of strife between the two great competitors for the Mediterranean coast, and almost invariably the Philistines, with their copper shields and their iron swords and their armored chariots (a sort of ancient tank), were able to defeat the Jews, whose wooden shields and stone-pointed arrows and slingshots only occasionally saved them from defeat.

Once in a while, however, when the Hebrew tribes were conscious of the fact that they were defending the cause of Jehovah, they gained a victory, and one such triumph occurred during the lifetime of Deborah the Prophetess.

The armies of Jabin, who was then the Philistine king, were commanded by a foreigner named Sisera. He seems to have been an Egyptian who had come north to make a career. He had established a special corps of iron-clad chariots, which were pulled by horses, and which slashed their way through the Jewish ranks with the ease of a knife cutting through butter. It was said that Sisera had not less than nine hundred of these armored cars. This number was probably somewhat exaggerated, but the Egyptian was powerful enough to threaten the young Jewish state with complete annihilation, and great was the fear in the valleys and among the hills on both sides of the river Jordan.

[*Continued in the June* McCALL'S]

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For *preserving* the finest finishes, you will find Liquid Veneer is infinitely better than anything else you have ever used.

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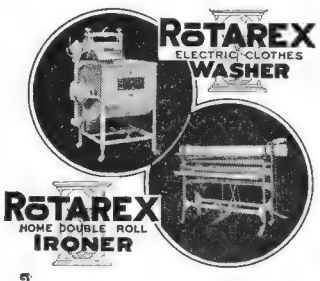

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The chance to examine the Apex Cleaner at your leisure, without the bother of dressing for a "shopping tour," to hear its famous inclined and divided nozzle explained, to test it in your own hands and to estimate for yourself how many hours of time and work you could save each week with its help—that is the opportunity our representatives extend to you at your own door.

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ZIP

IT'S OFF *Because* IT'S OUT

You, too, can have the loveliest skin

Look in your mirror and see if there is a tiny growth of downy hair at either side of the upper lip. Perhaps, unconsciously, you have permitted these tiny hairs to grow until they are now large and conspicuous, marring your good looks.

Remove them at once, off and out, roots and all, before they enlarge the pores and before they become a subject of jest among your men and women friends.

Ordinary depilatories and shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser. Do not confuse ZIP with ordinary depilatories.

ZIP gently lifts out the roots with the hairs and in this way ***destroys the growth.*** (Do not confuse this with forcing hairs out by pulling.)

ZIP is easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant, quick, effective and absolutely harmless. It leaves the skin soft and smooth.

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"Hair-Groom" Makes Any Boy's Hair Stay Combed, Glossy, Well-Groomed—Not Greasy or Sticky on Hair

Your boy's unruly or contrary hair will stay combed as you comb it with "Hair-Groom." As the boy's hair is combed in the morning, so it stays all day. If applied after a shampoo, the hair can be combed as neatly and as easily as before. "Cow-licks" stay down.

Greaseless on hair. Does not stain pillow! "Hair-Groom" is a dignified combing cream, which is quickly absorbed, therefore does not show on the hair. It leaves the hair glossy and lustrous, but not sticky. Fine for hair!

Nothing else gives a boy or man more dignity than neat, well-groomed hair. Millions of women buy "Hair-Groom" for their boys—also for their husbands.

50 Cents a Jar—Drug Stores *ONLY*

The Hair-Groom Co., Cincinnati, Ohio — Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

Here Is the Charming McCall House

[*Continued from page 84*]

of all the means described. They will meet with too much opposition from builders through lack of familiarity with them, but they certainly can use some, and even a few will result in great economies and better results artistically, constructively and hygenically.

Of all ways of economizing in building none is so effective as economy in ugliness. Ugliness destroys value just as beauty increases value. There are many qualities in design upon which beauty depends, such as reason, proportion, scale, certainty, harmony, balance, stability, clarity, contrast, simplicity, accent, fitness, and so on. The skilful designer knows how to work within the bounds set by these, and how to avail himself of the opportunities they offer.

It had been the hope of the writer to show readers how to use some of these qualities so they can design correctly for themselves. The matter is neither complicated nor difficult, but within the bounds set little can be done. However, those who wish to enjoy the delightful occupation of designing a home for themselves may consult his book "Small Houses" which can usually be found in the public libraries.

The main dependence for beauty in building is proportion and as pleasing proportions cost no more than unpleasing proportions, the gain in using them is patent.

The chief characteristic of the ordinary American small house, to the man of taste, is bad proportion. Nine times out of ten the proportions are simply offensive and for this there is no reason but ignorance. The chief characteristic of the small house of Colonial times, to the man of taste, is good proportion. Yet those houses were designed, for the most part, by people who did not pretend to be architects, but housewrights and carpenters.

Indeed the mechanic of that sort with a rudimentary knowledge of the orders of architecture, such as it was formerly thought necessary for every master-carpenter to possess, had a great advantage over the architect of today. He worked on simple lines and allowed himself to be guided by the natural qualities of the materials he dealt with and understood and the wants which it was his aim to supply. He did not try to design in any other fashion than the fashion of his time and common sense was the mainspring of his operations.

All which goes to show that the proper designing of houses is not so formidable an operation as some people suppose. There is nothing occult about it. The essentials are a complete understanding of the means to be used in construction (which information the writer hopes to impart to those willing to take the trouble to learn); a sense of proportion (which can be greatly stimulated by the knowledge of a few simple laws of design) and a willingness to be led by the dictates of common-sense. These are ways which many so-called architects do not follow.

HOW much are you justified in spending, according to your income, when you build your new home? That question McCall's answers, as far as it is possible to declare approximate costs, in the houses it is having planned for you by America's most eminent small house architects.

Here is the general estimate:

INCOME	NO. OF ROOMS	LOT	CONSTRUCTION COST	EQUIPMENT
$2,500	4	$ 500	$ 4,500	$250
3,000	6	750	6,500	325
4,000	6	1,000	8,500	500
5,000	6	1,500	10,500	500
(Here introducing laundry on first floor)				
6,000	7	1,500	12,500	700
(Here lowering appropriation to 20% of income)				
7,000	7	1,500	12,500	700
8,000	7	1,600	13,500	800

And so on. To carry out this program, McCall's has had designed:

Four-room house. Income, $2,500. Cost, less than $4,000. By Ernest Flagg, author of Small Houses; designer of Singer Tower of New York.

Five-room house. Income, $3,000. Cost, less than $6,500. By Ernest Flagg. This issue of McCall's.

Six-room house. Income, $4,000. Cost, $8,500. By Clarence Stein, Chairman Committee on Community Planning, American Institute of Architects. June issue of McCall's.

Six-room house. Income, $5,000. Cost, $10,500. By Aymar Embury II. July issue.

Seven-room house. Income, $7,000. Cost, $12,500. By Frederick Lee Ackerman, in charge of Housing work of U. S. Shipping Board during the war. August issue.

And others by equally distinguished architects to follow.

The building-costs of these houses are scaled to suit varying incomes. McCall's offers you the architects' blue prints and building specifications; suggestions for gardening, for labor-saving equipment and for interior decorating, at a merely nominal charge—whereas the architects' fee, for blue prints and building specifications, alone, is usually about one-tenth of the building cost of a house.

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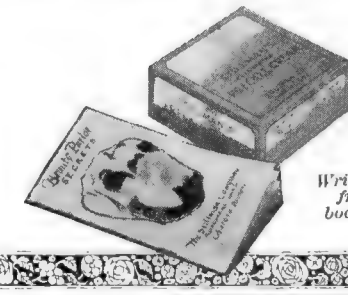

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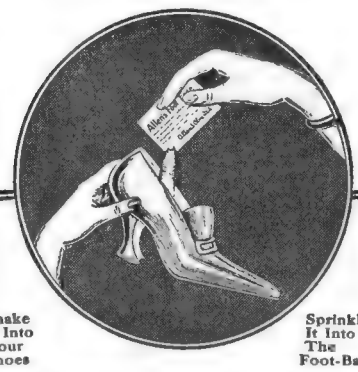

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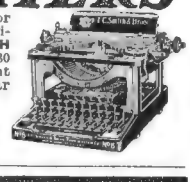

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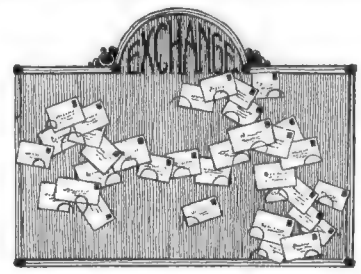

Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

INSTEAD OF THE PROMISCUOUS button-box which requires much hunting for the desired button, I run the buttons on safety pins of different sizes, and fasten. It is easy to remove the buttons as needed, and to refasten the pin for the next time. Keep the pins in a glass jar with a wide mouth.—Mrs. T. B., Texas.

WHEN PUTTING A NOTE OR CHECK in the bottle for the milkman, invert a jelly glass over the mouth of the bottle. The paper is protected from rain and snow and cannot be blown away by the wind.—Mrs. C. E. L., New Jersey.

TO EXCLUDE DAMPNESS and prevent moisture from the feet, cut pieces of roofing paper to fit inside of the shoes. Also they add greatly to the comfort of tender feet.—Mrs. B. K. S., Virginia.

WHEN AFRAID THAT CHILDREN will get hurt by mouse-traps put some sticky fly-paper in front of mouse hole. Many unwary feet are caught by this simple device.—R. M. K., Nebraska.

A MAN'S PIPE-CLEANER MAKES an excellent device for cleaning the spout of the coffee or teapot. Bend one end into a loop and it will reach every crevice.—Mrs. R. de F. O., New York.

I FIND WHEN BOILING EGGS to serve hard, if the eggs are four or five days old they will peel without clinging to the shell as a fresh egg will.—Mrs. H. G. L., Minnesota.

A PIECE OF WHITE COTTON TAPE about a foot long is very convenient for cleaning between the teeth of a comb.—Mrs. J. G., Kentucky.

BEFORE PUTTING GOODS INTO the dye-pot, sew strips of cloth six or eight inches long to each piece, letting them hang over the edge. These strips enable one to turn the goods about without staining the hands.—Mrs. T. C. J., South Carolina.

IF YOU HAVE YOUR IRONING-BOARD near your hot-plug you will be hindered with the excess wire on your electric iron. Purchase a light spring, such as is used on a screen door, at the five-and-ten-cent store. Tie one end loosely to your wire, so that it will slip easily back and forth, and the other end to a small nail either above or at one side of the plug. By sliding the spring along the wire, according to the length of your reach, you will find that it takes up all the slack wire and saves much annoyance.—Mrs. C. S. H., New York.

FASTEN A SMALL BOX OR BASKET on the right hand side of the sewing-machine and drop into it all threads or scraps from your sewing. It saves much sweeping and floor litter, as it can be emptied quickly when the work for the day is done.—M. J. S., Illinois.

A FAVORITE VASE THAT IS TOO CRACKED for use can be made seaworthy by pouring into it melted parowax. Shake it around until all the cracks seem to be filled and let it dry well before pouring in any water.—Mrs. E. S., Rhode Island.

THE BASE OF AN OLD OIL-STOVE makes an attractive flower bench. Unscrew the upper part and throw it away. Give the base two coats of enamel—ivory, gray, green or blue.—Mrs. W. M. W., Iowa.

LONG STRIPS OR PANELS are apt to catch and tear if sewed to the bottom of the skirt. Use snap-fasteners to hold them in place under the hem. If caught, they do not rip.—Mrs. E. B., Arkansas.

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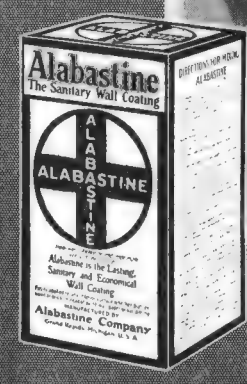

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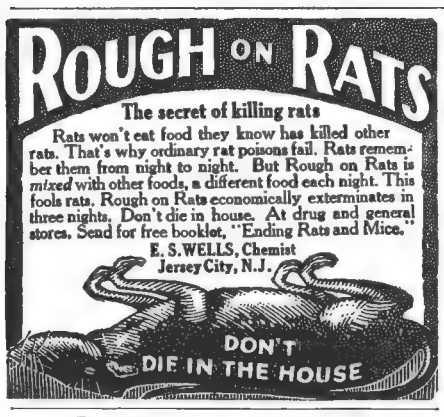

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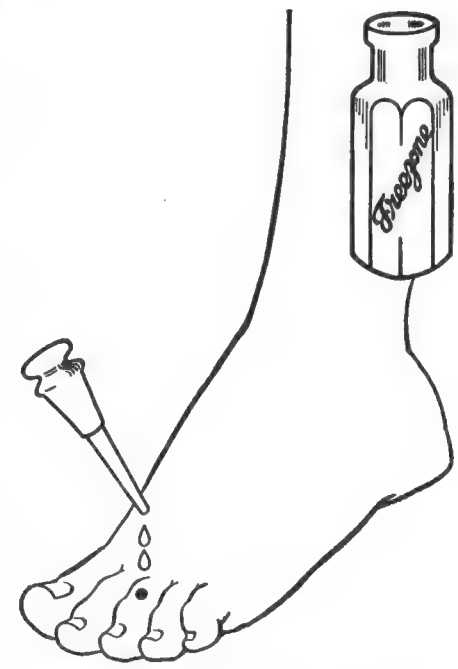
Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



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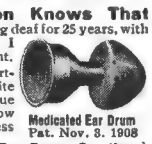

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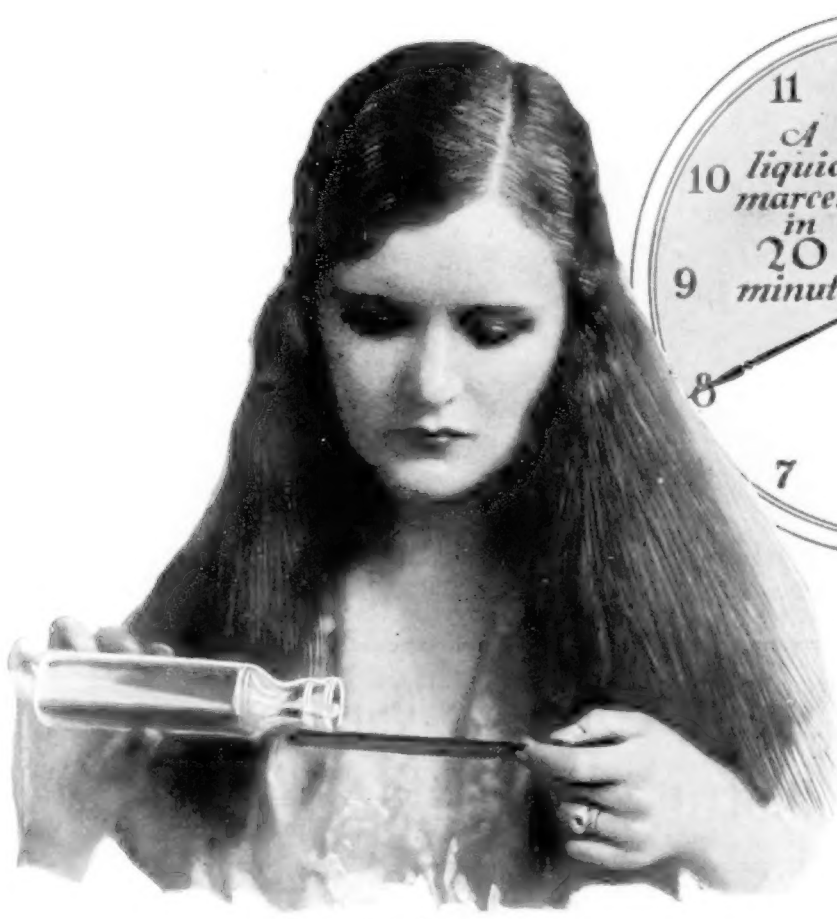

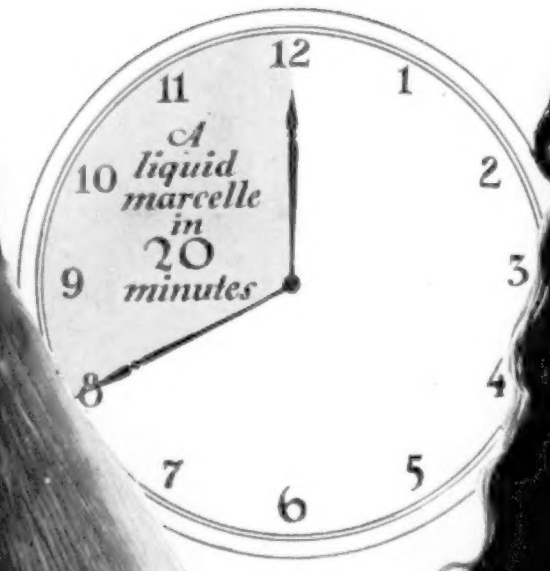

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NATURALLY curly hair—soft, wavy and lustrous! Is there anything more gloriously beautiful in all the charms of womanhood? Yet how few women—how sadly few—may claim this crowning glory!

Lovely Curls

All my life, as an investigating chemist, it has been my dream to find a perfect curling and hairdressing fluid. And I've been working at it ceaselessly close on to nine years. All told, I've spent a fortune in experimenting; testing all known curling methods, and rejecting them as unreliable, inefficient, often harmful.

But perseverance has finally brought a reward greater than I had ever dared hope for. We have at last compounded a curling fluid which not only curls the straightest head of hair, but beautifies it, too. A marvelous hair and scalp tonic which increases the growth and "life" of the hair as it curls and waves it—adding new silkiness, new softness, new thickness and beauty.

I consider this liquid our greatest beauty discovery—greater even than the English Beauty Clay which we brought to this country last year and introduced to one million American women.

It is a colorless fluid compounded from the purest herbs of Southern Spain—a delicate elixir which makes any head of hair naturally curly and wavy—a delightful hair balsam which, when combed into the hair or used with your favorite curlers or curling iron, creates the prettiest and most natural-looking marcelle you ever saw.

I have never known another liquid of such magic potency. Even after a shampoo, when the hair is often stubbornly straight and unruly, it performs the miracle of making the hair behave—making it obey the commands of comb or curling iron—staying put where you want it—besides producing immediate and captivating ringlets and water-waves.

No more necessity now for resorting to the harsh and harmful baking process of waving the hair. This new product—called "Liquid Marcelle"—sounds the doom of many "permanent wave" methods. Simply comb a few drops of Liquid Marcelle into your hair—then twirl the hair a bit with the fingers, or put up on your favorite curlers. When you are ready to dress, you are staring at a wealth of curls and waves.

No matter whether your hair is long, short or bobbed; whether dry or oily; blonde or brunette, Liquid Marcelle will solve your curling and hairdressing problems. It will keep your hair rich in sheen and softness; gracefully wavy, dainty and charming, always.

A Matchless Marcelle

The remarkable introductory offer I make in the next column means not one cent of profit on our initial distribution of Liquid Marcelle. But I believe that once you try Liquid Marcelle, you will use it permanently; which will make our present sacrifice of immediate profit well worth while.

No-Profit Distribution $3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

I AM SO enthused over the things I know "Liquid Marcelle" will do, that I am anxious to give it a wide public distribution quickly.

Liquid Marcelle is made from very costly ingredients—and can be compounded only in small quantities at one time. So $3.50 is a fair retail price for it—and the price we shall establish when we distribute it through the drug stores later on.

Wavy Bob

But right now, we are anxious to make friends for it as rapidly as possible in all parts of the country. So we have decided to distribute the first 10,000 bottles at the net cost of production and handling—without one cent of profit. We have figured this down to $1.87, which includes preparing and compounding the herbs, bottling, packing and shipping the finished liquid. But this offer, it must be understood, is open to only one member of any single family.

You need send no money. Merely sign and mail the coupon below. When the postman brings your bottle of Liquid Marcelle, pay him $1.87 plus a few cents postage. And remember, the Century guarantee insures your satisfaction, as always. If you are not more than delighted with the results, you may return the bottle and its unused contents at the end of a five-day trial and we will refund your money in full by return mail.

Wm Ryerson
Chief Chemist

SEND NO MONEY—*Simply Sign and Mail Coupon*

CENTURY CHEMISTS
(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)
Dept. 60, Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size $3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle. I will pay postman $1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... *State*.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose $2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent to you postpaid.

Are Some Loves Great and Others Small— Or Are They All Merely "Staged" Differently?

IN LOVE, there is no great and no small, only a difference in the intensity of the vocabularies lovers use to describe their feelings.

A girl living in an isolated district of Kentucky tells me that she is in love with a movie hero; she cannot recall his name but she has seen him in "The Four Horsemen;" cannot I assure her that love, like a magnet, will make them meet some day? If it does not, she surely must die!

Another letter in the same mail enclosed the photograph of a handsome woman and her illegitimate child. Its father is a famous American with a wife and family of social prominence, for whose sake he conceals the existence of the beautiful boy. The mother said that she couldn't think it wrong to have brought such a bright life into being, but if I had other ideas, would I kindly explain them?

The first dilemma would make most persons smile, the second they would regard as tragedy, but in cupid's scales the hopeless love of the mountain girl would neatly balance the Washington woman's complacent triumph.

While all problems of the affections have a par value, some occur more commonly than others. So far in the selection of copy for this page, the extraordinary has been given preference; and therefore is it fair to present what might be called the run of the mill, a sequence of inquiries which usually are answered by personal letters.

Can Dead Love Live Again?

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: We were engaged when business took him to another town and by the end of one short month he stopped writing to me. I asked for an explanation. He came to me and said, "I no longer love you!" Oh, I wish I could have died that moment for he went on, "In September, I'm going to marry another girl!" How can I win him back?—R. H. K., Pennsylvania.

COUNTLESS times have I been asked that question but never having seen any reason for wanting a man who did not wish to stay, I've never been able to find a satisfactory reply.

Fortunately, the other day I discovered a scientific backing for my opinion that no woman can resurrect dead love.

The strings which control certain instincts cannot be worked twice by the same stimulus. A man may fall in love many times but seldom more than once with the same woman. A fresh face may make him sentimental but seldom that which once has moved him. And much human tragedy hinges on the law that some instincts will not twice respond to the same excitement.

Can Love Co-exist With Hate?

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: Sometimes I almost hate the man I am to marry. I want to cry out and send him away. Occasionally I have done so and immediately I want him back again. Is it possible to love and hate the same person?—L. G. O., Rhode Island.

A LOVE-HATE complex is possible but uncommon. Students of the human mind admit that a feeling of affection for and hostility to an individual may exist at the same time. They describe the feeling as "ambivalent."

Can't Help Desiring Slavery!

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: The man I love is very handsome and he knows it. We have been friends a year and I know him through and through. He is deceitful and untruthful and has many other faults, but still I cannot help loving him and would gladly be his slave for life.—Gertrude P., Ohio.

THE letter requires notice because this "cave-man stuff" is tremendously popular with girls of a certain mentality. Perhaps girls who can so confuse the values of character ought not to be saved from the slavery they think they want. At least, when they adore a vain prevaricator and marry him, they prevent some good man from wedding their most unappreciative selves.

Blushing Habit Curable

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: Boys tell me I am witty, girls say I am sarcastic. Often I am humiliated by some silly speech I have made and days afterward when I meet a friend who has heard me say something foolish, I blush furiously. How can I avoid this terrible experience?—Beatrice D., Texas.

PROBABLY few persons have lacked an occasion to ask themselves, "Now I wonder why I said that?" when they recall an impulsive speech; or have escaped blushing when they have repented a careless action.

The mental inheritance, not willfulness nor perversity, shapes the sharp reply. To eliminate blushing for the cause given, it will help to remember that much of our ordinary humiliation is uncalled-for. In society, most persons are entirely absorbed in the effect they wish to produce, therefore they give little heed to the impression another is trying to make.

Whoever reviews a former conversation will notice that the mind quickly presents his own thought and phrase but that he recalls what the other person said only with an effort.

Our careless sentences impress others less than ourselves, so why keep on worrying and blushing about them?

COURAGE to face and fight trouble is a common human asset. The best way to vanquish distress is found only by personal experiment. To save the waste of repeated attempts and failures, perhaps only a word or two from a disinterested person is needed. For great and small perplexities, one or another science may offer a simple explanation. This may prove the only weapon you require to gain success and happiness. If you would like to apply this test to your own worry, confide it to a woman who has handled a million letters of the kind. For a personal reply, send an addressed and stamped envelope. Address your letter to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Problem Not To Be Solved

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: Discussion of affinities, marriage, divorce and flappers sows the seed of unrest. Why not change to "in-laws?" Surely that is a field to inspire argument. Let's go!—F. J. H., Illinois.

I THINK almost all newspapers and magazines ignore the subject of "in-laws." It may be relied on to arouse wrath as well as argument, even in the serene wife who will consider the possibility of her own divorce with poise and calm.

The women of some families remain rivals and enemies when they know that the well-being of all concerned depends on their coöperation.

This obstinacy indicates a will-to-power which is as mysterious as the war fever, and as universal and unsolvable.

Discussion may some day improve the divorce situation but it never will do anything more than add fuel to the "in-law" conflagration.

Building Success on Misery

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: Each day says "Older!" And I'm realizing that I'm making no new friends and losing some valued ones. Lonely, miserable, I cannot place myself. I loved him before the war and after he came back. He studied law, I studied art, we planned a beautiful world together.

Just before he made the bar, I lost him. Darkness, existence a void!

I can love no other. Dear lady of understanding, I've tried. Love gone, ambition faded. Work grew hard, play strange. I gave up my art. To lose myself, I entered business.

I keep my dream of home and babies. I meet men, I can be interesting, but all men are like shadows.

I wear myself out with futile activities and forget in sleep. But oh, the dawnings when I wake to realize that I've no one—who once needed only one!

Lady, teach me to forget. How can I acquire will-power to prove myself a business success?—E. B., Chicago.

JUST as genius does. It has been asserted that no genius produces his best work until he is unhappy, that only emotional distress will stimulate an artist to create.

Perhaps this is the reason: As long as an individual is happy, life slips gayly away; day by day, the sheer joy of living delays the application required for accomplishment.

But when the heart breaks, work becomes a welcome refuge from agony of soul, an escape from bitter-sweet memories.

Success in business may be achieved for the same reason.

College Girls in Revolt

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: Together with a number of young business women I have been reading your page with increasing pleasure. I am saying for all of the group that we're sorry you have stopped writing about petting parties for really, Mrs. Wilcox, they're getting worse and worse. So please do not ignore them. Awaiting your opinion with interest.—M. B. S., Georgia.

A NEW angle to the subject has lately developed. It may be called, "The Revolt of the College Girl." From a famous university comes the report that a certain set of girls "can't stand the men at Blank U. any longer." And so they have selected stiff courses and are studying most evenings of the week.

There are no more attractive girls anywhere; last year they were dated up weeks ahead of every dance. This year they have formed a combination to discourage the men who expect familiarities in exchange for attention.

When asked why they "couldn't stand" the men, the girls replied frankly:

"We'll admit that two years ago, a kiss at the door was a novel and delightful adventure, apparently harmless. But when some men demanded caresses at every opportunity, we girls felt that popularity with them was too expensive.

"Instead of being 'free' and 'modern,' we were getting tangled in an ancient form of slavery!

"It wasn't easy to give up the dances and the fussing. We own that we had to conquer some human impulses. But we proved we could do it. If we can, the men can.

"We are not reformers, we are setting nobody any example. We're simply done with servitude to the senses. This world is full of a lot of things besides 'loving.'"

In their example, is new hope for mothers who write that their daughters are out of control.

More light is wanted. Will other college, high-school and business girls tell me whether any similar reaction is developing in other institutions and organizations?

Names omitted if report is printed.

Winona Wilcox

GOLD DUST

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Woodwork, nickel, enamel and tile all shine like new in a jiffy under the magic spell of Gold Dust.

Sunny Housecleaning

PARLOR to kitchen. Windows to woodwork. Bathtub to tile floor. Gold Dust spreads sunshine all through the house.

Everything spic and span for springtime. Grit and grime of winter cannot hide away from this wonder worker. It reaches into every crack and corner *and purifies as it cleanses.*

Gold Dust does more than just clean—
it gives a touch of newness everywhere.

Easy to use. No hard scrubbing. No gritty scouring. Just a spoonful of this powdered sunshine in a little warm water and you immediately have a gentle, busy suds for any cleaning need. Make Gold Dust your dependable, tireless helper this housecleaning time and all the time.

Use Gold Dust outdoors as well as indoors. Windows, porches and tile walks kept spotless with no trouble at all.

And by all means, use Gold Dust for easier dishwashing. The Twins and the name Fairbank's on the package guarantee the genuine.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
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Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work

Jumps Right Into

Housecleaning

Floors, woodwork, fixtures, utensils and all hard-to-clean places are cleaned quickly and economically with Old Dutch Cleanser

The fine, flaky particles of this natural cleanser lie flat on the surface and erase the dirt—they do not scratch it off or grind it in as hard sharp grit does. A little goes a long way because these flat particles cover more surface and do more cleaning. There's nothing else like Old Dutch.

A surface cleaned with it is sanitary and wholesome. Use it for all cleaning—it's safe.